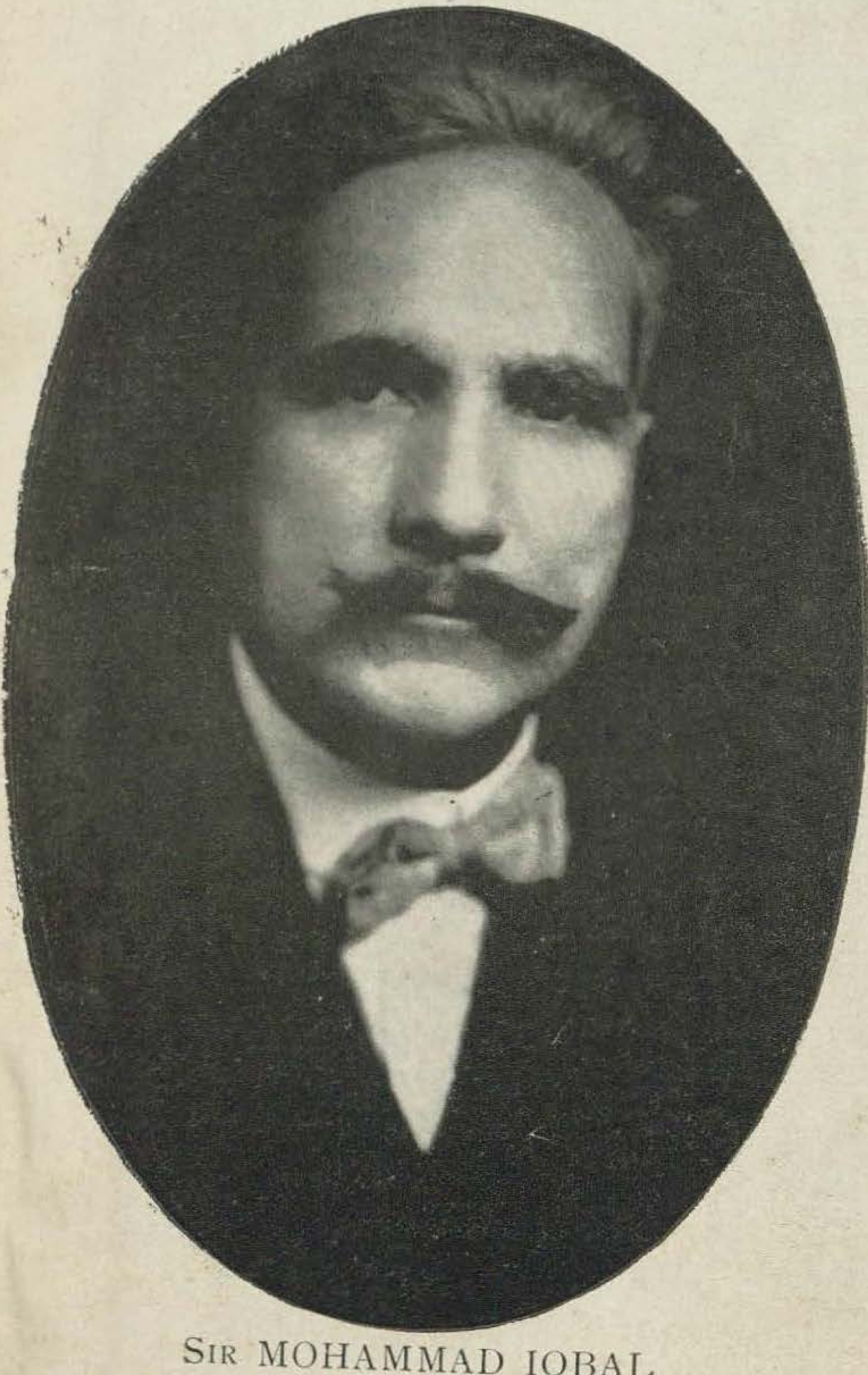
IQBAL HIS POETRY AND MESSAGE

SH. AKBAR ALI



SIR MOHAMMAD IQBAL

PREFACE

یارب درون سینہ دل باخبر بدہ دربادہ نشہ رانگرم آن نظر بدہ

"O God! Endow my bosom with an all-knowing heart,
And bestow a vision, that makes me mark *the wine* in the liquor."

With no pretensions to any literary merit, the author makes bold to present his views, good or bad as they are, regarding the thought of one of the foremost poets of the world in the hope that it may lead people to probe deeper into him, and cause some worthy writer to be to Iqbal what Fitz-gerald is to Omar Khayyam.

The writer is fully conscious of his short-comings —the book is rather his first attempt—and that too in English, over which he has no command. He has attempted to mark "the wine" in Iqbal's liquor, and like the bee has sipped sweetness from the ever-fresh flowers of Iqbal's garden to form the honey-comb. He asks the reader to overlook the defects of arrangement, and the mistakes in translation, to excuse certain repetitions and over-lappings, and to allow for the fact that the attempt is a maiden one.

The verses quoted are also given in the original along with their translation for the benefit of those, who know Persian and Urdu along with English.

The translation aims at maintaining the tinge of the Orient. It may at a few places be found to be defective, yet the writer requests the reader "not to find fault with the wine-cup, but to

attentively consider the taste of the wine." Where-ever the author could get an Englishman's rendering of Iqbal's poems—"The Secrets of the Self," for example, by Dr. Nicholson—he has adopted it as the proper translation.

The writer would be failing in his duty if he does not here gratefully mention the names of Professor Mohammad Din Taseer M. A., of the Islamia College Lahore, and Sheikh Ihsan Ali, B.A., LL. B., Advocate Kasur, with whom he revised the translation of quotations from the Bang, the Ramuz, the Piam and the Zabur.

The subject matter of the book was originally conceived in the form of a few lectures, which then covered only the Bang, the Asrar, the Ramuz, and the Piam, but it was later on decided to give it a book form. The Zabur, however, was in the meantime published, and the author supplemented the work with quotations from it. The translation was then revised, but in the meantime Javidnama also saw the light of the day. The author had to hold up the work, and to incorporate the poet's latest ideas to make it complete. He frankly admits that he has not been able to bestow so much time to the translation of quotations from Javidnama—and it is mostly here that the rendering may be found to be defective at some places.

SH. AKBAR ALI,

Hospital Road,
Lahore.
Dated the 1st of October 1932.

CONTENTS

ERRATA

Page	*Line*	*Incorrect*	*Correct*
85	5	doest	dost
96	24	to	in
110	3	proper	improper
119	24	his	His
127	17	conscience	inner self
127	29	An	And
144	18	سروش	سردش
145	25	Sparatan	Spartan
164	4	doest	dost
169	9	Arab	Arabs
171	6	doest	dost
171	9	doest	dost
175	19	land	bud
178	14	me	we
184	3	ot	of
186	10	flas	flask
201	29	conscience	inner self
218	29	conscience	hidden meaning
243	17	Lahab's	Jihl's
254	17	futher	further
297	30	we	me
298	16	سليمان	سليمي

CHAPTER I

INTRODUCTORY

قافلهٔ بهار را طائر پیش رس نگر
آنکه بخلوت قفس گفت پیام خویش را

"Behold the bird that heralds the advent of the spring—
A bird that delivered its message from the seclusion of the cage."

FAMILY AND BIRTH

Our poet Doctor Sir Mohammad Iqbal, M.A., Ph.D., Bar-at-Law, Lahore, was born at Sialkot in the year 1876 of the Christian Era. He belongs to an old family of Kashmir Brahmans, who accepted Islam about three hundred years ago, and were later on compelled to leave this *Paradise on Earth*, and settled in different parts of the Punjab. The branch representing the poet's family settled at Sialkot. Apparently this seems to have been a loss sustained by the family. But Iqbal does not like the abode in paradise as "it has no pangs," and as "its boat does not grapple with the high wind." Perhaps Fate had anticipated these ideas of the poet, and managed to grant his wishes in anticipation as it were. But the loss has been more than compensated by the opportunities afforded by the "Land of the Five Rivers" to this pride of the family to drink deep at the fountain of learning, that has resulted in exciting the poet in him, and has enabled Iqbal to create thousands of paradises for his readers.

INFLUENCE OF PARENTS

The religious and the sufistic tinge that we find

so prominently present in the poet is in no less degree due to the influence of the poet's parents on him in his childhood. Iqbal himself acknowledges the debt in the following lines of his Urdu poem written on the death of his mother :—

تربیت سے تیری میں انجم کا ہم قسمت ہوا
گھر میرے اجداد کا سرمایۂ عزت ہوا
دفتر ہستی میں تھی زریں ورق تیری حیات
تھی سراپا دین و دنیا کا سبق تیری حیات

" I have come to possess the high fortune of the stars through training received at thy hands,

And the family of my forefathers has become exalted and renowned.

Thy life constituted a golden page in the history of existence:

All along it provided lessons of religion as well as of worldly life."

Education

Iqbal received his early education at Sialkot, and was influenced a good deal by the well-known Oriental Scholar M. Mir Hassan of revered memory, who created in his mind a burning taste for Oriental literature. He received his advanced College education at Lahore, and was the favourite student of professor (Later Sir Thomas Arnold), who unfolded to his pupil the thought of the West, and succeeded in creating in him a genuine taste for Western Literature.

The poet was in this way enabled to traverse the literary grounds of both the Orient and the Occident with a result, which has been expressed by him in the following strain :—

خرد افزود مرا درس حکیمان فرنگ
سینہ افروخت مرا صحبت صاحب نظران

"The philosophers of the West added to my knowledge,
And the company of those, who possess spiritual vision, kindled my heart."

EARLY POETIC ATTEMPTS

At Lahore the literary surroundings excited the poet, and he began to take part in poetic symposiums. His early attempts were so much appreciated that he was marked out at that initial stage as a budding poet of great promise. For some time Iqbal sent his poetic compositions to the well-known Urdu poet Dagh for correction and improvement, but he returned them remarking that there was little scope for any corrections in his poems. This at least proves the truth of the assertion that a person, who sits to write real poetry, has already arrived at a stage, when he has learnt the command of his medium. Sir Sheikh Abdul Qadir's well-known literary journal the Makhzan, (in Urdu) and at a later stage the platform of the Anjuman-i-Himayat-i-Islam, Lahore, the premier Muslim Institution of Northern India, did much to bring out the poet in him.

Iqbal took his M.A. degree in Philosophy from the Punjab University, and acted for some time as a Professor of Philosophy in the Government College, Lahore.

THE POET GOES TO EUROPE

In 1905 he went to Europe for further studies, and for the Bar. He studied at Trinity College Cambridge,

and went to Germany, where he got the degree of Doctor of Philosophy from the University of Munich. He was also called to the Bar, and returned to India after having wedded together the thoughts of the East and the West. Iqbal has expressed this result in the following strain :—

خرد اندر سرم بتخانۂ ریخت
خلیل عشق دیرم را حرم کرد

" Intellect founded a temple of idols in my head,
But the Abraham of love turned the idol-house into a Ka'aba."

After his return from Europe in 1908 he has been practising as an Advocate of the High Court of Judicature at Lahore. He has also been taking keen interest in the educational, social and political activities of the country. During this period he has often been called upon to guide the deliberations of the various Muslim Educational and Political Organizations.

The Government dubbed this Literary Giant as a knight long after his Masnavi had taken hold of the Indian Muslim, the Afghan, the Persian, the Turk, and the Egyptian. The translation of his Masnavi "Asrar-i-Khudi" by Dr. Nicholson into English introduced him to the European and the American. "Secrets of the Self," no doubt, revealed him mostly as a messenger, yet it requires a Fitzgerald to transplant his poetic genius to the Western mind. Though the introduction has been so incomplete, yet we know that already he is a well-known figure in the world. Literary journals and critics of Europe and

America have already paid their tribute of appreciation to the genius of the poet.

IQBAL'S INFLUENCE

Iqbal's influence in India and especially on the Muslims has been very great. Even in these days of acute communal struggle, when a prejudice exists in the minds of the non-Muslims against the poet on account of his tenacious adherence to the cause of Muslim rights, we find that the Hindus of Northern India know and recite his songs of patriotism like "Our India," "The New Temple," "The Picture of Pain," "The Song of the Indian," "The National Song of Indian Children," "Swami Ram Tirath," "Ram," "The Himalayas," his translation in Urdu verse of Gaitri Mantara titled "The Sun," and his well-known symbolical poem "The Cries of a Bird." We also notice that the Hindu Press impliedly recognises the high position of the poet by oft and anon expressing the wish that the poet should have continued to write songs of patriotism to their liking, and should have done so in Urdu, the Lingua Franca of India. Their complaint is that the poet has no attachment now left for the land of his birth, and for Indian Nationality; and they opine that he is a thorough-going Pan-Islamist, writing for the benefit and uplift of the Turk, the Persian, the Afghan, and the Egyptian rather than of the Indian qua Indian. How unfounded is this impression will become clear later on when the poet's ideas about country and cosmopolitanism are discussed. But this impression has not failed to create in the

minds of the non-Muslims in India a prejudice against the poet, and with a few honourable exceptions, the non-Muslims do not care to study his works that are replete with precious thought and inspiration. Differences in politics should not have gone so far, and the non-Muslims should not have allowed themselves to be so blinded by their present political ideas as to ignore the very high position that Iqbal commands in the field of poetry and thought. The tables, in fact, can be turned on the accusers and it can be safely asserted that they themselves are unpatriotic in so far as whilst the outside world appreciates, and gets light from the sun of the Indian Poet's thought, they deliberately try to ignore it. The situation is well expressed in the following verse :—

غنی! روز سیاه پیر کنعان را تماشا کن
که نور دیده اش روشن کند چشم زلیخا را

"Ghani ! mark the dark days of the old man of Canaan,
The light of his eyes brightens the vision of Zulikha."

Leaving this general apathy aside, we find that a good many non-Muslims of note are being deeply influenced by Iqbal's poetry. The most prominent example of this influence was brought to the notice of the public by Professor Mohammad Din Tasir of the Islamia College, Lahore, on the last Iqbal Day celebrated on the 6th of March 1932 at Lahore, who informed the audience that he was once sitting with the poet when a letter arrived. The poet tore open the cover, and for a few minutes tried to go through its contents. He then handed over the letter to the Professor ask-

ing him to decipher it. The Professor found that the letter had been written by Mrs. Sirojini Naidu in a very beautiful but illegible hand, and with a good deal of strain and labour he succeeded at last in reading the contents, and found that the Nightingale of India had therein informed the poet that although she had all along cherished the idea of "Nationalism," yet on going through the Poet's works, she had changed her ideas, and that thenceforth she had decided to think in terms of cosmopolitanism. If Iqbal's works can effect the conversion of a veteran political leader of world-wide reputation like Mrs. Sirojini Naidu, the day is not far distant when his message will be universally accepted by others in preference to the narrow outlook of "Nationalism."

So far as the Muslims of India are concerned it can be safely asserted that they have already begun to think in terms of Iqbal. We find that his cult of the self and self-affirmation, and his exhortation to maintain individuality have already saved the Mussalmans from merging into an abstract conception known and boomed by the name of "Indian Nationality." Their speeches and writings are all impressed with Iqbalism. The poet has interpreted Islamic polity in his own way, and this interpretation has already been adopted by the Mussalmans of India. It is a well-known fact that Maulana Mohammad Ali of revered memory, who for a considerable time belonged to a different political camp, used to publicly acknowledge that he had learnt the true nature of Islam from Iqbal. We also find that the congressite Muslims, who differ from Iqbal on

political issues, in their writings and speeches begin, continue, and end with quotations from Iqbal. He is, in fact, the most prominent and towering personality amongst the Mussalmans of India to-day, and the whole of Muslim intelligentsia looks up to him for lead and inspiration.

The Advent of the Poet with reference to the World Situation

As has already been suggested Europe has still to develop the meagre introduction of the poet into perfect intimacy. The matter-of-fact ways of the West afford it no rest, and it longs for some efficacious relief. The constant struggle of a routine nature has dulled its soul and it urgently needs some scraping to restore the original sheen. The golden age of spirit is gone, and the iron age of matter has set in. The old moral ideals have given place to a crude utilitarianism in general, and to its extreme form, commercialism, in particular. All this change for the worse has resulted in creating capitalism, imperialism, monopolies and all those Aaron's rods that have swallowed up the rights of the weak, and have become a veritable curse of the world. Individuals and communities have all learnt the universal lesson of selfishness, and have cast aside all codes of ethics and morality. " Spheres of Influence, " " Protectorates," mandates, "Scraps of Paper," diplomacy, the League of Nations, Indentured Labour, the exploitation of subject-races, the colour question, and all sorts of artificial inequalities are directly due to this change. Our poet

depicts the rotten condition of the world in the following strain :—

ابھی تک آدمی صید زبوں شہریاری ھے
قیامت ھے کہ انساں نوع انساں کا شکاری ھے
نظر کو خیرہ کرتی ھے چمک تہذیب حاضر کی
یہ صناعی مگر جھوٹے نگوں کی ریزہ کاری ھے
وہ حکمت ناز تھا جس پر خردمندان مغرب کو
ھوس کے پنجۂ خونیں میں تیغ کارزاری ھے
تدبر کی فسوں کاری سے محکم ھو نہیں سکتا
جہاں میں جس تمدن کی بنا سرمایہ داری ھے

"Man still is a lowly victim of Imperialism,
What horror! he chases his own race.
The glare of modern civilization dazzles the eye,
'Tis but an art of setting false gems.
Science that once was the pride of the wise in the West,
Is now a sword in the blood-stained grip of greed.
The talisman of diplomacy cannot strengthen
A culture founded on capitalism."

The weaker communities are deliberately crushed to keep their mental vision at a low level. Acting upon the principle that the size of the plant depends upon the size of the vase, that it is sown in, the strong dole out some worthless apple of discord to keep the weak engaged so that the weak have no chance of broadening their mentality nor of elevating their thought, and the modern imperialists resort to methods that are calculated to humiliate the weak, and to create a sense of inferiority in them. Iqbal has drawn a pen-picture of this state of affairs in his poem "The Khizri-Rah." He says:—

خواب سے بیدار ھوتا ھے ذرا محکوم اگر
پھر سلا دیتی ھے اُسکو حکمراں کی ساحری
جادوئے محمود کی تاثیر سے چشم ایاز
دیکھتی ھے حلقۂ گردن میں ساز دلبری
ھے وھی سازکہن مغرب کا جمہوری نظام
جس کے پردوں میں نہیں جز از نوائے قیصری
دیو استبداد جمہوری قبا میں پائے کوب
تو سمجھتا ھے یہ آزادی کی ھے نیلم پری
مجلس آئین و اصلاح و رعایات و حقوق
طب مغرب میں مزے میٹھے اثر خواب آوری

"As soon as the subject race awakens into consciousness,
The Magic wand of Imperialism lulls it again into slumber.
The eye of Ayaz, bewitched by the Magic of Mahmud.
Looks upon the halter of slavery as an ornament of attraction.
The Republican system of the West is the same old instrument,
The reeds of which contain nothing but the tunes of Kaisarism.
The demon of oppression is jumping about decked in the robes of democracy,
But thou art under the impression that it's the fairy of liberty.
Constitutional bodies, reforms, privileges, and rights,
All these are Western medicines, sweet to taste, but produce slumber."

Iqbal has presented his own estimate of the West and its culture in the portion of the Piam-i-Mashriq titled "Picture of Europe," as well as in the Zabur, and lately in his Javid Nama in the portion titled "The Dream of Tolstoy." Iqbal makes the female Afrangin (Europe) address Judas Iscariot, the man in the River of Mercury, in the following strain:—

اے بجانت لذت ایمان حرام   اے پرستار بتان سیم خام

قیمت روح القدس نشناختی   تن خریدی نقد جاں درباختی

"O thou, who has not tasted of faith !
And has all along worshipped the idols made of raw silver !
Thou did not mark the real worth of the Holy Spirit,
Thou acquired the body, but lost the wealth of life."

But Judas Iscariot at once retorts in the following strain:—

عقل و دین از کافری ہاے تو خوار   عشق از سوداگریہائے تو خوار!
مہر تو آزار و آزار نہاں   کین تو مرگ است و مرگ ناگہاں!
صحبتے با آب و گل ورزیدۂ   بندہ را از پیش حق دزدیدۂ
حکمتے کو عقدۂ اشیا کشاد   با تو غیر از فکر چنگیزی نداد
مرگ تو اہل جہاں را زندگی است
باش! تا بینی کہ انجام تو چیست؟

"Intellect and religion have been fouled by thy heresy,
And love has been degraded by thy commercialism.
Thy affection is a disease and a secret disease!
Thy spite spells death, and a sudden death.
Thou associateth with matter,
And hast stolen away man from before the presence of God.
Science that solved the problem of things,
Has yielded thee nothing but the outlook of Changez.
Thy death heralds the advent of life for the world,
Wait a while, and know thy end."

Iqbal has vehemently criticised Western Imperialism and Socialism. He regards Karl Marx's Socialism as a scheme based on the equality of stomachs, not on the equality of spirits. Similarly he regards Imperialism as fatness of the body, and runs down both in the following strain :—

هر دو را جان ناصبور و ناشکیب هر دو یزدان ناشناس آدم فریب
زندگی این را خروج آن را خراج درمیان این دو سنگ آدم زجاج
این به علم و دین و فن آرد شکست
آن برد جان را ز تن نان را ز دست
غرق دیدم هر دو را در آب و گل
هر دو را تن روشن و تاریک دل

"Both possess a restless and impatient soul,
Both are strangers to God and deceivers of man.
The one is nurtured by the spirit of rebellion, the other is fed by the revenues of state,
And between these two stones humanity is being ground.
The one defeats the ends of science, religion, and art,
Whilst the other takes away life from the body, and bread from the hand.
I have seen both sunk into the abyss of matter,
Their body is illuminated, their heart is black."

Similarly Iqbal finds nothing but disintegration in the East. He depicts the condition of the Orient in the Zabur thus :—

زجان خاور آن سوز کهن رفت دمش وا ماند و جان او ز تن رفت
چو تصویرے کہ بے تار نفس زیست
نمی داند کہ ذوق زندگی چیست
دلش از مدعا بیگانہ گردید نئے او از نوا بیگانہ گردید

"The old flame hath died out in the soul of the Orient,
Her breath lags behind, her life has already departed.
As if the East is a mere image of life, which can dispense with the process of breathing!
And has never tasted the nectar of life!
Its heart has turned a stranger to the aim,
And its flute has no tune left in it."

Iqbal in his Javid-Nama criticises the present condition of Persia, Turkey, Russia, and India. He finds that Persia has awakened, but has fallen into

the meshes of the Western culture. Similarly Turkey's "new" is the "old" of Europe. He notices that the Soviet is led by a spirit of ruthless irreligiousness, and atheism. He depicts India as a country that keeps an eye on the past, burns its bosom with the extinguished fire, flees from the self, constructs for itself a prison out of the old customs, and still possesses the treacherous spirit of Mir Jafar of Bengal.

The seriousness of the situation both in the East and the West is very beautifully brought out by Iqbal in the Zabur thus :—

خاورکہ آسمان بکمند خیال اوست
از خویشتن گسستہ و بے سوز آرزوست

در تیرہ خاک او تب و تاب حیات نیست
جولان موج را نگران از کنار جوست

بت خانہ و حرم ہمہ افسردہ آتشے
پیر مغان شراب ہوا خوردہ در سبوست !

ذکر فرنگ پیش مجاز آورد سجود
بینائے کور و مست تماشائے رنگ و بوست

گردندہ تر ز چرخ و ربایندہ تر ز مرگ
از دست او بدامن ما چاک بے رفوست

مشرق خراب و مغرب از آن بیشتر خراب
عالم تمام مردہ و بے ذوق جستجوست !

"The East that holds heavens in the noose of its thought,
Has broken from the self, and does not possess the fire of desire.
Its clod of earth is untroubled by any spark of life,
It is a mere spectator of tossing waves from the river side.

The temple of idols and the House of God—all dead fire !
And the keeper of the tavern has in his cup a wine that has lost its potency on account of long exposure to the air.
The western thought worships Appearance,
It is a seeing blind man, who is entranced by mere colour and odour.
It is more mobile than the sky, and more skilled in carrying away life than death.
Its hand has torn our garment beyond all hopes of mending.
The East is in a rotten condition, but the West is worse in this respect,
The whole world is a lifeless mass with no enthusiasm for a perpetual quest after life."

The existing order of society is " so wooden and so iron," that the working of the social machinery appears to be quite automatic. It is bound by the chains of artificiality and formalism, and no soul seems to pervade it. It appears to be a lifeless and unhuman machine, whose function is minting—of course, for the strong at the expense of the weak. The chief ideals of humanity, *viz.*, liberty, order, and equality have acquired strange meanings and inconsistent application. "The weaker must go to the wall" is the accepted creed of those, who hold sway.

The lifeless machine of modern society has not only crushed the weak, but has also undermined its own self by reducing the individual life of its members to a nullity. The individual in its scheme of things is a mere lever or a pulley contributing to the set working of the machine. It is the machine that matters and not the individual.

The so-called constitutional societies are only so many contradictions in terms. The law itself creates artificial inequalities, and preferences with the result

that the strong can easily evade the legal liabilities, and a certain set of people are even regarded as privileged class, quite beyond the jurisdiction of law. The maxim "the King can do no wrong" is an illustration in point. The law not only permits but encourages monopolies and capitalism, that create veritable Shylocks to suck the very blood of the weak.

Whenever reaction against evil becomes necessary some master minds appear on the stage, and try to combat it. Goethe and Rosseau, Tolstoy and Mazzini, Washington and De Valera, Jamal-ud-Din Afghani and Sun Yet Sen have all been emphatic protests against evil that so closely chains modern society. The much-maligned Nihilists and anarchists, the peaceful socialists, and their extremist brethren the Bolsheviks have also been emphatic protests lodged by time against the stereotyped evils. Luther's activities and Tagore's tirade against modern nationalism were also attempts at the amelioration of "the rotten state of Denmark." But all of these protests were either limited in their scope and duration, or were mild and sentimental. They for the time being served the purpose for which they were lodged, but were not of universal application, nor were they comprehensive and exhaustive. There have also been made constructive attempts to keep the elements within proper limits to avoid possible clashes. Manu's caste system, Plato's Republic, and Sir Thomas Moore's Utopia are

some of such constructive attempts. But they have either failed or have been rejected as being impracticable extravagances.

The bloody protest in the form of the late World War brought about a terrible clash between the jarring elements of the chaotic world. Disaffection, unrest, disorder, and misery reign supreme everywhere, and the world realises that " times are out of joint." Pessimism has taken a firm hold, and the people are losing heart to despair. The following lines from Milton can appropriately be said to depict the situation :—

" At once as far as angels ken, (he views)
The dismal situation waste and wild
A dungeon horrible on all sides round
As one great furnace flamed."

The time was thus ripe for the advent of some master mind to lead humanity towards the solution of the difficulties. The world was groping in the dark when all of a sudden a ray of light from the East dispelled the darkness, and showed the right path to the benighted travellers. This ray of light is Iqbal, whose advent tolls the death-knell of the present evils. He says :—

بامم از خاور رسید و شب شکست
شبنم نو بر گل عالم نشست

" From the East my dawn arrived, and routed night;
A fresh dew settled on the rose of the world."

The malady required a strong remedy of universal application and efficacy, which has been prescribed by the Oriental Poet.

Iqbal's Gift to the World

By presenting his philosophy of the self and selflessness the poet has struck at the very root of modern notions about the individual and the society. He attacks the so-called "Moral Culture," and fixes Vicegerency of God upon earth as the goal for mankind. He points out the way in which society can help its individual members in the attainment of this end. He has presented original Islam (not the the narrow creed of Mullas) as the ideal for all societies to follow. Liberty, order, and equality have been truly interpreted and brought within the jurisdiction of practical politics. Iqbal comes as a Messiah for degenerated societies, and as a warning to aggressive nations. He tries to establish the sway of love in place of the reign of formalism and red-tapism. He exhorts the world to avoid the Scylla and the Charibydes of material intellectualism, and emotional sentimentalism. Spiritualise the senses, and wed reason to love is his message in a nutshell to the world. To him the East and the West are complementary to each other—the one representing "Zikr" or spirituality, and the other "Fikr" or intellectual knowledge. Iqbal sees the salvation of the world in the union of both in letter and in spirit.

The Advent of the Poet with Reference to the Conditions Relating to Muslim India

The rise of the British Sun tolled the death-knell of the many little stars that had appeared on

the political horizon of India at the decline of the Moghul authority. The Muslims had fallen into utter degradation, and the poetry of that era also bore the same impress of demoralisation. The Indian Mutiny of 1857 swept away the last vestige of the Muslim rule, and the Muslims suffered the most as a consequence of the iron hand used by the new rulers in quelling the rising. The pitiable condition brought forth tears from the eyes of Ghalib, the Lion of Urdu Poetry. Complete destruction stared the helpless community in the face, when Sir Syed made his appearance on the stage, and exhorted his brethren to put up with the new conditions, and work out good for themselves by assimilating the ways of the West.

The Work of Hali, Akbar and Iqbal Compared

Hali with his "*Musaddas*" fired the community with enthusiasm, and made it conscious of its glorious past. He thus succeeded to some extent in checking the growth of extreme modernism in his community, and everybody began to feel the loss of past glory. Akbar of Allahabad, who "held mirror to his age," then appeared, and exposed the defects and hollowness of modernism. The spade-work was done by the two poets, and Iqbal now entered the field to do the needful. Hali longed to have the building, Akbar demolished the undesirable portions, and Iqbal has constructed the edifice. Hali diagnosed the ailment, Akbar ordained abstention, and Iqbal prescribes

efficacious treatment. Hali, thus, sang of the past, Akbar of the present, and Iqbal sings of the future. He says :—

نغمہ ام از زخمہ بے پرواستم   من نوائے شاعر فرداستم

"I am a tune that needs not the plectrum,

I am the voice of the poet of to-morrow."

He, of course, lays great stress on the past, which must help us in interpreting the future. Says he :—

سامنے رکھتا ھوں اُس دورِ نشاط افزا کو میں
دیکھتا ھوں دوش کے آئینے میں فردا کو میں

"I keep in view the glorious past,

And see the morrow in the mirror of to-day!"

He is a poet of the future. He himself tells us :—

انتظار صبح خیزان مے کشم   اے خوشا زرتشتیان آتشم!
عصر من دانندۂ اسرار نیست   یوسف من بہر این بازار نیست
نا امید استم ز یاران قدیم   طور مے سوزد کہ مے آید کلیم

" I am waiting for the votaries that rise at dawn,
Oh! happy they, who shall worship my fire!
My age does not understand my deep meaning,
My Joseph is not for this market.
I despair of my old companions,
My Sinai burns for the sake of Moses who is yet to come."

Whilst Ghalib, Hali, and Akbar wrote for the Indian Mussalmans, Iqbal writes for the Muslims of the world—nay—for the whole world. He is a Muslim, an Indian, and a cosmopolitan at one and the same time. He is all light to friends and foes alike, or as the Marhatta Saint would say :—

"A lamp is he, shining with steadfast light,
Not shining to the strangers dark as night,
While to the household bright."

Such then is the poet, whose genius and philosophy we have undertaken to lay bare and propound.

We should not despair of accomplishing the task, because our poet has given us encouragement by saying :—

برآور هرچه اندر سینه داری سرودے نالۂ آهے فغانے

"Whatever thou hast in thee, bring it forth—
A tune, a cry, a sigh or a lamentation."

And in doing so we have at least the satisfaction that even if we are not able to explain, expound, or interpret properly Iqbal's poetry and thought, Iqbal himself has already offered an apology on our behalf in the following strain :—

گر آپ کو معلوم نہیں میری حقیقت
پیدا نہیں کچھہ اس سے قصور ھمہ دانی
میں خود بھی نہیں اپنی حقیقت کا شناسا
گہرا ھے میرے بحر خیالات کا پانی
مجھکو بھی تمنا ھے کہ اقبال کو دیکھوں
کی اُسکی جدائی میں بہت اشک فشانی
اقبال بھی اقبال سے آگاہ نہیں ھے
کچھہ اسمیں تمسخر نہیں واللہ نہیں ھے

"If you have no insight into my real nature,
'Tis no reflection on the perfection of your all-knowing knowledge of me.

I myself cannot fathom my depths,
My thoughts lie too deep for a dip.

I too yearn to have a peep into Iqbal,
And have shed tears in the agony of separation from him.
Iqbal himself is ignorant of Iqbal.
And God is witness, 'tis no joke."

IQBAL'S POETIC WORKS

Iqbal has so far made six of his poetic works available to the public, *viz.*—

1. ***Bang-i-Dara*** (The sound of the bell) a collection of his Urdu poems.
2. ***Asrar-i-Khudi*** (The secrets of the self) that deals with the individual life, and the self. The book has already been translated into English by Dr. Nicholson.
3. ***Ramuz-i-Bekhudi*** (The mysteries of self-lessness) that deals with collective life and social organism.
4. ***Piam-i-Mashriq*** (The message of the East) The book contains a picture of Europe. It also presents oriental ideas to the West and Western ideas to the East for assimilation. It has been written in response to Goethe's West Ostlicher Divan.
5. ***Zabur-i-Ajam*** (The Psalms of the Orient) The book contains inspiring songs for the East, deals with God, man, and nature, exhorts the East to look into the mysteries of the self, the universe, and God, to conquer the forces of nature, and to adopt the ways of the living.

6. ***Javid Nama*** (The Book of Eternity) It is chiefly meant to influence the younger generation, and Iqbal has herein discussed the problems of life, the world forces, and higher politics. He has again exhorted the East and the West to combine "Zikr" and "Fikr" together. Javid is the younger son of the poet, and he has named the book after him. Javid here stands for the younger generation, to whom the poet addresses the book. Javid Nama is a kind of Divina comedia of the East.

With the exception of Bang-i-Dara all the other books are in the Persian language.

Iqbal's Own Claim

Let us see as others see us is a well-known saying. But Iqbal has not left this task to be done by others. It is, therefore, more appropriate to know Iqbal's claim as put forward by himself. The following few quotations will give an idea of the claim:—

عطا ایسا بیاں مجھکو ھؤا رنگیں بیانوں میں
کہ بام عرش کے طائر ھیں میرے ھمزبانوں میں

"Among the sweet-tongued poets I have been endowed with a power of expression.
That I sing in tune with the birds that soar to the high Arsh."

مگذر از نغمۂ شوقم کہ بیابی دروے
رمز درویشی و سرمایۂ شاھنشاہی

"Do not ignore my song of love, you shall find in it
The way to saintliness, and the glory of Kings."

حق رموز ملک و دین برمن کشود
نقش غیر از پردهٔ چشمم ربود

"God unfolded to me the secrets of state and religion,
And took away all other images from the retina of my eyes."

تا مرا رمز حیات آموختند آتشے در پیکرم افروختند
یک نواے سینہ تاب آوردہ ام عشق را عہد شباب آوردہ ام

"Since the time that I was taught the secret of life
God has kindled a fire in my body;
I have brought forth a song that warms up the human frame,
I have restored youth to love."

تیر و سنان و خنجر و شمشیرم آرزوست
با من میا کہ مسلک شبیرم آرزوست

"I yearn for the arrow, the spear, the dagger, and the sword,
Do not accompany me as I wish to adopt the ways of Shabbir."

عجم از نغمہ ہاے من جوان شد ز سودایم متاع او گران شد
ہجومے بود رہ گم کردہ در دشت ز آواز درایم کاروان شد

"Ajam has been rejuvenated by my song,
My dealings have caused a rise in the price of its goods;
It was a mob at first lost in the wilderness,
The sound of my bell has turned it into a regular caravan."

اگر نازک دلی از من کران گیر کہ خونم مے تراود از نوایم

"Avoid me, if thou hast a tender heart,
My heart-blood trickles down from my song."

In short, Iqbal has asserted that he is an adept in the art of life, that he is a lover, and a courier of love, that he is light, sword, and an exponent of beauty.

The Method of Treatment Adopted in the Book

In the following pages an attempt has been made to give a bird's-eye-view of the poet's

genius, to expound his conception of art, to explain some important features of his work, to interpret his message, to indicate the goal that he is aiming at, and lastly to explain the development of his thought.

CHAPTER II

A BIRD'S-EYE-VIEW OF IQBAL'S WORKS

نوا مستانہ درمحفل زدم من
شرار زندگی بر گل زدم من

" I touched a rapturous note in the gathering,
I threw a spark of life into the heap of clay."

As in our treatment of Iqbal's poetry we have adopted the method of flower-gathering, it is in the fitness of things that before doing so we should have a brief and separate treatment of each book in order to have better comprehension facilitated.

Historically speaking, Asrar was the first book to be published. The Ramuz, the Bang, the Piam, the Zabur, and the Javidnama then followed in succession. But as a matter of fact a major portion of the Bang-i-Dara had been conceived, composed and made public property long before the poet had even conceived of the theme of the Asrar. Some of his longer Urdu poems, for example, " Tasvir-i-Dard," " Nala-i-Yatim," " Shikwa," " Jawab-i-Shikwa," that had been recited by the poet on the occasions of the annual sessions of the Anjuman-i-Himayat-i-Islam Lahore, had already been published. Most of his Urdu Ghazals and Taranas had already found currency through the journals and the press long before the Bang-i-Dara was published.

It will thus be seen that Iqbal was introduced to India through his Urdu poems. His Persian

works later on introduced him to Muslim Asia. It was reserved for Dr. Nicholson to introduce the poet to Europe and America by releasing a translation in English of the Asrar titled "the Secrets of the Self." The Ramuz, the Piam, the Zabur, and the Javidnama are bound to develop this introduction into intimacy.

Bang-i-Dara

First come first served is a well-known maxim. Let us, therefore, first deal with Bang-i-Dara. It does not deal with one theme; nor does it deal with any one aspect of the poet's genius in a systematized form. It is rather a collection of the poet's Urdu poems most of which were written in his college days. We find, however, that each poem has a dominating purpose pervading it.

We find prominently present in the "Bang" the germs of his pet themes of life and the self, which have later on assumed a systematized form in the Masnavis, and have monopolised his attention in the Piam, the Zabur, and the Javidnama. Love has beautifully been depicted here both artistically and mystically. In it Iqbal appears as a Muslim, as an Indian, and as a cosmopolitan. The descriptive poetry contained in it has a charm of its own. In fact we find here fine description, humour, mild irony, wholesome mysticism, love, life, simplicity, imagination, the child and the sage. Iqbal stands out most prominent as an artist in this collection—and this is the reason why we have so

largely drawn upon it in elucidating our points when dealing in detail with Iqbal's thought, genius, and art. We have tried to do full justice to the "Bang" in our flower-gathering, and need not say more at this stage.

ASRAR-I-KHUDI AND RAMUZ-I-BEKHUDI

Asrar and Ramuz, though apparently addressed to the Muslims, are meant for all communities and nations. They present the themes of the self and selflessness in a systematized and connected form. This monumental work of Iqbal is an emphatic protest against modern notions about the community and the individual. Iqbal has here shown us the way in which individuality can best attain to the fullest development of all the latent faculties, and has explained the principles that govern its stability, continuity, and development; and points to the ideal which an individual is to attain, *viz.*, the vicegerency of God upon earth by acquiring complete sway over the elements. Ramuz-i-Bekhudi strikes at the very root of modern nationalism. The ideal individual is only possible if there is an ideal society for him to develop his faculties in. According to the poet Islamic Brotherhood is the ideal type of society. It, on the one hand, actually exists as opposed to the imaginary world of the Republic or the Utopia, and on the other hand complete equality pervades it as opposed, for example, to the Hindu caste system, that confirms artificial inequalities created by the mere accident of birth. As opposed to modern nationalism, which is limited by time and place, Islam is universal,

While modern nationalism crushes the weak and indifferently its own individual, Islam uplifts the weak and ennobles the individual conferring upon him the status and privileges of a whole fraternity. The "Shariat" brings every body from the Caliph down to a common beggar within the panel of one law, which has no regard for any distinctions, preferences, or privileges. The ideas of liberty, order, and equality have the fullest scope in Islamic polity.

We may note here in passing that the Masnavi is the centre round which the ideas contained in the Bang, the Piam, the Zabur, and the Javid revolve. The Masnavi is an index to the thought of our poet, and we will do better to keep it always in mind when going through his other poetic works.

In the Asrar the poet shows that the system of the universe originates in the self, and that the the continuation of life depends upon strengthening it. Iqbal then shows that desire, and its formation is the main source of life. He passes on to love, and shows that it strengthens the self—and when allied with love, the self acquires dominion over the outward and inward forces of the universe. Iqbal not only presents this purely constructive view, but also does the purging. Asking or making a request, is to be deprecated; and negation of the self is to be discarded as it weakens the self. He criticises Plato and those mystic thinkers who resolve life into an apparition. He next gives us a standard of literature, which the self ought to adopt, and

lastly points out the various stages through which the self must pass in order to become a perfect self worthy of the position of the Vicegerent of God upon earth.

In the Ramuz Iqbal impresses upon our mind the urgent necessity of society, points out the limit up to which a man should maintain his self, and beyond which it becomes his duty to sacrifice his self in the interest of the common good. Iqbal then presents and treats of the different tenets and basic principles of Islamic Fraternity, and shows that it is the ideal type of society.

PIAM-I-MASHRIQ

Let us now pass on to the Piam. It is meant to be a response to Goethe, who wrote the West Ostlicher Divan about a century ago. In that book Goethe had denounced the coldness of the West, and had regretted the loss of spirituality in the Occident. The Divan invited the Orient to inspire the West with spiritual enthusiasm, fire of love, faith, and conviction. It was a protest against scepticism and doubt. The East has now responded after about a century through our poet, who has in the Message presented those moral, religious and social truths that concern the life and development of nations and individuals. In it Iqbal has tried to utter the East to the West. He has also afforded Europe an opportunity to see itself as others see it by presenting a "Picture of Europe." The poet makes

the West see what it is, and exhorts it to be what it ought to be. Iqbal has beautifully brought into prominence the points of similarity and contrast between Goethe and himself. According to the poet whilst Goethe is born and bred in the garden, Iqbal has emerged from a dead land. Whilst Goethe is the bird of the garden, Iqbal is the sound of the bell that accompanies a caravan in the desert. Whilst the former is a drawn dagger, the latter is still in the scabbard; and whilst the one has torn the shell and come out, the other is still within it.

In the Piam Iqbal has laid great stress on the cultivation of the inner sense, fervour, warmth of heart, and Divine Love. He has therein emphasised the point that the intellectualism and the materialism of the West are devoid of the real zest of life. They allow no relief. The West has the boat, but does not know the shore where to land. Wed reason to love, and get relieving moments of ecstasy is Iqbal's message to the West. Iqbal also exhorts the West not to restrict its attention to the external world alone, but to extend it to the innerself. The Piam asks the West to have a dip into the sea of introspection so that the self should attain to what Socrates called "*perfection of soul.*"

So far as the arrangement of the book is concerned, its first part contains the "Rubais" (quatrains), each one of which is the language-symbolism of one mystic experience of the poet. Then we have his poem "The Conquest of Nature," that deals with the

original sin of man and propounds his theory of evil; and points out the way in which man will master the forces of nature and become the superman. He then deals with his well-known themes of life and self through the tulip, the wave, the firefly, the spring, the stars, and many other objects. Then we have his Ghazals each of which is a repository of the experiences received by the poet at one sitting or in one mood. We have then a picture of Europe, in which the poet has dealt with the philosophers, the politicians, the poets, and the various phases of the life and activities of the West. We have again in the end another collection of his poetic experiences that supplement his thought.

ZABUR-I-AJAM

Let us now consider the Zabur. Generally speaking, it is an inspiration to the East—a vitalising collection of songs. Iqbal has in its first portion addressed God, in the second dealt with man, and in the third with the different aspects of nature. Its first part consists of 66 psalms of life. In these psalms the poet has dealt with the eternal mysteries of life and Divine Love. The second part contains seventy five pieces, mystic, vitalising, and ennobling. He is here exhorting the East "to wake up from the deep slumber, and learn new methods of motion, know fresh ways of pulling the mantle off the flower and the tulip," and "to adopt new modes of flying." The burden of the song, the dominating spirit of the Zabur, is the sense of the glorious past,

of love, of life, of change, and of activity. The third part of the Zabur is titled "The New Gulshan-i-Raz," and covers about 41 pages. The poet has here reconceived the ideas about the self, its life, development, and various other things connected with this theme in the form of questions and answers. The questions are the same that were once put to Mahmud, and our poet supplies the answers, in which philosophy, metaphysics, and psychology have kept pace with beauty.

According to the poet thought is both fire and light—it is fire, when it consists of reason and arguments, it is light when it puts on the garb of love. It has no limitations of time and place. It is both the obstacle as well as the means to overcome it.

Iqbal says:—

همین دریا همین چوب کلیم است
که از وے سینۂ دریا دونیم است

"'Tis both the sea and the rod of Moses,
That cuts in twain the breast of the former."

Thought is used by life as a weapon to conquer nature. Life chains itself with thought, and then frees itself from the bonds. Introspection is necessary, and thought is sometimes virtue and sometimes vice.

He says:—

بچشمے خلوت خود رابہ بیند بچشمے جلوت خود رابہ بیند
اگریک چشم بر بندد گناھے است
اگر باھر دو بیند شرط راھے است

"With one eye it looks into its own privacy,
With the other it perceives its own appearance in public.
If it shuts up one of the two eyes it is guilty of a sin,
The proper way is to see with both of them."

The poet resolves things into the relative. He thinks that the view-point of Euclid and others of the same category is, no doubt, suitable for our limited sense, yet it does not represent anything absolute. He says:—

تن و جان را دوتا گفتن کلام است
تن و جان را دوتا دیدن حرام است
بجان پوشیده رمز کائنات است
بدن حالے ز احوال حیات است

"*To say* that soul and body are separate is a figure of speech,
But *to see* them separate is unlawful.
The secret of the universe lies hidden in life,
What is called body is only a particular state of life."

It is we, he says, who have divided unity into multifariousness by coining digits to count it. The tentative is a part of the essential, the ephemeral is a chip of the block of Eternity, and so must strive to attain that absolutism, which cannot be found within the universe of limitations. He says:—

کہن دیرے کہ بینی مشت خاک است؟
دمے از سرگذشت ذات پاک است

"Is this tangible old world only a handful of dust?
No, 'tis a fleeting moment from the life of God."

The so-called ephemeral came into existence when the self in order to show itself created the not-self. The function and the corpus of observation are only

temporarily individualised and distinguished from each other for the sake of convenience. As self is a chip of the old block, and as it has the potentialities of becoming immortal and of creating things, our poet puts on the robes of the *advocatus dei*, and defends Mansur, who is believed to have been hanged for uttering the words "I am God." In the end death is made to symbolise the cause of life and its continuation. It frees us from the bondage of time, and changes separation into the rendezvous so far as the Eternal Beloved is concerned.

JAVIDNAMA

We now come to the Javidnama. The poet has here taken his cue as a true Muslim from the Prophet, who was transported to the Heaven by night, and journeys through the Heavens in the company of the Spirit of Maulana Jalal-ud-Din Rumi, his inspirer. Zurwan, the embodiment of time and space, asks him to become independent of these limitations, and the poet feels transported to a place, from where he hears the song of the stars, welcoming him to the High Heavens.

Accompanied by the guide, the poet reaches the moon, and is introduced to the "Indian Sage" known as the "Lover of Creation", his hair bound overhead into a knot, surrounded by the curls of a white snake, practically naked, and seated under a tree. The sage gives him tidings of the coming rise of the East, and tells him some secrets of life. He then disappears, and the poet meets *Saroosh*, the beautiful hourie of optimism, who indulges in music.

The Song of Saroosh is exalting and vitalising that emphasises the glory ordained for mankind, and asks the poet to see into the reality of the self in the following strain:—

اے زاهد ظاهر بین گیرم کہ خودی فانی است
لیکن تو نہ مے بینی طوفان بہ حباب اندر!

"O pious man of superficial observation! I grant that the self is mortal,
But thou carest not to see the tempest in the bubble."

The poet then goes to the Valley of Yarghamid, where he sees the four tablets of Budha, Zoroaster, Christ and Mohammad, the four great spiritual leaders of the world. The poet here brings out the prominent features of the four reformers and their work. Budha's work is explained through the conversion of the Dancing Girl, Zoroaster's through the Demon, Christ's through Tolstoy, and Mohammad's through Abu Jihl. The way in which the poet has done so will be clear from the following lines relating to the Prophet's work put into the mouth of Abu Jihl:—

سینۂ ما از محمد داغ داغ   از دم او کعبہ را گل شد چراغ
از هلاک قیصر و کسرائے سرود   نوجوانان را ز دست ما ربود
پاش پاش از ضربتش لات و منات   انتقام از وے بگیر اے کائنات
دل بغائب بست و از حاضر گسست   نقش حاضر را فسون او شکست
مذهب او قاطع ملک و نسب   از قریش و منکر از فضل عرب
در نگاه او یکے بالا و پست
با غلام خویش بر یک خوان نشست

"Our heart is torn by the doings of Mohammad,
The lamp of the Ka'aba was blown out by his breath,

He predicted the death of Kaisar and Kisra,
He took young men away from our hold.
The blows dealt by him broke Lat and Manat into pieces,
O universe! wreak thy vengeance on him.
He broke from the visible and attached himself to the Invisible,
His magic tolled the death-knell of the sensibly present.
His religion cut at the very root of the notions of country and race,
He refused to acknowledge the superiority of the Quraish and the Arab.
To him the high and the low were equal.
And he sat at one table with his own slave."

The poet is then transported to another heaven called Mercury; and meets the two great personalities of the East—Syed Jamal-ud-Din Afghani and Said Halim Pasha. It is here that while introducing the poet to these two persons Rumi designates the poet as "Zinda Rud" or "the Living River,"— a name that the poet adopts to the end of the book. On being questioned by the Afghan Zinda Rud tells him that the Muslims are engaged in a struggle of choice between religion and country, the Turks, the Persians, and the Arabs are enamoured of Europe, the Imperialism of the West is sucking the very blood of the East, and extreme communism has exhausted the patience of the religion and the community. Jamal-ud-Din then deprecates modern notions of nationalism and country, and runs down both communism and imperialism. Said Halim compares the East and the West together, and expects both of them to wed reason to love. He refers to his own Turkish race of to-day and says:—

نو نگردد کعبہ را رخت حیات   گر ز افرنگ آیدش لات و منات
ترک را آهنگ نو در چنگ نیست   تازہ اش جز کہنۂ افرنگ نیست

"The Ka'aba does not get a new lease of life,
If idols are imported into it from Europe.
The Turk has no new tune in his instrument,
Its new is nothing more than the old of Europe."

Said Halim ends by saying :—

چون کہن گردد جہانے در برش   مے دهد قرآن جہانے دیگرش !

"When one kind of world becomes too old,
The Quran bestows upon him another."

Zinda Rud naturally feels curious about the Quranic atmosphere hinted at by Said Halim, and Jamal-ud-Din Afghani then satisfies his curiosity by giving a detailed description of it. The description presents the chief features of Islamic polity, and may be regarded as an appendage to the poet's Ramuz-i-Bekhudi. The kingdom of the Quran recognises no distinctions of the colour and the blood, its culture highly respects mankind, its women, free from the vice-engendering environments of modern society, truly discharge their functions of life and procreation, freedom is universal, no one in it has any land-hunger, knowledge of sciences is enthusiastically acquired, and is always saturated with love and spiritual warmth. Said Halim then tells Zinda Rud that the religion of God has been fouled by the Orthodox Mulla, whose function is nothing but the creation of troubles. Afghani then gives to the poet a message for the Russians—a message that compares the work and function of the two movements—Islamic and Russian,

identifies their aim, and asks the Russians to adopt the ways of the Quran to get force and momentum. Both the movements aim at the destruction of Kaisarism in the world, both view capitalism with disfavour, and both toll the death-knell of priesthood and the church as an institution. But whilst the Muslims have given up the true Islamic movement, the Russians still are entangled in the meshes of European intellectualism and culture. It is up to the Russian people now to adopt the Quran, and take up the work of the Muslims in right earnest by wedding reason to love.

The poet is then transported to Venus and goes to the abode of the Ancient Gods, who are found exulting over the defeat of religion at the hand of country, race, and modern culture of Europe. This part is a hit on the excavations. Modern archaeology has brought to light the ancient Gods, who are here found exulting over their re-birth. Rumi by his music, full of magic, brings the Gods to their knees, and then takes the poet underneath a river to a region where the vain and the proud Pharaohs and Kitchners reside. Pharaoh regrets that he did not pay heed to the *Dizzling Hand of Moses*, and lost the wealth of religion, and warns others to beware. Thereupon Rumi compares autocracy and imperialism to robbery, which pinches the guilty conscience of Kitchner, who defends the European Nations by saying that Europe has very high ideals, that it did not excavate the graves and the ancient monuments for the sake of rubies and jewels, but to know

the History of Egypt, of Pharaoh, and of Moses. Pharaoh at once retorts by referring to the excavation of Mehdi Sudani's grave. The Mehdi now appears on the scene and asks Kitchner to mark the extent of the vengeance wreaked on him by the Dervish, inasmuch as he has not been allowed a grave on the land, but a last resting-place under the salt water. The poet then puts an address to the Arabs into the mouth of Mehdi, who calls upon them to arise, to usher in new era, and to rekindle the old fire that brings Khalids and Omars in its train.

The poet then reaches Mars, and meets the astronomer. The poet finds that the people there surpass the Westerners in knowledge and sciences, but their souls have the upper hand over their bodies. The sage tells him that they had their Adam in one *Barkhya*, whom *Farzmarz*, their satan, wanted to lead astray from Paradise. But as *Barkhya* refused to be led astray, God has bestowed this world of Mars on them as a reward. The poet then describes Marghadin, the capital city of the planet. Unlike our world he finds no coinage, no machines, no beggars, no unemployment, no moral turpitude, no armies, and no false and malicious propaganda there.

He marks that the labourers on Mars reap the fullest benefit of their labour, and that there are no capitalists to suck their blood. The problem of destiny is here discussed, and the sage says that one can change his fate himself. The following lines bring out the idea :—

گر زیک تقدیر خون گردد جگر خواه از حق حکم تقدیر دگر
تو اگر تقدیر نو خواهی رواست
ز آنکه تقدیرات حق لا انتہاست
رمز باریکش بحرفے مضمر است تو اگر دیگر شوی او دیگر است

" If one kind of fate does not suit thee,
Ask for another from God.
It is lawful for thee to put in such a demand,
The decrees of God are numberless.
Its secret lies hidden in the saying :
It (the fate) changes, if thou changeth."

The poet then meets with the virgin from Europe, brought to the planet of Mars by *Farzmarz*. She represents the modern woman of extreme views, who exhorts the fair sex to give up functions of maternity, etc., and to avoid men altogether. The poet here touches the most delicate matters with perfect regard to decorum and decency. The truth was to to be told bluntly and without reserve—and the poet has done so without in the least overstepping the limits of grace and propriety. The poet in the end makes Rumi identify woman with love, and say :—

مذهب عصر نو آئینے نگر حاصل تہذیب لا دینے نگر
زندگی را شرع و آئین است عشق
اصل تہذیب است دین دین است عشق

" Mark the ideas entertained by the new age,
And see the consequences of Godless civilization.
Love is the law of life,
The root of civilzation is faith and faith is love."

The poet is then transported to Jupiter, where he meet the Urdu poet Ghalib, the poetess Tahira, and the great mystic Mansur Hallaj. The secrets of

life and the self are here disclosed in long conversation with the distinguished three. Paradise is to be discarded, as the self likes to live in dangers, and creates its own destiny: compulsion is necessary for the discipline of the self; the only sin of Hallaj was that he drew attention to the affirmation of the self: the sight of the Prophet means the making of the body amenable to his command: the sight of God means the creation of His qualities in the self, and their plantation further into the soil of the world: Satan and evil have been the cause of man's glory; and many other ideas of the like nature are here expressed. Here at one stage Iqbal brings into prominence the limitations of poetry even—what to say of intellect—by suggesting that the poet Ghalib could not reply to certain questions in poetic form, and a reference had to be made to the *trans-poetry* of Kafirs like Mansur Hallaj.

Satan now appears on the scene. He is described by the poet as a man of deeds, who likes separation, and sees life in the body. Satan says that he also possesses "the pang" like human beings, likes unrealised ideal, has taken out man from the abyss of compulsion, and has exalted him to the position of the free. Satan complains of the weak nature of man, that so easily falls a prey to his machinations—so that Satan has no chance of measuring his strength with any strong adversary, and prays to God to replace these *human dolls* by some strong opponent. Satan says that on account of his continuous victories life to him has become

a monotony, and he longs to make it interesting by having an opponent who might be able to inflict defeat on him by ignoring his promptings and evil advice.

The poet then reaches Saturn, and meets with the mean souls of those, who have been guilty of treason against their countries and communities. The poet here appears in the guise of a true patriot and meets with Mir Jafar of Bengal, and Sadiq of the Deccan, the two typical traitors of India. The two were rowing in a boat in a sea of blood. At this moment India makes its appearance in the guise of a charming hourie, but with the chains and halters of slavery on. The hourie complains of the Indians—slaves of old customs, devoid of the self, and having still the treacherous spirit of Mir Jafar. The two traitors then give a description of their pitiable condition, and the height of their misery is reached when they are made to say that they went in search of an asylum to the hell to hide themselves, but even the hell refused to admit them, and did not condescend to pollute its flames with the fuel of their bodies.

The poet then reaches the trans-heaven region, and meets Nitzsch, *the Hallaj without the gallows.* Rumi informs the poet that the mad man was Nitzsch, who was the root ignorant of its fruit, who confined himself to the formula "there is no God," but failed to add "but God," who was after Godhood, but failed because it lay beyond the region of intellect and knowledge, and who also wanted to see the mankind rise.

The poet then passes on to a high region that has no directions, and sees the palace of Sharf-un-Nissa, the daughter of Abdus Samad, Governor of the Punjab located there. The poet is reminded of her way of life, which consisted of her always carrying two things with her—the sword and the Quran—the two things that guard each other.

The poet then meets the Saint Syed Ali Hamdani, and the poet Mulla Tahir Ghani of Kashmir, and gives vent to his feelings about the affairs in Kashmir. The poet puts the whole situation in a nutshell by referring to the historic sale of Kashmir in the following pathetic lines :—

دهقان و کشت و جوی و خیابان فروختند
قومے فروختند و چه ارزان فروختند

" They sold the cultivator, the fields, the river, and the garden,
In fact they sold a whole nation—and sold so cheap."

The poet Ghani then refers to the Brahman pioneers of freedom for India, and says that they are Kashmiris in origin, and asks the poet to take his cue from them, and awaken the residents of that " Paradise " from their lethargy by his song.

Iqbal then meets Bhartari Hari, the Sanskrit poet, and afterwards meets Kings Nadir Shah, Abdali, and Tipu Sultan. Here the poet and the Kings again refer to the condition of the Turk, the Persian, and the Arab, and opine that the Muslims should not ape the Westerners. Sultan Tipu then confides to the poet a message for the River Kaveri, which unravels the mysteries of life, death, martyrdom, and self-sacrifice. The message is meant for the Indians

to take to heart, and aims at preaching that "one moment of the tiger is better than a century of the sheep." The poet then makes ready to leave heavenly region, when the Divine voice tells him some important secrets of life, and the Divine light sheds lustre on him.

The journey here ends, and the poet then addresses his son Javid, who stands for the younger generation. The poet asks Javid to imbibe his ideas, to wed reason to love, to spiritualise the senses, and to exalt the word of God. He exhorts him to avoid the present materialistic tendencies, and to mark the defects of modern system of education, that "makes the off-spring of the falcon cultivate the habits of the duck." He advises youngmen to avoid bad company, and love mankind in the following strain :—

ستر زن یا زوج یا خاک لحد ستر مردان حفظ خویش از یار بد
حرف بد را برلب آوردن خطا ست
کافر و مومن همه خلق خدا ست!
آدمیت احترام آدمی باخبر شو از مقام آدمی
آدمی از ربط و ضبط تن به تن بر طریق دوستی گامے بزن!
بندهٔ عشق از خدا گیرد طریق مے شود بر کافر و مومن شفیق!

"While in the case of woman either the husband or the grave constitutes the screening veil,
In that of man avoidance of bad company is the shielding cover.
To speak ill of anyone is sinful,
The Kafir and the Faithful are both the creatures of God.
Reverence for mankind is the essence of humanity,
Acquaint thyself with the dignity of man.
Human intercourse sustains mankind,
Pursue the path of friendship.
The lover takes his cue from God,
And becomes beneficent to the Kafir and the Faithful alike."

CHAPTER III.

IQBAL'S CONCEPTION OF ART.

خویش را از خود بروں آوردہ اند
ایں چنیں خود را تماشا کردہ اند

"They have brought their self out from within,
And have in this way managed to see themselves."

THE STANDARD OF ART.

Iqbal has given us a criterion of right and wrong. Whatever stregthens the self is good, and whatever relaxes its tension is bad. Judged from this standard art must also be a means for strengthening the self. The poet says :—

آگہی از علم و فن مقصود نیست
غنچہ و گل از چمن مقصود نیست
علم از سامان حفظ زندگی است
علم از اسباب تقویم خودی است
علم و فن از پیش خیزان حیات
علم و فن از خانہ زادان حیات

"The object of science and art is not knowledge,
The object of the garden is not the bud and the flower;
Science is an instrument for the preservation of life,
Science is the means of establishing the self;
Science and art are servants of life,
Slaves born and bred in its house."

THE PRESENT NOTIONS OF ART.

Iqbal seems to think that the present notions of art are the result of "the sheep's charm" that has lulled to slumber "the wakeful tiger," and that

art has been made so sentimental that it has begun to be adored for the sake of art. This has resulted in decline, which the moderns call "moral culture." In his Secrets of the Self, while dealing with the nature of poetry and the reform of Islamic Literature he says :—

اے میان کیسہ ات نقد سخن بر عیار زندگی او را بزن

"Oh, if thou hast the coin of poesy in thy purse,
Rub it on the touchstone of life!"

ART IS BEAUTY AND CREATES DESIRE.

Art is beauty, and Iqbal regards the artist as an exponent of beauty, says he :—

سینۂ شاعر تجلی زار حسن خیزد از سینائے او انوار حسن
از نگاهش خوب گردد خوب تر فطرت از افسون او محبوب تر

"'Tis in the poet's breast that beauty unveils,
'Tis from his Sinai that beauty's beams arise.
By his look the fair is made fairer,
Through his enchantments nature is more beloved."

And he tells us that the object of beauty ought to be to create some desire, some aspiration and some longing in our heart because :—

حسن خلاق بہار آرزو ست جلوہ اش پروردگار آرزوست

"Beauty is the creator of desire's springtide,
Desire is nourished by the display of beauty."

Iqbal thus regards art as a means for the exposition of beauty with a view to create desire, that engenders love, from which proceeds "the radiance of being," and the development of its unknown possibilities. The poet says :—

زندگی مضمون تسخیراست وبس
آرزو افسون تسخیراست و بس

زندگی صید افگن و دام آرزو
حسن را از عشق پیغام آرزو

"Life is occupied with conquest alone,
And the one charm for conquest is desire.
Life is the hunter and desire the snare,
Desire is love's message to beauty."

Art thus is not an end in itself, but only a means to an end. It is a force that gives the push, and the momentum is ceaseless.

ART SHOULD NOT BE SENTIMENTAL.

Another point that Iqbal emphasises in this connection is that art should not be merely sentimental, and the artist should not take his cue from men like Plato "the sheep in man's clothing," because :—

فطرتش خوابید و خوابے آفرید   چشم هوش او سرابے آفرید

"His nature drowsed and created a dream,
His mind's eye created a mirage."

Art should be vitalising instead of being "steeped in opium." The art should idealise reality, which is its true function.

Art should not soar so high to the skies that it becomes impossible for it "to come down to its nest again." It should rather "like the reed-flute bring a message from the reeds," and "give to Majnun a message from Laila." The artist ought to be an eagle that soars high, but does swoop down on its prey.

Iqbal's own art is so much in accordance with this standard that he would speak of life and its manifestations even through the tongue of death.

His poem "Questions to those who sleep in dust" wherein he has spoken of life while dealing with the world of the dead is an illustration in point.

Art is Educative

Another feature of true art as suggested by Iqbal is its educative and missionary aspect. He translates Emerson thus :—

کچھہ جو سنتا ھوں تو اوروں کو سنانے کے لئے
دیکھتا ھوں کچھہ تو اوروں کو دکھانے کے لئے

"I hear but to communicate it to others,
I see but to reflect it to the gaze of others."

In fact the poet exalts the artist to the position of "the eye of society."

Art is Subjective

He further conceives art to be highly subjective. It should according to him voice the feelings of the artist rather than present an out-and-out representation of the object. The work of art should not be a photo; it ought to be a painting, because the former is so lifeless, whilst the latter speaks out of life itself. Objectivity runs the Western art through and through. The work of art in the Occident is an exact reproduction of the object—a counterfeit. No human hand seems to pervade it. It is the subjective touch alone that can make art lively, vitalising, full of life and lovely. Throughout his works Iqbal speaks his own mind through objects. He may address the Himalayas, the candle, the night, the dead, he may describe the clouds, or the motor car, he is always giving vent to his own feelings. Ghalib's verse presents the idea very beautifully :—

مے سے غرض نشاط ھے کس روسیاہ کو
اک گونہ بیخودی مجھے دن رات چاھیے

"Curse me, if I seek wine for pleasure,
I rather seek forgetfulness of the self every time."

ART IS SUGGESTIVE

Another feature of true art that he seems to point out is that it should be suggestive. The mathematical exactness of the West tries to present an exact counterfeit of the object, aims at intelligence alone, and makes no demand for exertion on the part of human heart. It minimises labour, and thus delights in the absence of pain. But Iqbal is a lover of pain and labour, and would leave a good deal for the heart to do. The gaps in art there ought to be, and the heart should be asked to fill them up. The poet says :—

برھنہ حرف نگفتن کمال گویائی است
حدیث خلوتیان جز بہ رمزو ایماء نیست

"The perfection of expression lies not in the laying bare of facts,
The talk of those, who know the secret, consists of nothing but hints and suggestions."

Art instead of being exhaustive, should set the ball of heart rolling; and it should not only create sensations in the mind, but should stir the heart as well.

THE OBJECT OF ART AND THE ARTIST

Art is not a slave of the object, it is the manifestation of the higher and nobler feelings of the artist himself. The object should not, therefore,

be allowed to monopolise attention; it should rather pale into insignificance before the subjective light. In art the object should only be regarded as the occasion for the work, but the real material should always consist of the personal feelings of the artist, just as the real cause of explosion is the gunpowder though the spark sets it ablaze. It is the artist that matters, not the object. Iqbal says :—

تو قدر خویش ندانی بہاء زتو گیرد
وگرنہ لعل درخشندہ پارۂ سنگ است

"Thou knowest not thy worth, it's thou that conferreth value upon the sparkling ruby,
Otherwise the ruby is a mere piece of stone."

He has put the same idea in another way. He says :—

بہار برگ پراگندہ را بہم بر بست
نگاہ ماست کہ برلالہ رنگ و آب افزود

"The spring has simply stringed together the scattered petals,
But it is our look that has added to the beauty of the flower."

Arts of Slave Nations and of the Free Compared

In his later book the "Zabur-i-Ajam" Iqbal has devoted a separate chapter to the arts of the slave nations. According to Iqbal the free alone have their architecture, and hence he deals with music and painting alone in relation to the slave nations. Their music, he says, is a song of death, and is no more than the wailings of a widow. Their poetry is such that its words absorb the whole attention, but the life-giving songs of the free carry one to

the hidden meanings rather than leave him to the mercy of the words. Iqbal quotes Rumi thus :—

معني آن باشد كہ بستاند ترا　　بے نياز از نقش گرداند ترا

"Genuine thought is one that transports thee,
And renders thee independent of word-imagery."

The art of poetry should create such a taste in man that he does not stop at the brink of the gliding stream of words, but crosses it to reach the destination of inner meanings. A slave artist-a painter-for example, has no originality, and no faith in himself. He can not cross the superficial gulf of the object to reach the shore of suggestions and associations. He trembles at every new thought and adopts the old set line. The genius of a slave artist is led by the taste of the masses, and his only wish is to come up to the popular standard, howlowsoever it may be. Whilst beauty is to be sought from within, such an artist borrows it from nature—thus producing a counterfeit. He catches at the "is" but fails to bring out the "ought" from within. He confines himself to the expression of reality, but does not go beyond it. But the real function of art is to idealise reality—and this quality is wholly wanting in a slave artist.

IDEALISATION OF REALITY ILLUSTRATED

Let us illustrate this process of idealising reality—and for this purpose take one of Iqbal's verses from his Urdu poem "My Prayer." Iqbal says :—

هو دلفريب ايسا كهسار كا نظارہ
پاني بهي موج بنكر أتهہ أتهہ كے ديكهتا هو

"Let the mountain's glorious landscape
Be so full of charm and grace
That the streams, in waves uprising,
Shall aspire to view its face."

The real facts referred to here are that there is a mountain and it presents a scene. We know it as a fact that there are streams, and there are waves in them. We also know that objects are reflected in the streams. The poet here has not changed the nature of these facts--and they have not been turned into any unreality. The poet has unified these facts into a complex experience, and has given them a form, dominated, of course, by the sense of harmony. The poet here has appropriated these facts—as his own—by communicating his conception in such a way as to stress a particular kind of observation of this scene. The poet here has not idealised the real facts, he has rather idealised the particular point of view from which the scene is to be observed. Observation with the eye of the uprising waves, when transplanted by the poet to our consciousness turns the scene into something unparalleled and unrivalled. The observation has thus become an affair of the ideal world. We may also from another point of view say that in these lines the poet has not idealised our observation of the scene, but its observation by the waves. A layman sees the mountain, and enjoys its beauty, but when seen with the idealised eye of the wave, the scene becomes artistically charming a thousand times more. The real scene is there only as the ground-work of the product, but the artistic touch of idealising its observation by the

waves has bestowed a peculiar charm and importance on the scene, which when transplanted to the reader's mind leaves an indelible impression of freshness and actuality saturated with marvel and charm.

Every artist thus should idealise hard facts, and when he does so, according to Iqbal :—

حورِ او از حورِ جنت خوشتر است
منکرِ لات و مناتش کافر است

"His hourie is much more charming than that of the Paradise,
He, who does not worship his Lat and Manat, is himself an unbeliever."

Yes, the idealised reality is an idol. One should believe in it—else he is devoid of real art. This touch is the very soul of art—it adds to reality. Iqbal says :—

آں هنرمندے کہ بر فطرت فزود   راز خود را بر نگاهِ ما کشود

"The artist who adds touches to nature,
Divulges his heart to us."

CONCLUSION

To conclude, true art is the manifestation of beauty with a view to create desire that brings love and life in its train. Its function is the development and the strengthening of the self, and its virtue consists in the subjective touches that the individual artist lavishes upon it. To quote Iqbal, "The ultimate end of all human activity is life—glorious, powerful, exuberant. All human art must be subordinated to this final purpose, and the value of everything must be determined in reference to its life-yielding capacity. The highest art is that which awakens our dormant will-force, and nerves

us to face the trials of life manfully. All that brings drowsiness and makes us shut our eyes to reality around, on the mastery of which alone life depends, is a message of decay and death. There should be no opium-eating in art. The dogma of art for the sake of art is a clever invention of decadence to cheat us out of life and power."

CHAPTER IV

THE CUP

مستی ز باده مے رسد و از ایاغ نیست
هرچند باده را نتوان خورد بے ایاغ

" 'Tis wine that intoxicates, and not the cup,
Though the wine cannot be taken without the cup."

Broadly speaking, the art of a poet has two aspects—form and matter. The chief thing is, no doubt, the material, composed of the object and the spirit of experience ; but the mould in which the poet casts it has also an importance of its own. The latter is the cup in which the poet offers the wine of his genius.

THE IMPORTANCE OF STYLE IN POETRY

In popular language this form is called the style. No doubt, the material is the main thing, but the casement in which it is set also affects the charm of the thought. If the casement fits the thought, the transference of the poet's conception to our mind is complete. Perfect realisation of the poetic experience demands that the setting of the thought should also be the most appropriate. In fact, so far as the poet is concerned, he has already formed the realised experience in his mind—long before he uses any vehicle of thought to communicate it to others. Some object strikes the mind of the poet, it inspires the poet in the sense that he sets his art in motion. Moods, associations, ideas, and interpretations then begin to rage in his mind—and this tempest of spirit engulfs the

inspiring object. The matter and the spirit of experience are thus blended together into an inspiration in the mind of the poet. True poetry, no doubt, is already complete, but unless the poet symbolises it—unless he presents it in the guise of language, there is no poem. Now if the language imitates the inspiration of the poet, the experience can be fully realised by the readers. But if the inspiration is mutilated to fit in with the language available, then there can be no complete realisation of the experience. The shoe of language must fit the foot of inspiration, else the foot is bound to suffer. Unless the poetry within takes the form of a poem, we cannot say that there is art—which is the exposition of inspiration. Thus the medium of expression has assumed an importance of its own that cannot be under-rated. Sometimes the sound of the words used echoes the sense. Apart from this "ear-appeal," we also know the value of the "eye-appeal." Both these appeals are connected to a very great extent with the choice of language. If the artist is a novice, he shall have to labour in order to get the appropriate words for his expression, but a master of the art has already arrived at a stage when along with the formation of an inspiration the casement is avilable to fit it. The choice of appropriate language becomes a second nature with him. Here we have the line of demarcation that divides poetic expression into the heavy and laboured on the one hand and the light and spontaneous style on the other. We have also here a clue to the necessity of using language that is the most appropriate for the theme.

The Importance of Colloquialisms and Idioms in Poetry

We should also remember that words have very great suggestive power. The more a word or phrase is in use, the greater is the number of suggestions and associations that surround it. The rough and tumble of every day speech makes the rolling-stone gather much moss. If, therefore, a poet uses colloquialisms, he has a golden opprotunity of compressing many associations within the four corners of a single word or phrase. The gaps in art there ought to be, and words of everyday use have the greatest potentiality of affording scope for the reader to subjectively imbibe and transfer the inspiration to his mind. There is no set language for poetry. If a word is appropriated by poetry, and is restricted to symbolise some particular association, it loses its suggestive power. We have here a clue to find out whether the style of the poet is capable of creating any expansive response or not. The colloquial and the idiomatic in this respect have very great suggestive power.

The Importance of the Master words and Phrases

Although poetry is not so much words as language, and though in poetry we do not see what separable sense can be attached to this or that word, yet we know it as a matter of fact that like the thumb amongst the five fingers or like the central stone that keeps the surrounding shafts together, there is often the master word that is the very soul of the expressed inspiration. Take away the word and the whole

fabric gives way with a crash, or try to substitute something, and the inspiration refuses to be fully realised. The genius of the poet requires that he should put the word on such occasions. Here is thus another clue to judge the style of a poet. Such choice of the master word belongs both to the department of the style as well as the thought of a poet. Yet as words are connected with the vehicle of thought—the language—it can more appropriately be included in the department of style. To us the definition, whatever is language and connected with it, is style, appears to be a convenient workable hypothesis.

THE IMPORTANCE OF METAPHORS AND SIMILES.

We. also know that man has been endowed by nature with the power of comparison. The very first thing that is excited in him is the inductive method of agreement. He forms concepts by a repetition of likenesses. Man is thus naturally fond of finding out similarities between things. The simple and natural child is the precursor of the poet. This is why we find that poets all over the world compare things with one another. So long as the concepts are in the mind they are only psychological phenomena, but when they are named and termed, they become the possessions of language. Thus arise those methods of expression that are termed as metaphors and similes. The concept X has the connotation A, and the denotation B. The concept Y has the connotation C, and the denotation D. When we say that X is Y, we are in fact adding both to the connotation as well as to the denotation of X. They now become A plus C, nnd B plus D respectively. Does not this process confer on the

thing compared greater import ? The associations and suggestions are enhanced by the use of similarities—and it is for this reason that these modes of expression have a value and a charm of their own. From these similarities and likenesses arise those opportunities also that turn a poet into the mystic.

No pcet has claimed to see the spiritual light in its bare form. The comprehension of Divine Light and the vision of the Unseen is never a direct affair. It must come indirectly through some known medium. This medium is the marking and expression of likenesses and similarities. But a poet who often "sojourns on the Hira of the heart" has to take a leap into the unseen, and the perfect realisation of these spiritual experiences is only possible if the poet sets them in metaphors and similes. For this reason also metphors and similes are by nature ordained to be necessities.

THE NECESSITY OF RHYME AND METER.

Poetry is a process by which we harmonise different facts of experience into a unified whole. The experience is a perfect symmetry—a perfect harmony. This symmetry and this harmony naturally demands that the casement in order to fit the inspiration should also be symmetrical and harmonious in its turn. Does it not point to the necessity of the meter, the rhyme, or as an oriental would say the "Behr," the "Qafia" and the "Radif." This is what distinguishes poetry from prose.

شاعری کے خود ساختہ اسلوب و قواعد

ARTIFICIAL RULES AND FORMS OF POETRY

The above-mentioned principles have been culled

from the very nature of poetry. They are universal and apply equally to the poetry of every language. But man is never satisfied and contented with what is found in nature. He must add his quota to nature. At this stage he invents certain forms, and frames certain rules that suit his taste for the expression of poetic experiences. Here arises difference of artificial formalities amongst the various poetic circles, divided from one another by the difference of language. Different groups have different conceptions of harmony and symmetry in expression. There are different views about what are the charms and embellishments of poetry in different linguistic spheres.

Persian prosody, for example, has developed certain forms, and the Urdu poetry has simply adopted them. The chief forms are—the Ghazal or the ode, the Qasida or the purpose poem, Qita or a segment, Rubai or the quatrain, Masnavi or the double-rhymed casement, Mustazad or the complemented poem, Tarjih Band and Tarkib Band or the stanza poems, the Murabba or the poem containing sets of four hemistichs each, Mukhmammas or the poem containing sets of five hemistichs each, the Mussaddas or the poem that consists of stanzas of six hemistichs each, and so on.

In the same way Oriental poetry has also developed certain figures of speech, which are regarded as the sacred embellishments; for example, the Ahyam or the duality of meanings, the pun or the play upon words, the resemblance of corresponding words in rhyme and measures, alliteration, "*respectivity*", repitition, emphasis, etc.

Iqbal may or may not Observe Artificial Forms and Rules

Generally speaking, we find that Iqbal's style contains all those features that flow from the very nature of poetry, but so far as the prescribed artificial rules regarding the forms and figures of speech are concerned, Iqbal may or may not observe them. For example, his stanza poem in the Zabur on page 114, in which he exhorts us to learn new ways, contains sets of three lines each. Similarly his stanza poem in the Zabur on page 116, in which he asks the sleeping bud to wake up and arise, is another such example. Each set of the poem has six hemistichs. The first four rhyme together and have the same meter. The fifth has a longer meter, and the sixth a shorter one. The fifth and the sixth rhyme with the first set, and are repeated at the end of each stanza. The Spring Season in the Piam is another example of the novel forms adopted by the poet. Here each stanza consists of six hemistichs, in which the first line is repeated as the sixth also, and the lines contained between them have a different meter, although all the six are rhyming. Similarly "The Music of the Stars" in the Piam is a poem in which every stanza consists of five hemis tichs—the first four rhyming and in the same meter, but the fifth in a different rhyme and meter. "The Dew" in the Piam also is a novel form, in which every stanza consists of five hemistichs, the first two having the same rhyme and meter, but the following three rhyming but in a shorter meter. All these would be regarded as innovations by the old school of thought, but we find that the forms are really the casements that fit the poetry contained in them.

As regards the so-called figures of speech—with the exception of emphasis—and to some extent intercalation—we find that Iqbal avoids them—and if any such exception is found, it rather goes to prove the rule. Search for a play upon words, and you will find perhaps only one example of it. Iqbal in a humorous mood is discussing the tendency of women to discard the veil, and says :—

یہ ڈراما دکھائے گا کیا سین پردہ اٹھنے کی منتظر ھے نگاہ

"To what scene will this drama lead !
The eye is waiting for the lifting up of the veil (curtain)"

Similarly we meet with no alliteration. The following, perhaps, is a solitary example of the same :—

گرچہ صد گونہ بصد سوز مرا سوختہ اند
اے خوشا لذت آں سوز کہ ھم سازے ھست

"Though burnt with a hundred fires in a hundred ways
I hail the relish of the flame that brings forth melodies."

Here the sound represented by the letter S has been repeated. Similarly a single example exists of *Respectivity*. Iqbal says :—

مقام بندگی دیگر مقام عاشقی دیگر
ز نوری سجدہ می خواھی ز خاکی بیش از آں خواھی

"The place of worship is different from that of love,
Thou expecteth prostrations from angels, but demandeth more than that from man."

Here angel and man are *respectively* made to be represented by worship and love in the second hemistich.

Besides one or two stray instances of rhyming words in the same or corresponding hemistichs, we

have a poem in the Bang titled "I and You," in which this figure appears prominently. The poem is an attempt at the perfection of artificial art, and is a demonstration of high skill and verse-technique, but lacks fire and warmth.

With the exception of the few above-mentioned instances, we find total absence of such artificial embellishments in Iqbal's poetry.

Poetry is not Bound by Limitations

Let those who belong to the school of dogmatic formalism ordain the rules and the forms, but they have no right to say " thus far and no further." Ghalib says :—

فریاد کی کوئی لَے نہیں ھے   نالہ پابندِ نَے نہیں ھے

"No particular tune is prescribed for lamentation,
And the cry is not bound by the flute."

Poetry thus knows no bounds, and hence the mould in which it is cast is not of a set type nor ordained for all times to come. Blind worshippers of formalism regard the prison-house of formalities as sacrosanct as the Ka'aba. An attempt at blank verse would throw them into hysterics, and an attempt to combine music with poetry would shock their sense of propriety.

Our poet in theory is against the iron reign of rules. His homage to poesy "overflows the limits of a couple of prayers of the faithful." He says :—

صورت نہ پرستم من بتخانہ شکستم من
آں سیلِ سبک سیرم ھر بند گسستم من !

" I do not worship appearances, I have demolished the house of idols,
I am the fast-flowing flood that breaks through dams."

Though originally meant to describe his attitude towards thought, the above verse also faithfully describes his attitude towards the formalities of style. It is possible that a man may disregard dogma and yet be a poet. A man may not "get his head shaved and yet know the ways of Qalandars." On the other hand it is a well-known fact that even if the outward indications of poetry are present, the poetry itself may be absent. Iqbal says :—

نہ ہر کہ طوفِ بُتے کرد و بست زُنّارے
صنم پرستی و آدابِ کافری داند!

"Not every one that worships idols and wears the sacred thread
Necessarily knows the mode of idol-worshipping and manners of the Kafirs."

Iqbal's position is that a poet may follow the prescribed formalities, yet if his song cannot tolerate any of the restrictions imposed by dogma, he is perfectly justified in honouring the prescribed rule in the breach.

THE POET'S LIKENESS TO PINDAR.

It is said of Pindar that "his genius is of the impetuous kind which scorns all restraints of traditional rule, rushes onward without premeditation or pause and wins his triumph by the sheer vehemence of masterful inspiration." And Horace compares him to the stream swollen with rains, which has overflown its banks and rushes downward in a thunderous torrent, and adds that "he is the inspired poet who feels that his gift was Divine, the Apolo or the Muse

is speaking through his lips and that to exalt his own gift is to honour the Divinity who bestows it." The same remark applies equally well to Iqbal, who has no very high regard for dogma, and who is the inspired flute through which the Muse brings forth melodies of love, beauty, life and the self.

Anyhow Iqbal is so modest in claiming any infallibility that he would say to the readers :—

حُسنِ اندازِ بیان از مَن مجو   خوانسار و اِصفهان از مَن مجو

"Do not seek from me the charm of style in exposition,
Do not seek from me Khansar and Isphahan,"

and he would exhort them in the following strain:—

خُرده بر مینا مگیر اے هوشمند   دل بذوقِ خُردهٔ مینا بند

"O reader ! do not find fault with the wine cup,
But consider attentively the taste of the wine."

Iqbal has a complaint against the readers. He says :—

من شکوه خسروی او را دهم   تخت کسریٰ زیر پاے او نهم
او حدیث دلبری خواهد ز من   رنگ و آب شاعری خواهد ز من

"While I give him the robes of royalty,
And place the throne of Kisra under him :
He demands from me love lyrics addressed to beauty,
As well as formal touches of the poetic art."

He is fully conscious of the Divine gift, and says that he is "the Bird of Placelessness and brings a message from the Friend."

With this preliminary discussion about the nature of style, about its natural and artificial aspects, and about the extent to which the prescribed should be obeyed, let us now have a bird's-eye-view of the

mould of Iqbal's art as distinguished from his matter and spirit.

SELECTION OF LANGUAGE FOR HIS THEMES

The first thing that we note in this connection is that although Iqbal writes short poems both in Urdu and in Persian, he expounds his philosophy and themes in the Persian language. Persian being the Lingua Franca of Muslim Asia is the proper language in which a Muslim poet should give vent to his inspirations. Apart from this, the poet has adopted Persian as the vehicle of expression for his themes:—

پارسی از رفعت اندیشہ ام   درخورد با فطرت اندیشہ ام

"Because of the loftiness of my thoughts,
Persian alone is suitable for them."

Iqbal not only utters himself to the Indian Mussalmans, but also aims at affecting the heart of 'Ajam and Arabia. There are many well-known scholars of Persian in Europe—and as Iqbal has a message for the West also, Persian is a more suitable medium for that reason.

THE LANGUAGE USED BY IQBAL

Let us now very briefly discuss Iqbal's language as language. The first in order comes Urdu. We find that the language used is not the light or the effieminate kind that has become the curse of Urdu poetry. It is sublime and vitalising. It is not so colloquial as that of Zauq or Dagh, yet it has the hall-mark of Iqbal on it, and has a style and charm of its own. Who can deny the charm of the language used, for example, in the "Shikwa," in "A Prayer," in the "Candle and the Poet,"

in the "Picture of Pain," and in the "Wailings of the Orphan." We know it as a fact that in his earlier poetic attempts in Urdu his language was simple as of a child, but with the advancement in thought Persian idioms and expressions crept in. But the foreign element was so dexterously appropriated by the poet that to us it lost all appearance of the foreigner, and felt quite at home with us. In this way Iqbal enriched the Urdu language without prejudice to its own features. But later on when the poet adopted Persian as his medium Iqbal's Urdu has undergone a complete change. We have only to look to his more recent Urdu poems the "Khizr-i-Rah," and the "Tulu-i-Islam" to mark the change. Instead of the simplicity of old we find ornamentation, and mark the great on-rush of Persian expressions. But we at the same time notice that the ornamentation is only relative. It is ornamentation from the point of view of the Urdu language, but it is simplicity from the point of view of Persian, that has now monopolised the poet's attention. It is very curious that despite ornamentation we find flow and spontaneity in the two poems referred to above. · Is the change something extraordinary? Our reply is in the negative. We have not to go very far for an illustration. Ghalib offers an exact parallel in this respect. He too wrote both in Urdu and in Persian; and his Urdu was also at times completely vanquished by the legions of the Persian language.

Let us now turn to the Persian used by Iqbal in his poetry. The language of the Masnavi is, no

doubt, sweet, yet it smacks of the old classic. We feel as if another Rumi has blessed this world with his song. We find a change in the Piam, a later production, inclining towards modern Persian, till we find in the Zabur and the Javid the most modern Persian used. Iqbal now is as genuine a Persian as any Pehlvi would be.

Iqbal's Symbolism

Iqbal's language has flow and harmony. The words used, and the expressions fitted in, are the most appropriate. The language used by Iqbal has developed a symbolism of its own. It is sublime, and not sensual. The wine-songs and love-ditties of old that symbolised sensualism and everything voluptuous have now received another interpretation. Iqbal has thus added sublimity to the language, and has brought new powers of comprehension. Who can deny that the eyes, the nose, the cheeks, the tresses of hair of the beloved, the wine and the wine-cup, and all those words that are the pride of love poetry in the Orient, symbolised in the past something connected with passion, and the "appetite element?" But has not Iqbal's poetry revolutionised the whole outlook by making these words imply things exalted, pure, and noble? These words with Iqbal signify either "the philosophic" or the "spirited" element. This change in the angle of vision is bound even to make the poetry of the past become amenable to new and healthy interpretation. The words have been weaned away from their low associations, so that in the

light of the new import lent to these terms the poets like Hafiz and Dagh are bound to have another birth.

With Iqbal the terms, that denote the outward signs of beauty, have come to signify not the objective but the subjective side of it. Similarly they signify not this or that beauty, but the eternal repository of charms. Recite a Ghazal of the poet and you find that there is no appeal to the passion. The terms strike the heart rather, and create a mood of sublimity in the reader's mind. Similarly the significance of the wine and the cup has undergone a change. Apart from this effect on the generality of words let us now consider a few more examples of Iqbal's sybolisms. Abraham and Nimrod, Imam Hussain and Yazid, Moses and Pharaoh symbolised before some religious episodes, but with Iqbal they represent the forces of good and evil. To the old, Khizr was a person wrapped up in mystery, but with Iqbal it symbolises the inspiring genius or the guide. In the past the names of Farhad and Parvez only symbolised the idea of rivalry for the hand of Shirin, but with Iqbal the one represents love and the other intellect. Satan of old represented the fallen angel, but the Satan of Iqbal symbolises the the forces of motion and activity. Mahmud and Ayaz of old stood for the lover and the beloved, but whenever we meet with these names in Iqbal's works we at once notice that they signify capital and labour. Similarly the Saki of old has with Iqbal to play the roll of the teacher or the leader.

The "Gulchin," (plucker of flowers) the "Baghban" (the gardener) had no political significance before; but Iqbal has surrounded them with such associations that as soon as we find these terms used we at once know that something having political significance is being said. The bell of the caravan now symbolises the poet, and Khansar and Isphahan a standard for language. We have given the above instances simply to illustrate our point, otherwise the reader will mark that in Iqbal there are such symbolisms too numerous to enumerate.

SELECTION OF PROPER MODES AND FORMS

The next feature that we mark in Iqbal's style is his selection of the proper modes and forms for his various pieces of poetry. For his philosophical poetry of the self and selflessness he has chosen the "Masnavi style" in conformity with the sublimity of the thought concerned. For the utterance of his single mystic experiences he has adopted the appropriate "Rubai" style, but when a number of mystic lights different in colour fall on the screen of his mind in quick succession, he reflects them to our gaze in the form of a connected cinema picture, and adopts the Ghazal style. In his poems like the "Shikwa," and the "Jawab-i-Shikwa," where the theme is one but its component parts many, he adopts the appropriate style of stanzas, each stanza being one separate whole, but forming a link in the chain. Whenever Iqbal wants to combine music with poetry, he adopts that form, which contains short lines *e.g.*, "the Song of the Camel Driver".

Variation in the lines of a poem are a recent addition to the form of oriental poetry. This is done at regular intervals in a chain of stanzas. Whenever Iqbal writes a poem in which the purpose is the same, but in which facts of varied nature elicit a stanza each—and where after the recital of each of such experiences Iqbal wants to impress his presiding purpose on the mind of the reader, he adopts this variation in lines. This is a recent development in the poet's style. We find instances of this form in the Zabur. Poems Nos. 19 and 30 in the second part of the Zabur, for example, afford two of such instances. In the one Iqbal in a number of ways has exhorted "the sleeping bud" to wake up and the burden of the song is "wake up, wake up from deep slumber." In the other, the poet has dealt with the various changes that have taken place or are taking place in the world, and the burden of the song is "revolution, revolution, revolution."

Choice of Appropriate Language

The next feature that we find in Iqbal's style is the wonderful choice of appropriate language in keeping with the melody. In his Masnavis, in the "Candle and the Poet," in the "Khizr-i-Rah," and other poems of the same category, where he deals with serious matters of great import, he uses sublime language. When addressing the Brahman in the "New Temple" he quite appropriately uses Hindi words. In his Urdu poems meant for children he uses language which is simple and with which children

are expected to be conversant; and in his poem "A Prayer" while giving vent to his simple desires he uses the simplest possible language. When dealing with the spring he uses words that are vitalising, and when describing beauty he uses language at once charming and captivating. When reciting Satan's speech in "The Conquest of Nature" the language used by the poet is awe-inspiring worthy indeed of the Archangel, the terror of the universe.

THE USE OF THE PERSON

The next thing that forces itself upon our gaze is the use of the "person" in his poetry. Iqbal almost always requires an addressee, and speaks in the guise of the first, the second, or the third person. He seldom speaks impersonally—and that too when he is describing something, relating a fact, or is expounding his cult in a systematic form. Instead of making his poetry non-personal, he gives us the living music of the dialogue. When going through his works we feel as if pleasant conversation is going on between the Himalayas, the blooming flower, the withered flower, the candle, the sun, the moon, the night and the stars on the one hand and our poet on the other—and that every thing is taking place within our very ear-shot. This touch of the person makes his poetry living, and adds to its charm. Sometimes as in the "Bird and the Firefly," the "Child and the Candle," and the "Moon and the Stars" he makes one object address the other, and hides himself behind them.

SOUND ECHOES THE SENSE

Iqbal often makes sound echo the sense. The

suggestion comes as much from the sound of the words as from their meanings. To take a fine example, while reading his " Song of the Camel Driver " we feel as if every line is a step forward in the onward march of the camel, and the end of each stanza is the halting place, where the caravan breaks the journey for rest. In the Song of the Stars we mark the actual movement, and in the Withered Flower actual sadness. Iqbal's short Persian poem on life and action, in which the wave says " If I roll, I am, if I rest, I am not," is a wonderful example of the sound echoing the sense. The flow of the words produces an effect on our mind as if we see the wave actually rolling.

IQBAL ALWAYS ILLUSTRATES

Another feature of Iqbal's style is that he does not content himself with the mere exposition of the rationale. He always explains himself by illustrating his meanings through references to nature, parables, and human experiences. The practice removes all haze that necessarily envelops the exposition of any argument. When showing that the system of the universe originates in the self, and that the continuation of the life of all individuals depends upon strengthening the self, Iqbal gives beautiful illustrations to show that " the excuse for the wastefulness and cruelty " practiced by the self in " destroying a hundred rose gardens for the sake of a single rose, and in making a hundred lamentations in quest of a single melody " is "the shaping and perfecting of spiritual beauty." Further on in the same piece the poet has

given us extremely beautiful illustrations to show that life is in proportion to the strength of the self by referring to the drop of water, the wine, the wine-cup, the wave, the grass, the candle, the bezel, the earth, and the moon.

In the same way he has recited the story of the coal and the diamond, the thirsty bird, the Ganges, and the Himalayas, the dialogue between the Sheikh and the Brahman to illustrate his meanings. When dealing with the necessity of a communal centre Iqbal has in his Mysteries of Selflessness drawn our attention to the sad plight of the Jews, and has tried to bring home its importance by saying that the circumference lies hidden in the centre.

USE OF METAPHORS AND SIMILES

Iqbal often adorns poetry with beautiful metaphors and well thought-out similes. On every page we find "the poetic scabbard" in which his ideas lie sheathed. Iqbal speaks in the language of metaphors and similes that leave indelible impression on our mind. The metaphors and similes used by him are not only daring but appropriate, not only beautiful but often original. Iqbal indeed is so fond of them that they are met with here, there, and everywhere on each and every page of his poetic works. The point is so obvious and patent that it needs no argument nor any illustration to support it.

THERE IS NO AFTER-THOUGHT

In Iqbal we find that there is no after-thought.

The main purpose of the poem always dominates. The main purpose, for example, of the poem the "Music of the Stars" is to present a bird's-eye-view of the world developments. Similarly the stanza poem in the Zabur depicting revolution has but the presentation of change as its object. A reading of these poems shows that they were as a whole conceived in the very beginning of the poetic conception, and that there is no after-thought in them. Without any labour, let or hinderance, the ostensible signs of an after-thought, the poet is here giving vent to the main purpose of the poems with the swift nimbleness of a fairy.

IQBAL'S POWER OF CONDENSATION

Iqbal has rare power of condensation, and is very suggestive. The following are some of the examples :—

تو سمجھتا نہیں اے زاہدِ ناداں اسکو
رشکِ صد سجدہ ھے اِک لغزشِ مستانۂ دل

"Thou canst not comprehend it O foolish moralist !
That one stray rambling of the heart is the envy of a hundred prostrations."

پیالہ گیر کہ مَے را حلال مے گویند
حدیث اگرچہ غریب است راویاں ثقہ اند

"Take the cup, as wine is said to be lawful,
Though the saying appears to be unworthy of credence, yet those who quote it are reliable."

تپیدن و نرسیدن چہ عالمے دارد
خوشا کسے کہ بدنبال محمل است هنوز

"Yearning, but never achieving has a charm of its own,
Most fortunate is he, who is still after the moving camel."

به بزم همنوایان آنچنان زی
که گلشن بر تو خلوت خانه گردد

"Thy mode of living amongst comrades should be such that it rendereth thee unique,
And turneth the crowded garden thus into a solitude for thee."

مطرب مے خانه دوش ذ.کتهٔ دلکش سرود
باده چشیدن خطاست باده کشیدن رواست

"The musician of the tavern yesterday touched the tune
That the tasting of wine is forbidden, but gulping it off is allowed."

دل و دیدهٔ که دارم همه لذت نظاره
چه گناه اگر تراشم صنمے زسنگ خاره

"The eye and the heart that I possess yearn for the pleasure of vision,
It is not, therefore, sinful if I carve an idol out of hard stone."

The Magic of Individual Words and Phrases

Another feature that we find in our poet's art is that he takes the essence of his experience and compresses it in one of the words and phrases of his verse. The poet sometimes presents his inspiration in such a form that a certain word or phrase becomes the central stone holding the different shafts of the inspiration together. Such a poetic production can be compared to the solar system in which the master word or phrase represents the sun and the rest of the words are so many planets and satellites of the planets, receiving light and lustre from it, and revolving round it. Take away the master word or phrase and the whole fabric falls like a house of cards. Try but to substitute something else for

this master word or phrase and the whole experience is marred. Perfect realisation of the poetic experience depends solely on such words and phrases, which constitute the very soul of the conception. A few instances will suffice to show that our poet is a master of this art.

In the beginning of the Zábur Iqbal says :—

زبرونِ درگذشتم ز درونِ خانه گفتم
سخنی نگفته را چه قلندرانه گفتم

"I passed by the door outside, but I related what happened within the house,
How Qalandar-like did I say what had never been expressed in words!"

Now Qalandar means a person, who belongs to a certain order of men who get their heads, beards, moustaches, and eye-brows shaved. With Iqbal it symbolises the man who over-rides the prescribed and hates formalities. In this verse Iqbal has idealised what Qalandar stands for by saying that though in the ordinary course of nature one, passing outside by the door of the house, cannot know what is happening inside, yet with the robes of the Qalandar on he has been enabled to know the secrets of the inside. It is the Qalandar, who can remain outside and yet ransack the Prison House for secrets. The whole conception here depends upon the word "Qalandarana," or Qalandar-like. Take away the word and the whole charm evaporates. Without it the assertion seems only to be a fiction and an extravagance devoid of all charm, but with it, it becomes a living reality.

Let us take one more instance. Iqbal says :—

از مشتِ غبارِ من صد نالہ برانگیزی
نزدیک تر از جانی با خوئے کم آمیزی
در موجِ صبا پنہاں دزدیدہ بباغ آئی
در بوئے گل آمیزی با غنچہ در آویزی

"Thou raiseth a hundred lamentations from my handful of dust,
Thou liveth the closer to my life-vein with thy habit of associating but rarely.
Hidden in the wave of the breeze thou cometh stealthily into the garden,
Thou mixeth with the fragrance of the flower, and grappleth with the bud."

In these verses the comprehension of Divine Light is effected in a mystic way. In the first verse the poet conceives the idea that inspite of being near at hand the Divine Light likes to evade us. Without the words "Kam Amezi" or the habit of associating but rarely, the conception would have been very insipid. In the second verse the word "Duzdana" or stealthily, has put the life into the verse. Just recite the verse without this word and you feel a gulf of difference. Take away this word and you lop the limbs of the conception. Without it the symbolised inspiration is incapable of exciting any response in the reader's mind.

THE POETIC EMPHASIS

Another feature that we mark in Iqbal's art is the way in which he emphasises his meanings. This adds charm to beauty, and leaves an indelible impression on our mind. The poet always lays

emphasis in a number of ways, but we can safely assert that he does so in one of the four ways. He either does so by repetition, by the force of contrast, through meanings, or through context. Let us take the emphasis by repetition first. It will be better to give a few examples:— ی تکرار کی مثالیں :۔

بر آور هرچه اندر سینه داری
سرودے - نالهٔ - آهے - فغانے !

"Whatever thou hast in thee bring it forth,
It may be a tune, a cry, a sigh, or a lamentation."

زندگانی جسکو کہتے هیں فراموشی هے یہ
خواب هے/غفلت هے/سرمستی هے/بیهوشی هے یہ

"That which is termed life is forgetfulness,
'Tis slumber, indifference, intoxication, and senselessness."

کام اپنا هے صبح و شام چلنا   چلنا چلنا مدام چلنا !

"Our (stars') function is motion day and night,
Rolling, moving, ever-moving."

The following are a few examples of the poetic emphasis by contrast:— تقابل کے ذریعے سے زور :-

مہینے وصل کے گھڑیوں کی صُورت اُڑتے جاتے هیں
مگر گھڑیاں جُدائی کی گذرتی هیں مہینوں میں !

"Months fleet away as moments in the company of the beloved,
But a few minutes of separation take months to pass away."

مجھے روکے گا تُو اے ناخدا ! کیا غرق هونے سے
کہ جنکو ڈوبنا هو ڈوب جاتے هیں سفینوں میں !

"How can thou O boatsman! prevent me from drowning?
Those fated to drown get drowned even in boats."

پتھر هے اِسکے واسطے موج نسیم بھی
نازک بہت هے آئنهٔ آبروے مرد

"The mirror of man's honour is highly sensitive,
Even the wave of the gentle breeze affects it like stone."

چہ گوئمت زمسلمان نا مسلمانے
جز این کہ پور خلیل است و آذری داند

"What else should I say about the faithless Muslim,
Except that despite being Abraham's son, he indulges in the ways of Azar."

آدم از بے بصری بندگیِ آدم کرد
گوھرے داشت ولے نذرِ قباد و جم کرد
یعنی از خوئے غلامی ز سگاں خوار تر است
من ندیدم کہ سگے پیش سگے سر خم کرد

"Owing to the lack of insight man has become the slave of man,
He had pearls, but gave them over to Kings Jamshed and Kaikabad;
In other words, he is worse than the cannine breed even,
I have never seen a dog bowing to another dog."

We now come to poetic emphasis through sheer force of meanings, and find Iqbal unrivalled. In a mood of patriotism he exalts each and every particle of India's dust into a Divinity. He says :—

پتھر کی مورتوں میں سمجھا ھے تو خدا ھے
خاکِ وطن کا مجھ کو ھر ذرہ دیوتا ھے

"(O Brahman) Thou art under the impression that God lies in the idols made of stone,
But to me every particle of my country's dust is God."

The poet in the onward march of life longs to reach the highest zenith of advancement and glory. He delivers himself of this longing in the following wonderful strain :—

مقام ھمسفروں سے ھو اِسقدر آگے
کہ سمجھے منزلِ مقصود کارواں مجھ کو

"In the onward march I may lead my comrades by such a great start
That the caravan begins to regard me as the destination.!"

Iqbal sees the Divine light in a mystic mood, and notices that it likes to hide from the naked eye. He expresses the fact thus :—

کس قدر اے مے تجھے رسمِ حجاب آئی پسند
پردۂ انگور سے نکلی تو میناؤں میں تھی

"How greatly O wine! (Divine Light) thou likest the habit of hiding.
If thou liftest the veil of grapes, thou seekest the flask to hide."

Iqbal has given us another beautiful example of emphasis through meanings, and says :—

چو تاب از خود بگیرد قطرۂ آب میانِ صد گہر یک دانہ گردد
بہ بزمِ ھمنوایاں آں چناں زی کہ گلشن بر تو خلوت خانہ گردد

"When the drop of water gets brilliancy from the self,
It turns into a pearl amongst pearls.
Thy mode of living amongst comrades should be such that it rendereth thee unique,
And thus turneth the crowded garden into a veritable solitude for thee."

It is, to be more correct, twofold emphasis through meaning as well as contrast. How wonderfully has Iqbal here exhorted us to become matchless and unrivalled in the world. He puts forth an ideal that we should attain to such a high pitch of development that nobody can compare with us. It

is in this sense that Iqbal asks us to become alone in the world.

We now come to emphasis through context, and find two beautiful examples in Iqbal's works. To be more correct, we find emphasis by contrast through context. At the end of his poem the " Child and the Candle " Iqbal has depicted the universe in such beautiful colours that the heart begins to love it. Iqbal tells us that nature is a boundless expanse of beauty, but even in such captivating circumstances and beautiful surroundings the soul is bemoaning the loss of some important thing, and is yearning to find it out. Iqbal with a reference to the context has tried to create a feeling of contrast in our mind, and has brought into prominence the idea that the finite world may be beautiful and charming but the soul rejoices in taking a leap into the infinite, which alone can arrest its attention. In the same way, in the Story of Adam he gives an idea of the extent to which man has succeeded in conquering nature, and in establishing his sway over the elements through intellect, yet the secret of life remains a mystery. Human intellect that has unravelled the mysteries of nature has not been able to get a clue to the mystery of life, which unveils itself only in the heart. Iqbal has here tried to bring into prominence the idea that the secret of life is more difficult to unravel than the conquest of nature.

Intercalation

We also find many examples of " Intercala-

tion" in Iqbal's art. He sometimes incorporates Arabic verses and sayings in his Urdu and Persian poems, and at another time appropriates Persian verses in Urdu poetry. He also indulges in the other kind of intercalation that consists in appropriating the lines of another in one's own verses. Iqbal has here and there appropriated lines in original from Rumi and other Persian poets.

His Style is in Keeping with his Philosophy

It is said that in Tagore's verse one strong syllable is followed by a whole series of atonic syllables, which glide over the ear so fast that it is difficult to grasp their intonation. It, therefore, truly represents the joint family system of the Hindus, tc which community Tagore belongs. But we find that in Iqbal every syllable is clear and maintains its vocal entity. His verse thus helps every syllable to maintain its identity in keeping with his philosophy of the self.

Iqbal often invokes the Saki after the Persian fashion to give him wine. He often introduces some natural scene as in the "Khizr-i-Rah" to precede his thought. The former adds force or pathos, and the latter beauty and charm.

In short, Iqbal combines idea with beauty, and represents both Rumi and Hafiz. Whilst Rumi lacked æsthetic charm, Hafiz was wanting in the concentrated mass of thought. Mr. Umroa Singh Gill says "The word-harmony and beauty of Hafiz is wedded

to the wealth and terseness of Rumi, (in Iqbal) which had a happy combination in Sa'adi." But Sa'adi is the Jack of all trades, who has neither been able to beat the one in form nor the other in matter. In Iqbal beauty has kept pace with thought, and he has maintained such a balance between the two, that neither of them has been allowed to develop out of proportion at the expense of the other.

CHAPTER V.

THE WINE.

آنکه من در بزم شوق آورده ام دانی که چیست ؟
یک چمن گل - یک نیستان ناله - یک خمخانه مے

"Doest thou know what have I brought to the assembly of love ?
A flower which is a garden, a cry which is a jungle of reeds, and wine which is a tavern."

We now propose to analyse Iqbal's thought as distinguished from the form, and to consider the "wine" as distinguished from the "cup." We have dealt with the latter and we now treat of the former.

Let us first know what is meant by the thought of a poet. The analysis shows that there is first of all the object that excites the poet. Iqbal's poem on Fatima, for example, has been inspired by an incident of war. This is the matter of the poetic experience. The object then creates in the poet's mind certain moods, feelings, associations, and suggestions. He, so to speak, begins to conceive the object in a certain way. This is the spirit of the experience. The object is automatically engulfed in the raging tempest of the spirit—and very often pales into utter insignificance. The spirit becomes "the region of full consciousness," whilst the object is relegated to the position of the sub-conscious. This warp and woof of the object

and the spirit is interwoven into the form of a finished poetic experience—which when expressed in language becomes a poem.

Thus whenever we speak of the thought, the inspiration, or the wine, we mean thereby the material that consists of both the object and the spirit—of both the immediate cause and of the main purpose of the poem.

The Subjective Mood

The most prominent feature that forces itself upon our attention as we go through his works is his own subjective personality. He may deal with a sentiment or feeling, scenery, incident, event or personality, he never forgets himself. The Iqbal in him always stands out prominent. His self in keeping with his cult never loses its identity in his poems. This subjective mood seems to be the prevailing mood of Iqbal. When he meets us in "The Himalayas" we notice that from the height of the rivulet's description he swoops down like an eagle on his own feelings and addresses the rivulet in the following strain :—

چھیڑتی جا اِس عراق دل نشیں کے ساز کو
اے مسافر! دِل سمجھتا ھے تری آواز کو

"Do touch the chords of this lovely vein, and flow on,
O traveller! the heart understandeth thy music."

And further on in the last stanza the poet seems to yearn for the simple life of old, that was natural and free from formalities, the reflection of which, perhaps, is seen by the poet in the mountains. Take his

Urdu poem "Gul-i-Rangin," or "The Lovely Flower." We find him identifying himself and sympathising with the flower. How pathetic is the verse in which he tries to win the favour of the blooming flower by assuring it that he never plucks flowers, but only observes them with the eyes of the nightingale. We next meet Iqbal in the guise of "The Hill Clouds," and realise that like the cloud the poet soars high into the realm of poesy, and showers pearls of his melody sometimes on the garden of beauty and sometimes on the wilderness of love. Iqbal is a born votary of the Muse, and the harbinger of a glorious era, and can thus be compared to the cloud that "showers pearls and is the camel-driver of the beloved of Divine Grace." Like it again the poet has bestowed the vitality of the sea upon the springs, has made the birds sing, has asked the grass to grow, and has created in the bud a desire to smile and become a full-blown flower. We next meet him in the midst of the dead, but even here he does not lose his living personality and speaks of life in the region of the dead. In "The Candle" we find him identifying with as well as distinguishing himself from the candle. Iqbal's self is gradually taking the place of the Candle till in the end the object is dislodged and the subjective Iqbal completely takes its place. In "The Sun of the Morn" Iqbal expresses a wish to become cosmopolitan like the sun. In "The Withered Flower" he compares his own condition to that of the flower and says :—

ہمچو نے از نیستاں خود حکایت مے کنم
بشنو اے گل ! از جدائیہا شکایت مے کنم

" Like the reed-flute I tell the story of the reeds,
Listen O flower! I am complaining of my own separation."

In "The New Moon" he expresses a wish to accompany it to get light, and in "The Sucking Baby" he identifies himself with the infant, and points out the similarities. His poem "The Moon" is another fine example of his subjective mood. In fact we meet with it on each and every page of the poet's works.

Iqbal himself gives us a standard to judge the subjective mood of a man. He says :—

نظر بخویش فرو بستہ را نشاں ایں است
دگر سخن نہ سراید ز غائب و موجود

" The characteristic of a man, who rivets his eyes on himself, is
That he does not talk of the visible and the invisible exept
with reference to himself."

This subjective mood of Iqbal is quite in keeping with his cult of the self, and it appears that long before he propounded his theory in his Persian works his own self used to assert itself in his poems.

SYMPATHY WITH NATURE

Another prominent feature of Iqbal's art is his strong sympathy with nature. He sees the full-blown flower and says, " Tis not my habit to pluck thee from the branch," and tries to reassure it in the following strain :—

آہ ! یہ دست جفا جو اے گل رنگیں نہیں
کس طرح تجھ کو یہ سمجھاؤں کہ میں گلچیں نہیں

کام مجھکو دیدۂ حکمت کے اُلجھیڑوں سے کیا
دیدۂ بلبل سے میں کرتا ہوں نظارہ ترا

"Alas! how can I make thee understand that I am not a plucker of flowers,
And that this hand, O Flower! is not cruel;
I have no business with the complicated methods of science,
I observe thee with the eyes of the nightingale."

In his "Cry of the Bird" he has evinced deep sympathy with the bird in its sad plight. In "The Candle and the Moth" the poet sympathises with moth, the little lover, exalts it to the position of Moses, and makes the candle represent the Sinai. In "The Candle" he accuses men of cruelty towards the candle. The popular idea is that the burning of the candle is light pure and simple—but Iqbal regards the process as a representation of heart-burning due to the candle's separation from the spiritual rays of Divine Light. In "The Sun of the Morn" he says :—

صدمہ آجائے ہوا سے گُل کی پتی کو اگر
اشک بن کر میری آنکھوں سے ٹپک جائے اثر

"If the breeze gives but a shock to a petal of the flower,
Its effect on my heart takes the form of a tear and gushes out of the eye."

He is accordingly all sympathy with the dying beauty in "The Withered Flower."

Iqbal anticipates the diffidence of the 'Id Crescent, comes to its help, and cheers it up by saying :—

برخود نظر کشا زتہی دامنی مرنج
در سینۂ تو ماہِ تمامے نہادہ اند

"Do not grieve of thy emptiness, fix thine eyes on thyself,
A full moon lies hidden in thy breast."

Iqbal sees the tulip, becomes fired with sympathy, and makes it say :—

بلبل زگل شنید کہ سوزم ربودہ اند
نالید و گفت جامهٔ هستی گران خرید
واکردہ سینہ منت خورشید مے کشم
آیا بود کہ باز بر انگیزد آتشم

"The nightingale heard the flower saying, the burning flame of love in me has been extingnished ;
The bird cried with pity ' you have purchased your life at a great cost,
With open breast I face the sun beseechingly
That it may again enkindle the flame in my breast."

Sense of sympathy is created when the sympathiser identifies himself with the object of sympathy. Iqbal in the following quatrain identifies himself with the flower and thus shows deep sympathy. He says :—

گل رعنا چو من در مشکلے ہست گرفتار طلسم محفلے ہست
زبان برگ او گویا نکردند ولے در سینۂ چاکش دلے ہست

"The lovely flower like me is in difficulty,
'Tis a captive of the magic of society.
The tongue of its petals hath not been endowed with speech,
Otherwise it possesseth a heart in its torn bosom."

The thorn has always been very roughly handled by the poets, and all sorts of invectives have been hurled at it. But Iqbal in his poem "The Dew" greets it as a fellow lover and says :—

در پیرہن شاهد گل سوزن خار است
خار است و لیکن زند یمان نگار است
از عشق نزار است در پہلوے یار است
این هم ز بہار است

"In the garment of the beloved flower is the needle of the thorn,
Though a thorn, 'tis at the same time an associate of the beloved
'Tis a frenzied lover,
It enjoys the very embrace of the beloved ;
And its existence is also due to the spring."

Love of Nature

(فطرت سے محبت)

Another important feature of Iqbal's art is his intense love of nature, that plays the chief part in human observation. Although Iqbal regards it as a necessary evil, he not only loves it himself but exhorts others to love it. To him nature is nothing but beauty. He says in his Urdu poem " The Firefly" :—

ھر چیز کو جہاں میں قدرت نے دلبری دی
پروانے کو تپش دی جگنو کو روشنی دی
رنگیں نوا بنایا مرغان بے زباں کو
گل کو زبان دیکر تعلیم خامشی دی
نظارۂ شفق کی خوبی زوال میں تھی
چمکا کے اس پری کو تھوڑی سی زندگی دی
سایہ دیا شجر کو پرواز دی ھوا کو
پانی کو دی روانی موجوں کو بے کلی دی

" Every object in the world has been endowed with the power to attract,
The moth is given a burning passion, and the firefly light ;
The tongueless birds have been given music,
And despite endowing it with tongue the flower has been taught silence ;
The charm of the fairy of twilight depended on decline,
Hence it has been blessed with the glow of a little duration.
The tree has been given shade, the air flight,
The water has flow and the waves restlessness."

Iqbal has again brought into prominence the

beauty of nature in "The Child and the Candle." He says:—

محفلِ قدرت ھے اک دریاے بے پایانِ حُسن
آنکھہ اگر دیکھے تو ھر قطرے میں ھے طوفانِ حُسن
حُسن کوھستاں کی ھیبت ناک خاموشی میں ھے
مہر کی ضو گستری شب کی سیہ پوشی میں ھے
آسمانِ صبح کی آئینہ پوشی میں ھے یہ
شام کی ظلمت شفق کی گل فروشی میں ھے یہ
عظمتِ دیرینہ کے مٹتے ھوئے آثار میں
طفلکِ نا آشنا کی کوششِ گفتار میں
ساکنانِ صحنِ گلشن کی ھم آوازی میں ھے
ننھے ننھے طائروں کی آشیاں سازی میں ھے

"Nature is the fathomless deep of beauty,
If we care to see, there is a storm of beauty in every drop;
There is beauty in the aweful silence of the mountains,
In the sunshine, as well as in the mourning-dress of the night;
In the sheen of the mirror of the morn,
In the darkness of dusk, as well as in the scattering of flowers by the twilight,
In the vanishing ruins, the signs of old greatness,
And in the attempts of the raw infant to speak;
It is found in the harmonious melodies of the birds of the garden,
As well as in the nest-building of the tiny birds."

The music of nature always throws Iqbal in raptures and ecstasy. He himself makes the admission in the following strain:—

ھوشم بُرَد اے مطرب ! مستم کند اے ساقی !
گلبانگِ دل آویزے از مرغِ سحر خیزے

"The song of the birds of morn, O musician, and O saki!
Throws me into ecstasy, and I then feel drunk."

Iqbal enjoys the company of nature, and never

feels lonely. Even solitude provides him with companions. His poem "The Solitude" shows that in the dead silence of the night the stars are his companions, and the poet assures his heart that nature pulsates in unison with it. The intense love of nature stands out prominent in his wish that his heart may become the very mirror of nature; and his works seem to convince us that his wish has been granted. His description of natural scenery in his poem "A Prayer" and in "Man and the World of Nature" shows how truly the poet's mind reflects nature as if in a mirror.

Nature reigns supreme in his mind. Whenever he has to illustrate his meanings he falls back on nature, which is the warp and woof of his song. In fact his love knows no bounds when we notice that he wishes to live in the charming atmosphere of nature even after death. He says :—

بمرغان چمن همداستانم زبان غنچہ ھاے بے زبانم
چو میرم با صبا خاکم بیامیز کہ جز طوف گلاں کارے ندارم

"I and the bird of the garden have the same story,
I am the voice of the tongueless buds;
When I die, mix my dust with the breeze,
As I have no other occupation but to hover round flowers."

The poet's love of nature is not unilateral. The poet feels that nature also responds to it. He says :—

مزاج لالۂ خود رو شناسم بشاخ اندر گلاں را بو شناسم
ازآں دارد مرا مرغ چمن دوست مقام نغمہ ھاے او شناسم

" I know the temper of the spontaneous tulip,
I notice the fragrance of flowers in the bough,
The bird of the garden entertains friendly feelings towards me,
Because I understand its music."

The acme of love is reached when Iqbal, to use an orientalism, not only loves Laila but her pet animal also. Every other poet has shown a positive hatred for the much-maligned thorn. It has been styled as the enemy of Majnun, and the rival of the nightingale; but our poet has shown an affectionate regard for it in his Persian poem " The Dew."

Iqbal not only loves nature himself but asks all to do the same in the following strain :—

میانِ لالہ و گل آشیاں گیر ز مرغِ نغمہ خواں درسِ فغاں گیر!

" Live in the midst of the flowers and the tulips,
And learn lamentation from the singing birds."

He would recommend abode in the beautiful surroundings of nature to the bud and say :—

مشو اے غنچۂ نَو رستہ دلگیر از این بستاں سرا دیگر چہ خواہی
لبِ جُو-بزم گل-مُرغِ چمن سیر صبا-شبنم-نوائے صبحگاہی

" Do not grieve, O budding flower!
What else thou wantest from the garden?
It has the bank, the flowers, the garden birds,
The breeze, the dew, and the morning music."

Iqbal, in short, has exalted nature to the position of the beloved and asks us to observe it thus :—

گُلزارِ ہست و بود نہ بیگانہ وار دیکھ
ہے دیکھنے کی چیز اسے بار بار دیکھ

"Do not observe the garden with the eyes of a stranger,
'Tis worth observing, see it again and again."

March from the Finite to the Infinite

The fourth feature that we find in Iqbal's art is his march from the Finite to the Infinite. He tries to express the Finite in terms of the Infinite. Whilst India actualises the Infinite within the Finite, Iqbal confers Infinity on the Finite. The one imagines the unseen from the seen and thus brings down infinities to the level of finiteness, but the other adopts the opposite method : measures the seen with the unseen, and without bringing down Infinities exalts the Finite to the status of the Infinite. Just as Tagore represents the ancient Hindu culture and suggests the eternal and inexpressible infinities in terms of sensuous beauty, Iqbal represents the Muslim culture and expresses the sense-perceptions and facts in terms of the Infinite. This feature stands out most prominent when our poet is in the mystic mood. He would say that the bud produces a sound when it opens into a flower, and suggest that the sound amounts to a message from someone. He would deal with the spring, the flower, the garden, the nightingale, the star, the universe ; and try to deduce some Divine things from them—thus exalting them on their way to the Infinite. Iqbal says :—

زمین را رازدانِ آسماں گیر   مکاں را شرحِ رمزِ لامکاں گیر !

"Grant, that the earth knows the secrets of Heaven,
And hold space as an explanation of the Spaceless."

He tells us that the goal of humanity is the creation of Divine attributes. Man ought to become

the Superman, the ideal man, who is in the end to prove himself worthy of the Vicegerency of God upon earth. His Superman implies a march from the Finite to the Infinite, and he exhorts us to merge God in ourselves instead of being merged in God. His cult of the self, his songs on the various phases of life, and his preaching of selflessness all help in the evolution of the finite man into the Infinite Divinity. He tells us that we should not accept the fetters of time and place. We should rather become timeless and immortal'; and instead of being of China and Persia we should accept the whole of the universe as our home. To prove that two multiplied by two yields four we have to fall back upon the more general principle of addition. In the same way we can refer to the Finite in terms of infinity, but it is impossible to bring infinity within the panel of the Finite. Iqbal thus is more logical and practical than the sentimentalists, and his ideal man has so much of the Infinite in him that " his hand becomes God's hand, and the moon is split by his fingers." Iqbal has lately in the Javidnama referred to the Muslim belief in *Miraj*, the Sojourn of the Prophet to the Heaven by night. The poet has explained the significance of this Sojourn by suggesting that as the Prophet did not rest contented with acquiring Divine attributes alone, but wanted to see the Infinite Possessor of those attributes directly, he undertook this journey. One can in the like manner become independent of all limitations of time and space if one creates a revolution in his mentality

through love and enthusiasm. *Miraj* is thus nothing but an attempt by a finite being to become infinite and limitless.

To attain this end one should have the spiritual birth as distinguished from the physical birth. The points of distinction between the two births are thus brought out by the poet :—

آن سکون و سیر اندر کائنات این سراپا سیر بیرون از جہات
آن یکی محتاجی روز و شب است
وان دگر روز و شب او را مرکب است

"The one signifies sojourn within the universe, and a trip through it,
Whilst the other represents a journey beyond the bounds of space and dimensions.
The one stands in need of the day and the night,
Whilst the other rides the steed of time."

Iqbal exhorts us to become independent of limitations in the following strain :—

عاشقی ؟ از سوبہ بے سوئے خرام
مرگ را بر خویشتن گردان حرام
بر مکان و بر زمان اسوار شو
فارغ از پیچاک این زنار شو

"Art thou a lover? Then march from the spatial region towards spacelessness,
Hold death unlawful for thyself,
Ride over time and space,
And become independent of this wending winding rosary."

At the end of his sojourn when the poet decides to leave the Heavens, God exhorts him to become limitless in the following strain :—

زندهٔ؟ مشتاق شو خلّاق شو همچو ما گیرندهٔ آفاق شو

"Dost thou live? If so, be a lover and a creator,
And like Us hold the universe within thyself."

The poet, when in direct communion with the Divine Being, wants to know the comparative reality of God and himself, and the reason why the One is immortal, and the other mortal. The Divine reply is given in the following strain:—

بودهٔ اندر جهان چارسُو هر کہ گنجد اندرو میرد درو
زندگی خواہی خودی را پیش کن
چار سو را غرق اندر خویش کن
باز بینی من کیم تو کیستی
درجہان چون مردی و چون زیستی

"Thou hast lived in the universe of four dimensions,
Whosoever is merged in it must die in it.
If thou desireth to live, manifest thy self,
And dip the four dimensions into thyself.
Then shalt thou see Me as I am, and thyself as thou art,
And then shalt thou know the reason of thy previous mortality,
and of thy subsequently acquired immortality."

In fact Iqbal is so sanguine about the capacity of man to become infinite that he turns the determination of the Faithful into destiny ordained by God in the following strain:—

عزم او خلّاق تقدیر حق است روز ہیجا تیر او تیر حق است

"God adopts as His Decree the determination of the Faithful,
On the day of battle his arrow proves to be the arrow of God."

HIS THEME OF LIFE

The fifth feature that forces itself upon our gaze as we go through his works—a feature that turns him into the messenger—and a feature that makes him

shoulder above the contemporaries—is that he sings of life and self throughout. Although he has in his works touched a vast number of subjects, yet his central theme is the self, founded on life and action, and each little rill of his poetry flows into this mighty stream. He regards self as the most important phenomenon of life. He says :—

زانجم تابہ انجم صدجہاں بود خرد ھرجا کہ پر زد آسماں بود
ولیکن چوں بخود نگریستم من کران بیکراں درمن نہاں بود

"Thousands of worlds lay between from one star to another,
Wherever intellect soared it faced the firmament;
But when I saw within myself, I found
That boundless expanse lay hidden in me."

He regards the self as the atom of life, tries to analyse existence into its component parts, and shows that all life is one in the sense that one and the same principles of action and vitality pervade it. Leaving aside his Masnavi, we find that this feature also stands out prominent in his shorter peoms. Monotony kills consciousness, and Iqbal says in this connection :—

دما دم نقشہاے تازہ ریزد بیک صورت قرارزندگی نیست
اگر امروز تو تصویر دوش است بخاک توشرارزندگی نیست

"New phænomena take place every moment,
Life does not stick to one condition;
If thy today is only a picture of yesterday,
Thy dust does not possess the spark of life."

Iqbal is referring to this law when he says that beauty rests in decline. To him all arts and sciences are means for the strengthening of the self. Failures even are a means of self-preservation. To crown all,

even Adam's fall from Heaven is intended to strengthen and expand the self. He speaks of life through the spring, the dew, the morn, the sun, the moon, and the stars. He even culls the principles of life from the tulip, the wave, the river, and the mountain; and studies life even in the water drop. In "The Khizr-i-Rah" we find him uttering the secrets of life to the labourers, the Muslims, and to the world at large. He advises us to construct a world for ourselves, and to make the circumstances bow instead of bowing to them. In it he says that real life is sometimes the preservation of the self and at another time consists in its sacrifice, just as Imam Hussain did on the field of Karbala. He has here supported his idea that the individual life is to be preserved, and to be sacrificed only when the common good of society demands its sacrifice. Iqbal's exhortation to the Muslims that they should not ape the Westerners, his cry "back to the Quran," his message to the Occident to spiritualise its senses all point to life. His song of the stars, his song of the camel-driver, the candle, the moth, every poem sets forth the laws of life; and we feel inclined to hold that Iqbal is justified in saying that he has been made an adept in the art of life. In fact, apart from dealing with life everywhere, we have one whole book of his devoted to this theme of life and the self—*viz.*—The Secrets of the Self, and The Mysteries of Selflessness, the two parts of his Masnavi. In his Zabur-i-Ajam the poet has again dealt with the subject in the form of certain questions and answers. Many philosophical, metaphysical, and ethical problems of life are dealt

with here in an original manner. The questions and answers above referred to are a sort of appendage to the poet's main theme contained in the Masnavis.

In short, we can safely assert that with Iqbal "*the best and master thing*" of Epictetus is the concern how to live. The subject has been more fully dealt with in the chapters dealing with Iqbal's message regarding the self, the society, and the goal of the self.

COMBINATION OF HUMAN EMOTIONS AND LOVE OF NATURE

[انسانی جذبات + فطرت کی محبت

The sixth feature of the poet's art is that he often combines love of nature and human emotions. The art indeed is a difficult one, but Iqbal's poetry shows that a gifted poet has no difficulty in bringing the realm of nature and the world of human feelings together. He weaves the description of the rivulet in "The Himlayas" with the warp of nature and the woof of human feelings. He says :—

آتی ھے ندی فراز کوہ سے گاتی ھوئی
کوثر و تسنیم کی موجوں کو شرماتی ھوئی
آئنہ سا شاھد قدرت کو دکھلاتی ھوئی
سنگ رہ سے گاہ بچتی گاہ ٹکراتی ھوئی
چھیڑتی جا اس عراق دلنشیں کے ساز کو
اے مسافر! دل سمجھتا ھے تری آواز کو !

"The rivulet comes down from the mountain heights producing music,
It puts Kausar and Tasnim to shame ;
It holds a mirror to nature, the beloved one,
Sometimes it avoids the stones and sometimes strikes against them ;
Do touch the chords of this lovely vein and flow on,
O traveller! the heart understandeth thy music."

In his poem "The Hill Cloud" when describing the various activities of the cloud he puts human feelings in its mouth and makes it say :—

دور سے دیدۂ امید کو ترساتا ہوں
کسی بستی سے جو خاموش گذر جاتا ہوں

"From a distance I make the hopeful eye wistful,
When I silently pass by some habitation."

Another fine example is Iqbal's short Persian poem on life. He has wonderfully combined love of nature and human emotions in it. He says :—

شبے زار نالید ابر بہار   کہ این زندگی گریۂ پیہم است
درخشید برق سبک سیر و گفت   خطا کردۂ خندۂ یکدم است
ندانم بہ گلشن کہ برد این خبر   سخنہا میان گل و شبنم است

"Sad moaned the cloud of spring,
This life's a long weeping,
Cried the lightning, flashing and leaping,
'Tis a laugh on the wing.
God knows, who carried the news to the garden ?
That the flower and the dew are in conversation."

IQBAL VOICES THE FEELINGS OF THE MUSLIM COMMUNITY

The seventh feature that we find in Iqbal is that his note is not the note of an individual ; it is rather the whole mind of Islamic polity speaking through him. The objects that inspire him always create in him moods, associations and suggestions that are connected with Islam and Muslim culture. He himself says :—

مرا اگرچہ بہ بُتخانہ پرورش دادند
چکید از لبِ من آنچہ در دلِ حرم است !

"Though I have been brought up in the temple of idols,
My lips have uttered what is within the heart of the Ka'ba."

As a true Muslim he has burning love for the Divine, and calls upon the East and the West to combine Zikr and Fikr together. Iqbal regards Islamic Polity as the ideal type of society that affords the fullest scope to the self for development. Islamic culture speaks through the poet when he puts a message for the Russians into the mouth of M. Jamal-ud-Din Afghani. This message indicates the way in which the poet usually exhorts the world to adopt Islamic culture. The Russian nation is addressed thus :—

تو کہ طرح دیگرے انداختی   دل ز دستور کہن پرداختی
ہمچو ما اسلامیان اندر جہان   قیصریت را شکستی استخوان
باز می آئی سوے اقوام شرق   بستہ ایّام تو با ایّام شرق
کہنہ شد افرنگ را آئین و دین   سوے آن دیر کہن دیگر مبین
کردۂ کار خداوندان تمام   بگذر از لا جانب الّا خرام
اے کہ مے خواہی نظام عالمے   جستۂ او را اساس محکمے ؟
داستان کہنہ شستی باب باب   فکر را روشن کن از امّ الکتاب
با سیہ فاماں ید بیضا کہ داد ؟   مژدۂ "لا قیصر و کسری" کہ داد؟
درگذر از جلوہ ہاے رنگ رنگ   خویش را دریاب از ترک فرنگ!
گر ز مکر غربیاں باشی خبیر   روبہی بگذار و شیری پیشہ گیر

چیست روباہی تلاش ساز و برگ
'شیر مولا جوید آزادی و مرگ'
جز بقرآن ضیغمی روباہی است
فقر قرآن اصل شاہنشاہی است

فقر قرآن اختلاط ذکر و فکر   فکر را کامل ندیدم جز بذکر

"Thou hast laid another foundation,
And discarded the old custom.

Thou hast in the world like us, Muslims,
Pulverized the very bones of Kaisarism.
Thou art returning to the Eastern nations,
Thy destiny is bound up with that of the East.
The constitution and the creed of Europe has become old and stale,
Do not look again at that anti-deluvian culture.
Now that thou hast put an end to all masters,
March from the stage of 'There is no God' towards the destination of 'but God.'
O thou that desireth to see order established in the world !
Hast thou found out a strong foundation for it ?
Thou hast destroyed the old annals to a chapter,
Illumine thy intellect with 'The Mother of Books.'
Who bestowed '*the dazzling hand*' on the black people ?
Who gave the tidings 'no Kaisar and no Kisra ?'
Avoid the sight of various colours,
Leave European culture and find out thyself.
If thou art aware of the machinations of the West,
Give up the cunningness of the fox and adopt the ways of the tiger.
The ways of the fox consist of the search for paraphernalia,
But the tiger of God seeks freedom and courts death.
Without the Quran *lion-heartedness* degenerates into the cunning nature of the fox,
The Quranic simplicity is the very essence of kingdom.
The Dervishism of the Quran consists of the wedding together of spiritual love and intellect,
To me intellect is imperfect without love for the Divine."

The poet has so closely identified himself with the Islamic culture and modes of thought, that he regards the collective unity amongst the unbelievers also as something resembling the principles of Islam. It is for this reason that he exhorts the unbeliever "to be worthy of the badge of unbelief."

His Love of Country and Cosmopolitanism

The eighth feature that we find is Iqbal's patriotism diluted with cosmopolitan ideas. As we go

through his works we find that in the beginning when the poet's vision was limited, he gave vent to intense feelings of patriotism. But later on with the development of the poet's thought narrow feelings of patriotism gave way to the feeling of universal brotherhood and cosmopolitanism. As the bud grew into a full-blown flower and as the poet turned into the messenger the boundaries of race and country, having been discarded, yielded place to a limitless world. The universal could not bear any restrictions, and hence the poet turned into "*the fish*," the cosmopolitan. Some persons say that he is a sectarian out and out, and dub him as the Puritan poet. Even Professor Nicholson has failed to understand properly the position taken up by the poet. The Professor says : " It is less clear, however, why Iqbal identifies his ideal society with Mohammad's conception of Islam, or why membership of that society should be a privilege reserved for Muslims ? Here the religious enthusiast seems to have knocked out the philosopher—a result which is logically wrong but poetically true." But deeper insight into the poet's works shows that Iqbal is a Muslim, an Indian, and a cosmopolitan at one and the same time. He is the " *eye* " of his community, a Messiah for the degenerated societies, and a warning to the Imperialists of the West. As has already been pointed out he asks us to open the door of the world with the key of religion. He has treated of all the current international topics of the day. He not only exhorts the Muslims to be true Muslims, but also calls upon the *Kafirs* (unbelievers) to be true to

their unbelief. The Sheikh is made to address the Brahman thus :—

من نگویم از بتاں بیزار شو · کافری-شایستۂ زنار شو
اے امانت دار تہذیب کہن! · پشت پا بر مسلک آبا مزن
گر زجمعیت حیات ملت است · کفر هم سرمایۂ جمعیت است

"I do not bid thee abandon thine idols,
Art thou an unbeliever? Then be worthy of the badge of unbelief.
O Inheritor of ancient culture!
Turn not thy back on the path thy fathers trod;
If a people's life is derived from unity,
Unbelief, too, is a source of unity."

Iqbal does not reserve the benefits of his ideal society for the faithful alone; he invites others to share them. He has propounded the philosophy of the self and selflessness not only for the Muslims but for the whole world. He regards Islamic Society as the ideal comforming to his own standard, and illustrates his meanings by referring to it in his argument. We find true order, real freedom, and wonderful scope for the development of the individual in it. Even if an unbeliever does not profess the Islamic religion, he should adopt the ways of the Faithful. He should fear none but God, should never give up hope, should throw off the bondage of the blood, the colour, and the country, and should exalt God. If he does all these things, he is sure to get his reward. The poet has laid bare the defects of modern society, and has tried to construct an ideal state for the world. By testing the Islamic Polity on the norm he finds it conforming to it, and tries to show that unlike the

Utopian State of Sir Thomas Moore, or the impracticable Republic of Plato, or the imaginary world of extreme socialists, his ideal state exists. Whilst in Tagore the transition has been from an Indian to a Vashnavite, in Iqbal we find a change from an Indian to a cosmopolitan Muslim. We feel inclined to support him when he says :—

بہر انسان چشم من شب ہاے گریست
تا دریدم پردۂ اسرار زیست

"Many a night have I wept for man's sake,
And then alone have I been able to tear the veil from life's mysteries."

He has intense love for his country. He weeps for the Sudras, he sheds tears over the disunited condition of the country, he appreciates its past glory, and shows firm determination "to string the scattered beads together in a rosary of unity." We find intense patriotism in "The Picture of Pain," "The New Temple," "The National Song," "The National Song of Children," and "The Ram." He reaches the height of patriotism by deifying every particle of India's dust into a God. Iqbal in raptures of patriotism says :—

لبریز ھے شراب حقیقت سے جام ھند
سب فلسفی ھیں خطۂ مغرب کے رام ھند
یہ ھندیوں کے فکر فلک رس کا ھے اثر
رفعت میں آسماں سے بھی اونچا ھے بام ھند

"The cup of India is full to the brim with the wine of reality,
Every philosopher of the West loves India;
'Tis due to the high thought of the Indians
That the roof of India's house is higher than the Heavens."

His "Song of an Indian" shows that Iqbal regards India as the best of all countries, and that he is very optimistic about its future. His poem "The National Song of Indian Children" regards India as a country where the Saint of Ajmer and Guru Nanak preached the Unity of God, which attracted the Saracens from the desert, which gave the light of knowledge, science, and philosophy to the world, where Krishna played upon spiritual lute, and from where the Prophet of Arabia felt coming 'the cooling breeze.' His poems on Ram and Nanak also point towards his burning love for the country. The poet dislikes the patch-up sort of unity prevailing in India, and regards it as "*the union of the coast and the wave.*" He has shed tears over the rotten condition of his country in "The Picture of Pain" in the following strain :—

رُلا تا ھے تیرا نظارہ اے ھندوستاں ! مجھ کو
کہ عبرت خیز ھے تیرا فسانہ سب فسانوں میں
دیا رونا مجھے ایسا کہ سب کچھ دے دیا گویا
لکھا کلکِ ازل نے مجھ کو تیرے نوحہ خوانوں میں
نشانِ برگِ گل تک بھی نہ چھوڑ اس باغ میں گلچیں
تیری قسمت سے رزم آرائیاں ھیں باغبانوں میں

"India ! thy condition brings forth tears from my eyes,
Thine history yields more lessons than all the foreign annals combined ;
'Tis my fate to weep for thee, a task that makes me proud,
And the pen of destiny ordains that I should mourn thy lot.
O plucker of flowers ! leave not a trace of the petals behind,
To thy good-luck the gardeners are fighting amongst themselves."

Later on Iqbal marked the degeneration of

patriotism into the so-called nationalism, which in his opinion is the curse of the world, and the cause of all trouble. Iqbal warns the whole world against it. He regards country as a "big idol," and as "the shroud of religion." Iqbal says at one place :—

اقوام جہاں میں ھے رقابت تو اسی سے
تسخیر ھے مقصود تجارت تو اسی سے
خالی ھے صداقت سے سیاست تو اسی سے
کمزور کا گھر ھوتا ھے غارت تو اسی سے
اقوام میں مخلوق خدا بٹتی ھے اس سے
قومیت اسلام کی جڑ کٹتی ھے اس سے

"It (country) sows the seed of rivalry amongst the peoples of the world,
It makes conquest the end of all commerce;
It divorces politics from truth,
It plunders the house of the weak;
It divides God's creatures into nations,
It uproots the Islamic Brotherhood, the fraternity of mankind."

He addresses the Muslims and says :—

ھو قید مقامی تو نتیجہ ھے تباھي
رہ بحر میں آذاد وطن صورت ماھی
ھے ترک وطن سنت محبوب الٰہی
دے تو بھی نبوت کی صداقت پہ گواھي
گفتار سیاست میں وطن اور ہی کچھ ھے
ارشاد نبوت میں وطن اور ہی کچھ ھے

"Restriction of place results in ruin,
Like fish reside in the sea independent of country;
Exodus from the native land was an act of the Prophet,
Confirm the truth of the Prophet's action;
Conception of the country is different in politics from
The meanings attached to it by the Prophet."

These ideas of the poet constitute a protest against the modern notions. Whilst they are intended to militate against proper patriotism, they point the way to universal brotherhood, the main feature of Islamic Polity. But side by side with his patriotism he takes precautions to guard against the disproportionate growth of this feeling at the expense of universal love and brotherhood. He rejects the modern notions of nationalism that are based solely on country or race. "Become boundless like the ocean, and a fish in the sea," is the message of Iqbal in this connection.

There are a certain set of people, who being prejudiced by the poet's tenacious adherence to the cause of Muslim rights, dub him a pan-islamist, who entertains no love for the land of his birth and sires. But the poet's sojourn on the Saturn in the Javidnama affords a crushing reply to such critics. Traitors to their country like Mir Ja'afar of Bengal, and Sadiq of the Deccan are regarded by the poet as the meanest of all souls, and even hell refuses to pollute its flames with the fuel of their bodies. In a frenzy of patriotism the poet says :—

می ندانی خطۂ هندوستان آن عزیز خاطر صاحب دلان
خطۂ هر جلوه اش گیتی فروز درمیان خاک و خون غلطد هنوز
در گلش تخم غلامی راکه کشت ؟ این همه کردار آن ارواح زشت

" Hast thou not seen India,
A country adored by those who possess heart?
Though every particle of it sheds lustre on the world,
Alas! it writhes still in dust and blood.
Who sowed the seed of slavery in its soil?
Such vicious souls as these have done so."

How charming and pathetic is the advent of India on the scene in the garb of a beautiful hourie! The following is the pen-picture of the incident as presented by the poet in the Javidnama :—

آسمان شق گشت و حورے پاک زاد
پردہ را از چہرۂ خود بر کشاد
در جبینش نار و نور لا یزال
در دو چشم او سرور لا یزال
حلۂ در بر سبک تر از سحاب
تار و پودش از رگ برگ گلاب
با چنین خوبی نصیبش طوق و بند
بر لب او نالہ ہاے درد مند

> "The sky burst asunder ushering in a hourie of perfect purity,
> Who lifted the veil from off her face.
> Her forehead shined with the flame of Divine Love,
> Her two eyes beamed with intoxication brought about by the spiritual wine.
> Her garment was fine and lighter than the clouds,
> Its warp and woof was made of the veins of roses.
> With all these charms she was in chains and shackles,
> And her lips uttered heart-rending cries."

Can it ever be possible for a man, who does not love his land of birth, to give vent to such patriotic feelings as have been expressed above? Let the jaundiced eye pause and see.

Iqbal's own attitude in this matter becomes clear enough from the following verses of the Javidnama :—

با وطن اہل وطن را نسبتے است
زانکہ از خاکش طلوع ملتے است
اندرین نسبت اگر داری نظر
نکتۂ بینی ز مو باریک تر

گرچہ از مشرق بر آید آفتاب
با تجلّی ہائے شوخ و بے حجاب
در تب و تاب است از سوز درون
تا ز قید شرق و غرب آید بروں
بر دمد از مشرق خود جلوہ مست
تا ہمہ آفاق را آرد بدست
فطرتش از مشرق و مغرب بری است
گرچہ او از روئے نسبت خاوری است

"People are related in a way to their motherland,
As nation grows up from its soil.
If thou hast eyes, then mark in this relationship
A subtle point—more fine than the hair:
Though the Sun rises from the East
With all the halo of glory and brightness;
Yet it burns with an internal flame of desire,
And longs to free itself from the shackles of the East and the West.
It rises from the East with a burning desire
To have the whole world within its fold.
Its nature is free from all distinctions of the East and the West,
Though, relatively speaking, it is oriental in origin."

As a Muslim he sheds tears over the fallen condition of his community, and the centres of its past glory. He depicts the sad lot of the Egyptians, the Persians, and the Arabs. He brings home to the Muslims their rotten condition in "Jawab-i-Shikwa," in "The Candle and the Poet," and in many other pieces. He is no pessimist, and holds out a glorious future for them. In "The Dawn of Islam" he exhorts the Muslims in the following strain:—

سبق پھر پڑھ صداقت کا عدالت کا شجاعت کا
لیا جائے گا تجھ سے کام دنیا کی امامت کا

" Learn once more the lesson of gallantry, truth and justice,
As thou shalt again be called upon to lead the world."

Further on he qualifies his statement, and says:—

ھو چکا گو قوم کی شان جلالی کا ظہور
ھے مگر باقی ابھی شان جمالی کا ظہور

" The community showed spirit and strength in the past,
But its inner beauty is yet to come into prominence."

As a cosmopolitan Iqbal is indeed all sweetness, or as the Marhatta saint would say :—

"Sweet to its tender is the cane; nor less
To him who crushed it in the cruel press
Sweet with no bitterness."

Iqbal is all warning to the aggressive Imperialists. He impresses upon their mind the fact that God's world is not a shop. He tells them that their civilisation will commit suicide with its own dagger. The poet at first prophesied—

دیکھ لوگے سطوت رفتار دریا کا مآل
موج مضطر ہی اسے زنجیر پا ھو جائیگی

" You will see the end of the river's rush,
The restless wave itself shall chain it, "

and now he tells us that his prophecy is on the verge of fulfilment. He says:—

تونے دیکھا سطوت رفتار دریا کا مآل
موج مضطر کسطرح بنتی ھے اب زنجیر دیکھ

" Yon have seen the end of the river's flow,
Now mark how the restless wave becomes a chain."

On the other hand he has tried to put life and vitality into the weaker nations. He invokes the Saki "to pour wine in his cup" in order that he may "lead home the wanderer and imbue the idle looker-on with restless impatience." In a mystic mood he again asks for universal blessings without any distinctions of caste and creed. Says he :—

بر سرِ کفر و دین فشان رحمتِ عامِ خویش را
بندِ نقاب برکشا ماہِ تمامِ خویش را

"Shower thy blessings equally on the believers and the unbelievers,
And unfold thy full moon."

HIS HUMOUR, IRONY, AND SATIRE

We now come to Iqbal the ironical, and find that his humour either consists of pungent criticism or has the element of irony softened with love. The former excites laughter and the latter makes us chuckle. As regards humourous criticism we ought to remember that Akbar of Allahabad is the master of the art. But it has been well said that Iqbal for a moment came down to rest on earth, and produced humour. Iqbal has been tears and outright burning, but he has also tried at times to become laughter in the guise of "the Mirror of the Age." He in fact has acted on his own verse :—

اچھا ہے دل کے پاس رہے پاسبانِ عقل
لیکن کبھی کبھی اسے تنہا بھی چھوڑ دے

"'Tis good, that intellect guards the heart,
But the latter should also at times be left alone to indulge in its own stray ramblings."

In the garb of Akbar Iqbal is all humour, satire, irony, and sarcasm. He marks the tendency amongst women to discard the veil, and in a terrible fit of humour tells us :—

پردہ آخر کس سے هو جب مرد ہی زن هو گئے ۔

" From whom should now the women hide? when men have become women. "

He foresees the effect of modernism on the fair sex, and says that the time is fast approaching when instead of wishing to have children they would like to have votes. The financial condition of the Mussalmans is very poor, and the poet brings it out thus :—

قانون وقف کے لئے لڑتے تھے شیخ جي
پوچھو تو وقف کے لئے ھے جائداد بھي ؟

" The Sheikh was fighting for the passage of the Wakf Law,
Inquire from him if he has property enough to creat a Wakf."

He brings out the baneful effect of the Arms Act in the following strain :—

وہ مِس بولی ارادہ خود کشی کا جب کیا میں نے
مہذب ھے تو اے عاشق ! قدم باھر نہ دھرحد سے
نہ جرأت ھے نہ خنجر ھے تو قصدِ خود کشی کیسا ؟
یہ مانا دردِ ناکامی گیا تیرا گذر حد سے
کہا میں نے کہ اے جانِ جہاں ! کچھ نقد دلوادو
کرائے پر منگا لوں گا کوئی افغان سرحد سے ۔

" When I attempted to commit suicide, the miss said,
' Do not go to extremes O lover! if thou art civilised;
Thou hast no courage and no dagger, then why dream of committing suicide?
Though I know that thy dejection knows no bounds, "

Replied I 'O my life! give me some cash,
That I may hire a frontier Afghan to do the task for me,"

He criticises modern education as a transaction in which the East is accepting the wine and the cup in exchange for the canter of faith. He tells us further that:—

گھر میں پرویز کے شیریں تو ھوئی جلوہ نما
لے کے آئی ھے مگر تیشۂ فرھاد بھی ساتھ

" Shirin (modern education) has entered the house of Parvez,
But brings with her the adze of Farhad. "

The supporters of money-lenders have something very unpalatable from the poet. He makes the mosquito complain of its comparative failure inasmuch as it gets only a single drop of blood as the reward of its night-long labour, but the Shylocks suck the whole blood of their debtors without any effort on their part. The poet marks the political developments in connection with Palestine and Mesopotamia and says:—

حضرت کرزن کو اب فکر مداوا ھے ضرور
حکم برداری کے معدے میں ھے درد لا یطاق
وفد ھندوستاں سے کرتے ھیں سر آغا خاں طلب
کیا یہ چورن ھے پئے ھضم فلسطین و عراق؟

" Most surely Curzon is looking for a medicine,
As there is an intolerable pain in the stomach of the mandate;
Sir Aga Khan wants a deputation from India,
Is it not intended to be a medicine for the speedy digestion of Iraq and Palestine."

The poet thinks that Europe by inventing new engines of destruction, *e.g.*, the submarines and the aeroplanes

has become expert in killing, and ironically asks God to send the Angel of Death to Europe to learn the most modern methods of taking life. He regards Republic as a combination of the brains of a few hundred asses ; and styles the League of Nations as a company formed by a number of undertakers to allot graves. He calls Nietzsche "the mad man in European China-Shop," and the soaring mind of Hegel "a hen that by dint of enthusiasm lays eggs without assistance from the cock." Iqbal makes Kaisar retort to Lenin, who boasts of the triumph of communism, in the strain :—"Shirin never lacks a lover, if it is not King Khisro, it is Farhad." Iqbal says of philosophers and politicians :—

فلسفی را با سیاست دان بیک میزان مسنج
چشمِ آن خورشید کورے دیدۂ این بے نمے
آن ترا شد قول حقّ راحجت نا استوار
وین ترا شـــد قولِ باطل را دلیلِ محکمے

" Philosophers with statesmen weigh not thou,
Those are sun-blinded, these are tearless eyes.
One shapes a feeble argument for his truth,
The other a block of logic for his lies."

Zauq, the contemporary of Ghalib, says that the tiger swims straight from one bank to the other, that is to say, while doing so it does not make any angle. In the same way we find that Iqbal does not spare even God from his ironical attacks, although we at the same time feel that his love and reverence for Him knows no bounds. His boldness makes us tremble, but he has the poetic license to plead in defence.

He has very boldly condoned the original sin of man, and we find him justifying his boldness like Maulana Hasrat of Mohan in the following strain :—

گستاخ دستیوں کا نہ تھا مجھ میں حوصلہ
لیکن وفورِ شوق نے مجبور کر دیا

" I had not the courage to become bold,
But excessive love compelled me to become so."

The poet while depicting the fallen condition of the Muslims feels that he has some claims on the Divine affection, turns to God, and addresses Him thus :—

کبھی ہم سے کبھی غیروں سے شناسائی ہے
بات کہنے کی نہیں تو بھی تو ہرجائی ہے

" Thou art sometimes on terms of intimacy with us and sometimes so with the others,
The reason should better not be uttered that thou art inconstant and accessible to every one."

He at another place says :—

نقش دگر طراز دہ آدمے پختہ تر بیار
لعبتِ خاک ساختن مے نہ سزد خدائے را

" Draw another picture and create a man more firm,
It does not become God to turn out dolls."

In "The Conquest of Nature" he makes Satan say :—

من ز تنک مایگاں گدیہ نکردم سجود
قاہرِ بے دوزخم داورِ بے محشرم

" I have not been begging for prostrations from men of no substance,
I am the terrible without a Hell, and the judge without the day of judgment."

In the Zabur Iqbal says :—

تب و تاب فطرت ما ز نیاز مندیٔ ما
تو خدائے بے نیازی نرسی بسوز و سازم

"The sheen of our being is due to our love and submission,
Thou art a God independent of all desires, and cannot attain our heart-burnings."

We now come to the poet's quiet humour and mild irony scattered here and there in his works. Although he has differed from other poets regarding the treatment that the thorn deserves, yet so far as the preacher, the moralist, is concerned he is at one with them in running him down. The treatment meted out to the *Wa'iz* has become classical. Iqbal also has a few sarcastic rebukes to administer to him. He says:—

بٹھا کے عرش پہ رکھا ھے تو نے اے واعظ !
خدا وہ کیا ھے جو بندوں سے احتراز کرے

"O preacher! thou hath made God sit idle on the 'Arsh,
He who avoids His creatures is no God."

کوئی یہ پوچھے کہ واعظ کا کیا بگڑتا ھے
جو بے عمل پہ بھی رحمت وہ بے نیاز کرے !

"Let some one inquire from the moralist as to what loss he sustains?
If the Needless One showers His blessings on him who does not do his pleasure."

واعظ کمال ترک سے ملتی ھے یاں مراد
دنیا جو چھوڑ دی ھے تو عقبیٰ بھی چھوڑ دے

"Extreme abstention O moralist! causes satisfaction of desires here,
If thou hath severed connections with this world, do also give up aspirations about the next world."

The following are a few more examples of his soft humour:—

برهمنے بہ غزنوی گفت کرامتم نگر
تو کہ صنم شکستۂ بندہ شدی ایاز را

" A Brahman said to Mahmud' see the miracle that I have wrought,
Thou broke the idol, but hath in turn become the worshipper of 'Ayaz.' "

تجھے کیوں فکر ھے اے گل دل صدچاک بلبل کي ؟
تو اپنے پیرھن کے چاک تو پہلے رفو کرلے

" Why art thou concerned O flower! at the torn heart of the nightingale ?
First have thine own garments repaired."

اڑ بیٹھے کیا سمجھ کے بھلا طور پر کلیم
طاقت ھو دید کی تو تقاضا کرے کوئی

" What led Moses on the Sinai to insist on seeing the Divine Light ?
One ought to insist thus only if one has the capacity to stand the sight."

نشہ پلا کے گرانا تو سب کو آتا ھے
مزا تو جب ھے کہ گرتوں کو تھام لے ساقي

" Every one O Saki! knows how to make others stagger by administering intoxicants,
Beauty lies in holding up the staggering tipplers."

فریب کشمکش عقل دیدنی دارد
کہ میر قافلہ و ذوق راهزنی دارد

" The deception practised by the struggling intellect is noticeable,
'Tis the leader of the caravan, and yet likes to waylay it."

Common Things Excite Serious Thought

The tenth feature that we find in Iqbal's genius is that his attention is arrested by objects of the very common type, but such objects create a spirit in him that excites serious poetic conceptions. Iqbal takes

inspiration from a host of objects, of such varied kinds as Sir Zulfiqar's motor-car, Sir Syed's grave, the candle, the moon, the flower, the cup, the Himlayas, the camel, the drop of water, etc. Three illustrations will show the formation of serious thought on seeing the common object. The noiseless speed of the motor-car arrests the poet's attention, it excites the spirit of comparison in him, the poet appropriates the experiece by making the car a custodian of a great secret of life. He sees the firefly and through the medium of Persian gives vent to such lofty and charming ideas that the mystic begins to revel in rapturous ecstasy. Iqbal sees a mere drop of water, and legions of associations and suggestions invade his mind—and he turns the drop into something teeming with the various phases of life.

Evil as a Continuation of the Rhythm of Life

The eleventh feature that we find in Iqbal is that he has resolved evil—a seeming incoherence—into a perfect rhythm of life. The popular belief is that unless life meets with the good in its onward march there is bound to occur a break in the harmony of life. This belief avoids to face evil as a hard fact, and tries to banish it from its scheme of things. It thus turns life into an amusing and pure fiction. In our onward march the circumstances are not always obliging. We find obstacles at every step that cause us trouble and harm. As " Vicegerent of God upon

Earth " our duty is to take them into account, to turn them into good, and to utilise them in establishing our "sway over the elements."

Poetry as poetry does not distinguish between the ugly and the beautiful, between the good and the bad. The aim of poetry is to attain perfect unity and harmony in life—and thus resolve every thing into the good and the beautiful.

To the superficial, evil is meaningless interruption—that renders full comprehension difficult and hampers full realisation. But the glory of comprehension lies in fully appreciating the nature of evil and in fitting it in with the scheme of the universe as a factor conducing to the production of perfect and immediate harmony.

The refractory evil when thus tamed, facilitates our complete mastery over things, and instead of proving a break it adds to the flow of life's music.

Our poet is not ignorant of the great potentialities of evil, and has assigned to it its proper place in his scheme of comprehension. He has shown that evil is a "rain-cloud to the seed of man," that it is the principle of motion, vitality, and life, that gives the push ; and that without it the self is undeveloped and incomplete. Unless there is a Satan to lead Adam astray, the latter is bound to lead his life in a sort of fool's Paradise, drowsing, dormant, and potential. The so-called fall is the outcome of this force of evil, and then Adam

has to struggle hard to develop his faculties, and in the end as a consequence of constant efforts he succeeds in controlling the forces of the universe. Evil thus is a short-cut to the goal, towards which man is proceeding.

The matter becomes clear when we refer to the Javidnama. The poet puts the question to Syed Ali Hamdani of Kashmir in the following strain:—

از تو خواهم سر یزدان را کلید
طاعت از ما جست و شیطان آفرید
زشت و ناخوش را چنان آراستن
در عمل از ما نکوئی خواستن!

"I beseech thee to unfold the Divine secret;
While demanding obedience from us Why did He create Satan?
On the one hand he so arranged the forces of evil,
And on the other called upon us to practise virtue."

The saint's reply shows that evil is a short-cut to glory, and is as follows:—

بندهٔ کز خویشتن دارد خبر — آفریند منفعت را از ضرر!
بزم با دیو است آدم را وبال — رزم با دیو است آدم را جمال
خویش را بر اهرمن باید زدن — تو همه تیغ آن همه سنگ فسن

"The person, who fully knows his self,
Turns the harmful into the useful.
Association with the Devil makes life a burden,
But a battle with him adds to the charms of man.
Strike thyself upon the Devil,
Thou art the sword, and he represents the whetting-stone."

The poet has thus turned the principle of evil into good, and proved it to be a harmony.

Iqbal, who sees perfect unity in the universe, could not tolerate evil as an inconsistency. He has tried to include it into the definition of the good. To him the terms good and evil have only been coined for the sake of convenience—as a make-shift to connote the two aspects of the same activity. He does not recognise this duality but as an artificial contrivance to help our comprehension of the complicated affair. Thus far and no further must the distinction be allowed to go. Iqbal says :—

چہ گویم نکتۂ زشت و نکو چیست
زبان لرزد کہ معنی پیچدار است
برون از شاخ بینی خار و گل را
درون او نہ گل پیدا نہ خار است

" How should I express the problem of good and evil ?
The tongue falters as it involves complications.
Thou canst only conceive the thorn and the flower outside the bough,
But the flower and the thorn do not exist as such within it."

In short, Iqbal has marshalled the legions of evil under the command of the self to attack and conquer the citadel of mysteries and powers.

Glorification of God, Man, and Nature

The twelfth feature that we find in Iqbal is his glorification of God, man, and nature. The Himalayas, the firefly, the thorn, the sun, the moon, the moth, the living and the dead have all received their share of glory at the hands of the poet. So far as nature is concerned Iqbal has exalted every particle of it. Even the thorn, and satan, the force of evil,

have been extolled in their own respective spheres. The exaltation of nature has been sufficiently dealt with in a separate chapter of this book titled "Iqbal descriptive," and need not be repeated here.

A Muslim poet of the calibre of Iqbal could not but utter the message of God, and exalt his word. He has everywhere brought Him to the notice of the East and the West, and has tried to re-instate Him in the position, from which the materialists have tried to dislodge him. Every Divine action has been glorified. God creates man, and the angels are asked to bow to this "heap of water and clay." To the superficial, it might appear as a mere whim of God, or as an injustice to the angels. But the poet has shown that man represents the force of love; and so the superior position alloted to man was absolutely justified under the circumstances. Even Gabræl, according to the poet, casts away the robes of light and lustre, in which he is wrapped up, and addressing God says:—

تجلی را چنان عریان نخواهم نخواهم جز غم پنہان نخواهم
گذشتم از وصال جاودانے کہ بینم لذت آہ و فغانے
مرا ناز و نیاز آدمی دہ بجان من گداز آدمی دہ

"I do not like to see the light so dazzlingly bare;
I desire to have nothing but pangs in the heart;
I reject the idea of associating always with the beloved,
As I have now come to know the joys of the sigh and the cry;
Bestow upon me the love and submission possessed by man,
And melt my heart with human fervour and warmth."

Similarly the creation of the force of evil may appear to be an act quite uncalled for. But the

poet has shown in every work of his that evil is the whetting-stone. It makes a man perfect, and a struggle with it affords ample opportunities to Adam to master the universe, and to become the true vicegerent of God upon earth. The evil has thus been shown to be a short-cut to glory, and facilitates speedy achievement of the goal.

The poet has glorified man by raising him to the position of the Vicegerent of God upon earth. The notes on the subject are so exalting, and so ennobling that one cannot but admire the genius that has brought them forth. Unlike the *sufis* of old, who used to run down man, Iqbal has alloted a position to him, which is the envy of the angels—and even of God. One has only to read the following verse to feel elated :—

تب و تاب فطرت ما زنیازمندیٔ ما
توخدائے بے نیازی نرسی بسوز و سازم

" The sheen of our being is due to our love and submission,
Thou art a God, independent of all desires, and cannot attain our heart-burnings."

To illustrate the point we give below a few quotations from the Javidnama. The poet says:—

آیۂ تسخیر اندر شان کیست ؟
این سپہر نیلگون حیران کیست ؟
راز دان علم الاسما کہ بود ؟
مست آن ساقی و آن صہبا کہ بود ؟

برگزیدی از ہمہ عالم کرا؟
کردی از راز درون محرم کرا

"To whom does the scripture of conquest relate?
Whom does this blue firmament long to see?
Who knew the secret of 'we taught Adam the names of all things?'
Who got intoxicated with that old wine at the hands of the Saki?
Whom did Thou select from amongst the whole Universe?
And to whom did Thou confide the inner secrets?"

At the dawn of creation Heaven taunts the Earth, which feels depressed. The Divine being cheers it up by saying :—

اے امینی از امانت بے خبر   غم مخور اندر ضمیر خود نگر

"O custodian of the Divine Trust! Thou art ignorant of thy high charge,
Grieve not, and look into thy conscience."

The angels endorse these words in the following strain :—

فروغ مشت خاک از نوریان افزون شود روزے
زمین از کوکب تقدیر او گردون شود روزے
خیال او کہ از سیل حوادث پرورش گیرد
زگرداب سپہر نیلگون بیرون شود روزے
یکے در معنئی آدم نگر! از ما چہ می پرسی
ہنوز اندر طبیعت می خلد موزون شود روزے
چنان موزون شود این پیش پا افتادہ مضمونے
کہ یزدان را دل از تاثیر او پرخون شود روزے

"In due time man is bound to surpass the angels in glory,
An the Earth is bound to become Heaven through his star.
His thought, nurtured by the flow of accidents,
Will free itself from the whirlpool of the azure firmament.

Look awhile into the meaning of Adam, and do not question us for it,
The conception of humanity is yet vaguely present in the mind, but is destined to take regular form in due time.
This humble concept will take form so well
That even the Divine heart will melt at it."

اقبال امید دلاتا ہے۔

IQBAL'S OPTIMISM

Another feature that we find in Iqbal is his optimism. His song is not one of despair or despondency—but is full of hope and encouragement. The last portions of his poems "The Candle and the Poet," "The Khizr-i-Rah," and "The Dawn of Islam" are, for example, real notes of hope and optimism. The darkness of night is being dispelled, the day is dawning, the dream of freedom is fructifying, and such other allied notes contained in those poems save us from falling into a fit of pessimism—they rather nerve us up to take our due share in the onward march of life.

Iqbal is very optimistic about the future of Asia. The Indian Sage informs the poet in his sojourn on the Moon that he saw an angel looking constantly towards the Earth, and questioned the angel as to why he was doing so. What happened afterwards is thus expressed in verse :—

گفت " هنگام طلوع خاور است
آفتاب تازه او را در بر است
لعلها از سنگ ره آید برون
یوسفان او ز چه آید برون!
رستخیزے در کنارش دیده ام
لرزه اندر کوهسارش دیده ام

رخت بندد از مقام آذری
تا شود خود گر ز ترک بت گری
اے خوش آں قومے کہ جان او تپید
از گل خود خویش را باز آفرید
عرشیان را صبح عید آں ساعتے
"چون شود بیدار چشم ملتے"

"He replied 'It is the time for the rise of the East,
It has a new Sun in its lap.
Rubies are being dug out of the humble stones,
Its Josephs are coming out of the well,
I have marked the rising in its bosom,
And have felt the shaking in its mountains,
It is giving up idol-manufacturing,
In order to become accustomed to the giving up of idol-making.

I hail the nation, whose soul burns,
And who constructs itself out of its own clay.
To the celestial beings that time denotes the dawn of festivities,
When a nation awakens and opens its eyes."

We cannot in this connection ignore the last portion of "The Candle and the Poet," which is a charming piece of optimism. A few selected verses from the last portion are given below:—

آسماں ہوگا سحر کے نور سے آئینہ پوش
اور ظلمت رات کی سیماب پا ہوجائے گی
اِس قدر ہوگی ترنم آفریں بادِ بہار
نکہتِ خوابیدہ غنچے کی نوا ہوجائے گی
شبنم افشانی مری پیدا کرے گی سوز وساز
اِس چمن کی ہر کلی درد آشنا ہوجائے گی

پھر دلوں کو یاد آجائے گا پیغام سجود
پھر جبیں خاک حرم سے آشنا ھو جائے گی
آنکھ جو کچھ دیکھتی ھے لب پہ آسکتا نہیں
محو حیرت ھوں کہ دنیا کیا سے کیا ھو جائے گی
شب گریزاں ھوگی آخر جلوۂ خورشید سے
یہ چمن معمور ھوگا نغمۂ توحید سے

"The sky will be lit up by the light of the dawn,
And the darkness of night will acquire the restlessness of mercury.
The Spring-breeze will produce so much music,
That the slumbering fragrance will turn into the song of the bud.
My tears will kindle the heart with the fire of enthusiasm,
Every bud of the garden shall taste of the pangs.
The hearts shall once more recollect the message of prostration,
And the forehead shall again touch the ground floor of the Ka'aba.
What the eye perceives cannot faithfully be interpreted by the lips,
I wonder what mighty changes will take place in the world.
The light of the Sun shall dispel the darkness of night,
And this garden shall echo the note of Divine Unity."

Some Fantasies Made Real

Another feature that we find in Iqbal is that he sometimes conceives certain fantasies, but by his genius imbues them with the tinge of reality.

Let us consider his Urdu poem "The Nature of Beauty." The poet lays the scene in Heaven, where a conversation takes place between Beauty and God. The former asks the reason why it has not been endowed with the quality of immortality; and gets the reply that the essence of beauty lies

in change and decline. So far it was the work of the accomplished poet. Now comes the shoot, the spark from above, and the poet now begins to convey the talk rung by rung and step by step in a perfectly natural order to the earth. The Moon overhears the talk, and conveys it to his neighbour the morning star--which in turn confides the celestial secret to the morn. The morn in its turn informs its companion the dew, that proclaims the news to the bud and the flower. Fantasy here has been resolved into a perfect reality—more real than ordinary facts. How natural and beautiful is the order in which the news passes from one element to the other! But Iqbal does not stop here. He gives us a shaking then and there at the end by making the spring shed tears, and the youth mourn its lot on hearing of the destiny ordained for beauty. When the message of the dew had brought forth tears from the eyes of the flower, and the tiny heart of the bud had melted away, Iqbal wanted to leave us there. But the more intimate youth then pulled at his dress, and Iqbal had to bestow his attention on it, just as Sakuntala's pet fawn pulled at her dress when she had turned to go, and invited her loving attention towards itself.

The first portion of the poem constituted an ordinary imaginative experience of the poet. It invokes no response in our mind, and we remain indifferent so far. Suddenly comes in the magic of the "spark", and the ordinary experience is transformed into the most artistic of fantasies pulsating with the life of

reality. We now respond to it in perfect ecstasy, when all of a sudden the poet ruthlessly makes us shake off the mood by making the experience end in a tragedy—that makes us identify ourselves in thought and in feeling with the spring and the youth.

We now take up Iqbal's Urdu poem "The Morning Star." The star originally resides in Heaven. It develops the sense of Abraham, and marks that the Heavenly Bodies appear and disappear every day. It, therefore, elects to leave such an evanascent company, and yearns to put on the garb of the pearl. But finding that the pearl on account of frailty breaks at last, it rejects this guise, and decides to adorn the forehead of some charming beauty. It then discovers that beauty is also a passing phase, and finally decides to become a tear and to gush out of the eye of a loving wife, whose husband in answer to the call of duty is about to depart for the battlefield. Here is imagination and fantasy, that would have seemed a grave extravagance, had not the poet introduced the tear of the wife into it. The poet wanted to exalt our response to the call of duty, and has adopted this artistic way of doing so. He has here not only exalted him who responds to the call of duty, but has also exalted the loving tears that on such occasions naturally gush out of the eyes of a soldier's better-half. On such occasions there is a regular struggle going on in the female heart between the feeling of attachment and the sense of duty, and at long last the wife sacrifices her loving feelings and bids a willing farewell to the hus-

band with the exception of a tear—which for this reason acquires immeasurable worth and value. The two that were perhaps brought together into the unity of wedlock with so many thousand sighs now part with the lovely brevity and pathetic discharge of the feminine tear. This poem is a fine example of the inspired realisation of experience.

We may here without discussing refer to two more of such poems, one of which describes the nature and origin of fragrance, and the other the nature and origin of love. The former is in Persian and the latter in Urdu. In the former, the poet has made the hourie leave paradise because the monotony of the place was too much for her. She after some other incidents entered the bud, and then left a sigh that has assumed the form of fragrance. In the other poem the poet has taken fine ingredients from here, there and everywhere ; and prepared the Elixir (of love,) which when sprinkled on objects caused life and motion. Here are fantasies made real by the poet, and one cannot but admire the genius that has produced them.

His Hatred of Intellectualism, His love, His Mysticism, And his Descriptive Poetry

The fifteenth feature that we come across is Iqbal's hatred of intellectualism. He like Namdev seems to hold :—

"Men talk of knowledge—say 'it's this and this,'
But still Nivritti's way to truth they miss."

The sixteenth feature is Iqbal's love. Both of

these features have been dealt with together in the following chapter.

Similarly we have for the sake of convenience devoted separate chapters to the treatment of two more important features of Iqbal's poetry *viz.*, mysticism and description. The three following chapters, properly speaking, thus form part of the present chapter.

قبال کا نظریۂ عقل و عشق

CHAPTER VI

IQBAL ON LOVE AND INTELLECT

دل از نور خرد کردم ضیا گیر
خرد را بر عیار دل زدم من !

"I lighted the heart with the flame of intellect,
And I rubbed reason on the touchstone of heart."

Dr. Sir Mohammad Iqbal could not prove "a recreant to the dearest theme, that has always warmed the Minstrel's dreams." This dearest theme of Scott's Minstrel has always been getting its meed from poesy, and has not failed to attract the attention of the Muslim poet, who has a good deal to say regarding Love and its rival Intellect. To try to fathom the serene deep of Iqbal's love-stricken heart is not an easy task because as the poethimself says :—

بگفتار محبت لب کشودم
بیان این راز را پوشیده تر کرد

" I opened my mouth to utter love,
But my speech has mystified it all the more."

Yet an attempt has been made in the following pages to present his thought in a systematised form.

THE TWO SCHOOLS OF IDEALISTS AND MATERIALISTS

There are two schools with which our poet has to contend. The one is represented by those Idealistic Philosophers and Pseudo-mystical poets, whose watchword is asceticism, self-negation and inactivity; whilst the other group consists of modern materialists, who

have always tried to forge a rationalistic interpretation of the Universe. With all his might Iqbal takes up cudgles against both. To the superficial mind of the West love is merely a trifle, but to a man of spirituality its worth is great. Iqbal says:—

گرچہ متاع عشق را عقل بہائے کم نہد
من ندھم بہ تخت جم آہ جگرگداز را

"Although Intellect puts little value upon the goods of Love
Yet I have no intention of exchanging the heart-melting sigh
for Jamshed's throne."

From time immemorial Intellect, the power of thought, and Love "the all-assimilative power of action" have been vying with each other for supremacy, and each has found its retinue of supporters. The first classic champion of love in the Orient was Farhad, the Kohkan, (the breaker of the mountains) who in intense love of Shirin at once without any thought jumped at the task of digging a canal of milk through the solid rocky mountains by means of the adze in order to win Shirin's hand as his reward. Prince Parvez, another lover of Shirin and rival of Farhad, on the other hand, was the very personification of Intellect. The latter resorted to tricks in order to remove the rival from his path, managed at first to send him away to the rocks; but later on marking his zeal sent him a false report of Shirin's death. This bolt from the blue unnerved the true lover, who at once made short shrift of his life by a blow from the very same weapon. In our own age even we find a struggle—a regular Tug-of-war—going on between spiritualism and materialism, the former representing Love, and the latter Intellect.

In order to keep pace with Iqbal in his poetic flights through the atmosphere of the subject, and in order to be better able to appreciate his thought, we ought to know first what is Iqbal's conception of Love and Intellect, and in what relation do they stand to each other.

The Western mind has been more practical, and has elaborated a realistic interpretation of the Universe; the Eastern mind, on the other hand has been more sentimental and theoretical. Mr. March Phillips says, "we cannot look to intellect to save us from the tyranny of intellect. It is a question rather of bringing into play—a faculty having for its subject-matter that very order of ideas, which intellect is incapable of grappling with. Soul is no mere precious cargo to be safely conveyed across the engulfing waves of time to the harbour of eternity, but an inward source of perception and knowledge, an active illuminating agent, bringing light and certitude...... ......In fact the Orient sets up another faculty over and above reason to deal with the spiritual things just as it is the function of intellect to deal with material things." Iqbal says :—

نگاہ مے رسد از نغمۂ دل افروزے
بمعنئ کہ برو جامۂ سخن تنگ است

"Through the heart-illuminating melody our eye catches meanings,
That can not be contained in the narrow span of words."

He again says:—

ھر معنئ پیچیدہ در حرف نمے گنجد
یک لحظہ بدل در شو شاید کہ تو دریابی

"Every complicated thought can not be expressed in words,
Dip awhile into the heart, thou mayst find it there."

Emerson says, " From within or from behind a light shines through us upon things and makes us aware that we are nothing but the light is all......... when it breathes through intellect it is genius, when it breathes through will it is virtue, when it flows through affection it is love." The materialists, thus, have intellect, the Sufis affection, but a happy combination of both has also the third factor " will " that gives rise to virtue.

Tagore in the Sadhana calls love as the ultimate meaning of everything around us and says at another place " Man can destroy and plunder, earn and accumulate, invent and discover, but he is great because his soul comprehends all. It is dire destruction for him when he envelops his soul in a dead shell of callous habits, and a blind fury of works whirls round him like an eddying dust storm shutting out the horizon. That, indeed, kills the very spirit of his being, which is the spirit of comprehension. Essentially man is not a slave either of himself or of the world, but he is a lover. His freedom of fulfilment is in love, which is another name for perfect comprehension."

Iqbal regards love as Universal in his " A Bird and the Firefly," and later on tells us that the flower itself is the loving embrace of the colour and the fragrance. He also regards it as the mirror that reflects the Divine Light. He says:—

غازۂ اُلفت سے یہ خاک سیہ آئینہ ہے
اور آئینے میں عکس ہمدمِ دیرینہ ہے

"This dark dust becomes a mirror by getting its sheen from Love,
And in that mirror the Old Companion is reflected."

How Does Iqbal Explain Love?

Iqbal gives us two explanations of this faculty. The one is artistic and the other practical. The former is contained in his Urdu poem "Love," which is a masterpiece so far as art, imagination, and meanings are concerned. I cannot do better here than quote a piece from Sir Zulfiqar's "A Voice from the East." Sir Zulfiqar says, "The first part of the poem portrays the sublime scene of the creation of the Universe, the Sun, the Moon, and the millions of other planets and Solar Systems, the Animal Kingdom, and Human beings in this scheme received their alloted places and knew their function, but the one spreme motive was still lacking even as a ring of artistic beauty is worthless without its socket being adorned with a lustrous jewel. This was the paramount law of motion. Nature could not evidently achieve its essential purpose without activity, which was to be infused into different bodies by means of that divine recipe blazoned on the pedestal of heaven. The cunning Alchemist who possessed himself of that celestial secret collected the rare ingredients with infinite labour and ingenuity. The potency of his science then enabled him to produce an elixir to which the unseen majesty gave the name of Love. The miraculous powers of this

liquid were apparent when it was sprinkled on the stagnant bodies. All of a sudden they became animated, and intense movement was visible everywhere. The Universe was set on its patient course of evolution. The following ideas stand out prominently in this poem. First, that the secret of progress is restless activity, second, that Love should be the guiding principle of that activity." We may only add that inspite of the fact that the world of perception and intellect was in existence, there was no life. As soon as the dynamo of Love came into contact, it was charged with energy and vitality. The Universe had inertia, love changed the potential into the kinetic.

The practical explanation of Love is contained in Iqbal's Philosophy of the Self, and its systematized exposition is contained in the letter sent by the poet to Dr. Nicholson and incorporated in his introduction to "The Secrets of the Self," the English Translation of Iqbal's "Asrar-i-Khudi." Iqbal says about Love "The word is used in a very wide sense and means the desire to assimilate, to absorb. Its highest form is the creation of values and ideas, and the endeavour to realise them. Love individualises the lover as well as the beloved." Intellect the power of the mind on the other hand conceives, judges and infers, marks differences agreements and concomitant variations, travels from the particular to the general and from the general to the particular. In the same letter Iqbal has laid stress on the true function of intellect. He says, "For the purpose

of its preservation and expansion it (life) has invented or developed out of itself certain instruments, *e.g.*, senses, intellect, etc., which help it to assimilate obstruction."

Man is not merely rational, he is, to be more accurate, an emotionally rational being. It is this emotion, this motive power, that has been banished from the modern intellectual scheme of things in the West. Nor is he simply an emotional being but rational too. This emotional centre is the seat of Love—a spiritual power that propels the machinery of life. Intellect thus is sensual and resides in the mind, whilst Love is emotional and has its centre in the soul. The above is the conception of the two world forces in a nutshell.

RATIONALISTS AND IDEALISTS COMPARED

The situation that confronts Iqbal, when on one side are legions of rationalists, and on the other hordes of idealists, has, in anticipation, as it were, been very beautifully depicted by Ghalib, the Lion of Urdu poetry in the following lines :—

واں خود آرائی کو تھا موتی پرونے کا خیال
یاں ھجوم اشک میں تار نگہ نا یاب تھا
جلوۂ گل نے کیا تھا واں چراغاں آب جو
یاں رواں مژگان چشم تر سے خون ناب تھا
یاں سر پر شور بیخوابی سے تھا دیوار جوُ
واں وہ فرق ناز محو بالش کمخواب تھا
یاں نفس کرتا تھا روشن شمع بزم بیخودی
جلوۂ گل واں بساط صحبت احباب تھا

فرش سے تا عرش واں طوفاں تھا موج رنگ کا
یاں زمیں سے آسماں تک سوختن کا باب تھا

"There, self-decoration was thinking of inlaying gems,
Here, rays of vision were lost in the flow of tears;
The flowers glowed like a line of lamps by the river side there,
But pure blood was here gushing out of wet eye-brows;
Here the restless head was seeking the wall on account of sleeplessness;
But there the graceful head was lying on brocade pillows;
The self was lighting the candle of selflessness here,
Whilst the decorating flowers formed the floor-matting there;
A wave of colour rose up tempestuously from the earth to the Heavens there,
But here was outright burning."

Shakespeare has also drawn a true picture of the rational mind of to-day when he says:—

"But man, proud man
Drest in little brief authority,
Most ignorant of what he is most assured
His glassy essence, like an angry ape,
Plays such fantastic tricks before high heaven
As make the angels weep."

On the other hand, the Idealists are the exact reproduction of the Budh Mendicant of the earliest Sanskrit Drama, "The Clay Cart" who soliloquises:—

"Hear me ye foolish, I implore
Make sanctity your only store;
Be satisfied with meagre fare;
Of food and gluttony beware;
Shun slumber, practice lucubration,
Sound the deep gong of meditation;
Restrain your appetite with zeal;

Let not these theives these merits steal ;
Be ever storing it anew ;
And keep eternity in view ;
Live ever thus, like me austerely ;
And be the home of virtue merely,
Kill your five senses then
Women and all immoral men."

The action of a pseudo-mystical man and that of a worldly man can best be understood by a reference to the same Drama, where Samasthana beats the Budh mendicant, and expresses his readiness to let him go only "If he removes all the mud from this pool without diturbing the water, or else collects all the clear water in a heap and then throws the mud away." Both are impossible to achieve. The idealist tries to overcome every obstacle without having anything to do with the world ; whilst the intellectual tries to collect virtue without removing the stumbling blocks.

The materialists, in fact, drink the wine before they are thirsty, and fill themselves with dainties before they are hungry, thus dulling their taste into indifference or nausea, whilst the idealists refuse to take any life-preserving food, thus refusing to cultivate taste. Speaking in terms of Akbar, the idealists have no boat to cross the river of life, whilst the intellectuals have the boat but no shore whereupon to land.

The baneful effect of too exclusive idealism has been expressed by Tagore thus :—

"Why did the flower fade ? I pressed it

> to my heart with anxious love, that is why the flower faded."

And the undesirable state of affairs brought about by materialism is thus depicted by the same poet:—

> " Free me from the bond of your sweetness, my love !
>
> No more of this wine of kisses.
>
> This mist of heavy incense stifles my heart."

This is the rotten condition of the world that forces itself upon the gaze of our poet. In his Secrets of the Self, Iqbal has vehemently criticised the ancient Platonic world and the Medieval Hifizism, whilst in his Message of the East he has taken to task the materialistic thinkers of the West. He says about the idealists :

بوسهٔ او تازگی از گل برد   ذوق پرواز از دل بلبل برد
سست اعصاب تو از افیون او   زندگانی قیمت مضمون او
می رباید ذوق رعنائی ز سرو   جرهٔ شاهین ازدم سروش تذرو
ماهی و از سینه تا سر آدم است
چون بنات آشیان اندر یم است

از نوا بر ناخدا افسون زند   کشتیش در قعر دریا افگند
نغمه هایش از دلت دزدد ثبات   مرگ را از سحر او دانی حیات
در یم اندیشه اندازد ترا   از عمل بیگانه می سازد ترا
ای دلیل انحطاط انداز تو   از نوا افتاد تار ساز تو
از رگ گل می توان بستن ترا   از نسیمی می توان خستن ترا
عشق رسوا گشته از فریاد تو
زشت رو تمثالش از بهزاد تو

"His kiss robs the rose of freshness,
He takes away from the Nightingale's heart the joy of flying.
Thy sinews are relaxed by his opium,
Thou payest for his song with thy life.
He bereaves the Cypress of delight in his beauty,
His cold breath makes a pheasant of the male falcon,
He is a fish, and from the breast upwards a man,
Like the Sirens in the ocean.
With his song he enchants the pilot,
And casts the ship to the bottom of the sea.
His melodies steal firmness from thy heart,
His magic pursuades thee that death is life.
He plunges thee in a sea of thought,
He makes thee a stranger to action.
Thy way of life is a proof of thy degeneracy,
The strings of thy instrument are out of tune.
One can bind thee with the vein of a rose,
One can wound thee with a zephyr.
Love hath been put to shame by thy wailing,
His fair picture hath been fouled by thy brush."

In fact these mystics have not the courage to face the material world, and forge a plausible reason for severing their connections with it, *viz.*, that by so doing they are sure to be engulfed in the Divine Light. It is said that when Dionicius, the Saparatan, was told that the enemy's archers were so numerous that their arrows darkened the Sun, he replied, "So much the better, we shall fight in the shade." This was the spirit of a true lover. Our pseudo-mystic friend would have at once flown away, and taken shelter in some unfrequented corner of peace and safety.

Iqbal is so vehement in his denunciation that he has related a story of sheep and tiger to show how the

sheep propounded doctrines that took away all life from the tiger.

Let us now see what has he to say against the blind votaries of reason and matter. He has devoted his message to this purpose. He has shown the faults of materialistic interpretation of the Universe, the bellowing waves of which are stirring up a regular storm and a complete shipwreck of the vessel of humanity is imminent unless something is immediately done to lull this storm. The work of Iqbal is, indeed, epoch-making. Full expression is given in it to "the longing which must of necessity arise in the human heart, when the cosmos, and the individual appear at odds," so tersely expressed by Omar Khayyam :—

> "Ah Love! Could you and I with fate conspire
> To grasp this sorry scheme of things entire,
> Would we not shatter it to bits and then
> Remould it nearer to the heart's desire."

Iqbal has in his works warned the Occident lest it might be thrown headlong into the sea of utter destruction by a fall from the precipice to the extreme promontory of which its love of matter has led it; and fervently wishes for the advent of an era, when in the truest sense :—

> "Love rules the court, the camp, the groove,
> The men below and saints above."

Iqbal would address the East and say:—

من آن علم و فراست با پر کاہے نمی گیرم
کہ از تیغ و سپر بیگانہ سازد مرد غازی را

بہر نرخے کہ این کالا بگیری سود مند افتد
بزور بازوے حیدر بدہ ادراک رازی را

" I will not like to get that knowledge and intellect for a straw,
Which makes the warrior a stranger to the sword and the shield.
This transaction shall repay thee in any case,
Give away the thought of Razi for the strength of Haider's sinews."

About the West Iqbal says :—

از کلیمے سبق آموز کہ دانائے فرنگ
جگر بحر شگافید و بہ سینا نہ رسید
دل بـــیدار ندادند بہ دانائے فرنگ
این قدر ہست کہ چشم نگرانے دارد

" Learn the lesson from Moses, for the Western philosopher
Tore asunder the bosom of the sea, but did not reach the Sinai.
Waking heart has not been given to the West,
It only possesses an alert eye."

قدح خرد فروزے کہ فرنگ داد ما را
ہمہ آفتاب لیکن اثر ســحر ندارد

" The intellect-developing cup that has been presented to us by Europe
Is all Sun but does not produce the Morn."

The Idea of Opposites

The poet exhorts the West to add the fuel of love to the fire of intellect, and in his tirade against modernism brings into prominence the idea of the capacity of opposites. Set a thief to catch a thief is a well-known maxim. Iqbal says :—

موسیٰ و فرعون و شبیر و یزید این دو قوت از حیات آید پدید

" Moses and Pharaoh, Shabbir and Yazid,
Are two powers that life brings in its train."

A thief can prove himself to be the best warder as also the most successful thief. In the same way intellect has the potentiality to work for good as well as for ill. If left alone as at present in the West, it is sure to hurl us headlong into disintegration and degeneracy, but if directed and controlled by love, it is bound to conduce to the general welfare of humanity. Iqbal says:—

وای بر سادگیٔ ما کہ فسونش خوردیم
رهزنے بوُد کمین کرد و رہ آدم زد

" Woe be to our simplicity ! that we have fallen a victim
to the deception (of reason).
It was a brigand that lay hidden, and infested the path
of man."

Let us turn this brigand into a warder—by the force of love—that is the message of Iqbal in a nut-shell to the Western People which he emphasises further by quoting Jalal-ud-Din Rumi :—

علم را برتن زنی مارے بود علم را بر دل زنی یارے بود

" Strike knowledge on thy body, it becomes a poisonous snake,
Strike it on thy heart it becomes a useful friend."

How Are the Two World Forces Related to Each Other ?

He exhorts the West to create love in the heart and unfolds the thinness of the barriers that separate the domain of intellect from the kingdom of love. He says :—

چہ مے پرسی میان سینہ دل چیست
خرد چون سوز پیدا کرد دل شد

" Why question, what is this heart within ?
'Tis intellect aflame with spiritual fire."

Iqbal makes love address knowledge in the following strain :—

ز روز آفرینش ھمدم استیم
ھمان یک نغمہ را زیر و بم استیم

" We are companions from the beginning of creation,
And represent the high and low tunes of the same melody."

The poet gives us a concrete example of the process that turns cold intellect into glowing love by saying :—

شمع خود را ھمچو رومی برفروز
روم را در آتش تبریز سوز

" Like Rumi light thy candle,
And burn Rum in the fire of Tabriz.'

Rumi was the embodiment of intellect but as soon as he took inspiration from the Saint Shams of Tabriz, he was transformed. The spiritual light shed by Tabriz on the night of his intellect exalted him to the position of the truly learned and the real secret-knower.

The Limitations of Intellect

Iqbal has further drawn attention to the limitations of intellect in a beautiful couplet. He says :—

چشم جز رنگ گل و لالہ نہ بیند ورنہ
آنچہ درپردۂ رنگ است پدیدار تر است

" The eye (intellect) does not go further than the mere observation of the colour of the flower;
Although what is hidden in the colour itself is more open to observation."

How beautifully has Iqbal compressed a whole world of meanings in the narrow span of this single song.

THE TWO WORLD FORCES COMPARED

Let us now see the goal towards which Iqbal is leading us. He neither likes the exclusively emotional nor the exclusively rationalistic ways of life, but inclines towards moderation by striking the golden means. He is neither Farhad nor Parvez, but something in which both of them are merged. Simple intellect when combined with the soul-force gives rise to the higher kind of intellect that assimilates the fruits of human labour, and profits by it. Iqbal has beautifully drawn the distinction between intellect pure and simple, and the higher faculty in the following lines :—

عقل خود بین دگر و عقل جہان بین دگر است
بال بلبل دگر و بازوئے شاہین دگر است
دگر است آن کہ برد دانۂ افتادہ ز خاک
آن کہ گیرد خورش از دانۂ پروین دگر است
دگر است آن کہ زند سیر چمن مثل نسیم
آن کہ در شد بہ ضمیر گل ونسرین دگر است
اے خوش آن عقل کہ پہنائے دو عالم با اوست
نور افرشتہ و سوز دل آدم با اوست

" Intellect that seeks vanity and the faculty that seeks the universe differ from each other,
The one is like the feathers of the nightingale and the other is like the wings of the falcon.
That which picks up grain from the earth
Is different from that which takes food from the constellation ;

That which blows like the morning breeze through the garden differs from
That which enters the very core of flowers.
Intellect that soars in the atmosphere of both the worlds is good
Because it combines in itself the light of angels as well as the warmth of human heart."

IQBAL PREFERS LOVE TO INTELLECT

He, however, inclines more towards love and if asked to choose between the two will certainly choose love. At one place he says:—

اچھا ھے دل کے پاس رھے پاسبان عقل
لیکن کبھی کبھی اسے تنہا بھی چھوڑ دے

" 'Tis good, if intellect guards the heart,
Yet the latter should at times be left alone."

Thus according to Iqbal intellect is desirable, but love is more so. The former is necessary because it preserves the self and puts salutary checks on the stray ramblings of the heart, but the very sense of the above couplet shows that he does not regard it as indispensable. He exhorts us to ignore intellect sometimes and to allow love to have its own course unfettered. The cycle of love needs the intellectual breaks sometimes, not always. There are moments when master minds indulge in reveries. Such a time of " lonely dwelling" is the period when calm prevails and the contemplative mind is in direct communion with God and nature. This deceitful calm gives place to storm. Iqbal says :—

اندکے اندر حرائے دل نشین
ترک خود کن سوئے حق هجرت گزین

مستحکم ازحق شو سوے خود گام زن
لات و عزائے ھوس را سر شکن !

" Sojourn for a while on the Hira of the heart,
Abandon self and flee to God,
Strengthened by God return to thyself,
And break the heads of *Lat* and *Uzza* of sensuality."

Then there are moments in man's life when there ought to be no interval between thought and action—when pause would be suicide but action life. With this exception, which is only meant to strengthen the self, Iqbal's message to the world in a nut-shell is—" Spiritualise your senses and wed love to reason." Bacon would say to the materialist "Senses are like the sun. The sun makes the Heavens invisible and the earth clear. The senses obscure heavenly things and open up earthly ones." Bacon has at the same time a piece of advice for the idealist. He says, " It is said of Thales who fell into water while looking up at the stars that if he had looked into the water he might have seen the stars too, but by looking at the stars he could not see the water." Iqbal thus calls upon the East to share the intellectual feast of the West and asks the West to get new inspiration from the East.

We now propose to go deeper into Iqbal's mind to bring out the distinction between the two world forces.

The Two World Forces Contrasted

Students of logic know the difference between the connotation and the denotation of a term—

connotation points to the quality and denotation to the quantity. This distinction can be appropriately applied to bring out the difference between love and intellect. We may say that intellect treats of the denotation of realities, whilst love deals with the connotation. To bring each and every object within the ambit of denotation is a task undoubtedly impossible. We cannot take account of each and every human being when dealing with man. The process is at once dangerous and faulty. It ends in dark haze, puzzle, uncertainty, and scepticism. But the process of connotation, that love indulges in, is clear and speedy. It brings every human being within its panel, and ends in light and certitude.

Iqbal says:—

پا گئي آسودگی کوئے محبت میں وہ خاک
مدتوں آوارہ جو حکمت کے صحراؤں میں تھي

"The dust that was wandering in the deserts of philosophy and knowledge,
Has found solace and peace in the street of love."

Denotation merely does the spade work for connotation, or as Iqbal would put it—the logician makes a hundred lamentations of denotations in order to produce one sweet melody of connotation. Similarly hundreds of intellectual Abrahams are burnt before the lamp of one Mohammad of love is lighted. Iqbal's idea is that love is "The Khizr to the Moses of perception."

Love is the Sword and Intellect the Shield

Iqbal has again brought into prominence the chief distinction between the two domains of love and intellect. He says :—

عقل ہے تیری سپر عشق ہے شمشیر تری
مرے درویش! خلافت ہے جہانگیر تری

" Use intellect as thy shield, wield love as thy sword,
O Dervish! thy Vicegerency is universal."

Here Iqbal asserts that love is the offensive weapon with which we attack nature, and make conquests, whilst intellect is the defensive weapon that guards our personality in its onward march. The soldier of love brings new domains under subjugation, and the statesman of intellect consolidates and systematises the fruits of this labour of love. Love is the Briareus with hundred hands, and intellect is the Argus with hundred eyes. Love always takes leap into the vast dark, intellect then engages itself in connecting every new discovery with the old, whilst love goes to penetrate further into the mysteries of the universe. The poet has styled intellect as the "Fortress of Humanity." He has here hinted at the function of intellect as the preserver, the shield of the self.

In short, Iqbal allots the first place to love, and allows only a secondary one to intellect. Iqbal's love is Plato's *Ruler*, who must hold sway, and his intellect corresponds to the *Auxiliary* of Plato, whose function is guarding and whose duty is to obey and help the ruler. Thus in the realm of powers Iqbal crowns love as the ruler and dubs intellect as the Knight-Defender.

Intellect Questions, But Love is Blind Devotion

Iqbal refers to another marked distinction between love and intellect. Whilst at every step intellect would say "why and wherefore" love would without questioning devote itself blindly. Iqbal says:—

کامل بسطام در تقلید فرد   اجتناب از خوردن خربوزه کرد
عاشقی محکم شو از تقلید یار
تا کمند تو شود یزدان شکار

> "Amongst the attributes of love is blind devotion, the Saint of Bistam who in devotion was unique.
> Abstained from eating a water-melon.
> Be a lover constant in devotion to thy beloved,
> That thou mayst cast thy noose and capture God."

So great was Bayazid's love for the Holy Prophet that he refused to take water-melon, simply because the Prophet had not been proved to have partaken of it. Intellect would have created and excited curiosity just as it did when Adam tasted the forbidden fruit. But the acme of love is reached when the ideal (*e.g.*, Mohammad) that a man has set before himself rules him through and through. For this reason the poet says:—

عقل کو تنقید سے فرصت نہیں   عشق پر اعمال کی بنیاد رکھ

> "Intellect is busy criticising, and cannot spare time for anything else,
> Found thy actions on love."

Love Purges us of Spurious Matter

Love again acts as the purgative that effects

the perfection of soul by purging it of all spurious matter accumulated by intellect. Iqbal says :—

خرد اندر سرم بتخانۂ ریخت
خلیل عشق دیرم را حرم کرد

> " Intellect founded a temple of idols in my head,
> But the Abraham of love has turned it into the house of God."

عقل مصلحت اندیش ہے

INTELLECT LOOKS TO EXPEDIENCY, BUT LOVE IS RECKLESS عشق انجام سے بے پروا

The poet points out another distinction in the following couplet :—

پختہ ہوتی ہے اگر مصلحت اندیش ہو عقل
عشق ہو مصلحت اندیش تو ہے خام ابھی !

> " Intellect is mature if its watchword is expediency,
> But love is immature, if it thinks in terms of the advisable."

Iqbal gives us a beautiful illustration to show that intellect is guided by expediency, but love sticks to principles. He refers to the Prophet Abraham, who was asked by Nimrod either to give up his faith in God or jump into fire. The Prophet was no time-server. He stuck to his faith, and as soon as he jumped into fire, it turned into a beautiful bed of roses. Iqbal says at one place in the Zabur :—

هر دو بمنزلے روان هر دو امیر کاروان
عقل بحیله مے برد/عشق برد کشان کشان

> " Both are on their way to destination, and both lead the caravan,
> But while reason guides with cunning and tact, love leads on recklessly."

THE TWO WORLD FORCES AS CONTRASTED IN LONGER POEMS

After the above flower-gathering we now come to some of Iqbal's longer poems that deal with the subject in a connected form, and bring out points of distinction between the two world forces. In his Urdu poem "The Intellect and the Heart" Iqbal hints that intellect knows small truths but love knows great ones, or as Tagore would put it :—

> "The water in the pitcher is bright and transparent,
>
> But the ocean is dark and deep ;
>
> The little truths have words that are clear,
>
> The great truth is greatly obscure and silent."

The pitcher of intellect reflects petty realities, but the ocean of love reflects the truths in a mystic way. Iqbal says :—

عقل نے ایکدن یہ دل سے کہا
بھولے بھٹکے کی رھنما ھوں میں
ھوں زمیں پر گذر فلک پہ مرا
دیکھہ تو کس قدر رسا ھوں میں
کام دنیا میں رھبری ھے مرا
مثل خضر خجستہ پا ھوں میں
ھوں مفسر کتاب ھستی کی
مظہر شان کبریا ھوں میں
بوند اک خون کی ھے تو لیکن
غیرت لعل بے بہا ھوں میں

دل نے سنکر کہا یہ سب سچ ھے
پر مجھے بھی تو دیکھہ کیا ھوں میں
راز ھستی کو تو سمجھتی ھے
اور آنکھوں سے دیکھتا ھوں میں
ھے تجھے واسطہ مظاھر سے
اور باطن سے آشنا ھوں میں
علم تجھہ سے تو معرفت مجھہ سے
تو خدا جو۔ خدا نما ھوں میں
علم کی انتہا ھے بے تابی
اس مرض کی مگر دوا ھوں میں
شمع تو محفل صداقت کی
حسن کی بزم کا دیا ھوں میں
تو زمان و مکاں سے رشتہ بپا
طائر سدرہ آشنا ھوں میں
کس بلندی پہ ھے مقام مرا
عرش رب جلیل کا ھوں میں

" Intellect one day addressed the heart, and said,
'I guide the benighted who wander astray.
Though I am of earth I soar to the skies,
Look to what heights I fly!
My function is to lead the world,
I am like Khizr the sacred guide.
I explain the book of life and annotate,
I am thus the expression of Divine Grace.
Thou O heart! art but a drop of blood,
But I am the envy of the invaluable ruby.'
Hearing this the heart said ' it may be so,
But try to see me as I am.
Thou guesseth the secret of life,
But I see it with mine eyes.
Thou art concerned with sensuous appearances.
But I know the innermost realities

Shallow knowledge to thee but the understanding of fundamental realities is due to me,
Thou seekest God but I hold him up to gaze.
Knowledge culminates in scepticism and uncertainty,
I am the remedy for this disease.
Thou burnest like candle midst heaps of activities,
But I am the light of the circle of beauty.
Thou art entangled in the meshes of time and space,
But I am the bird that soars to the Heavenly Sidra.
How high is the position I hold !
I am the 'Arsh, the very throne of God.' "

The poem clearly establishes the superiority of love, and the line " Thou seekest God but I hold him up to gaze " forcefully brings out the futility of intellectual efforts to resolve God into the mechanical, whilst love would show him to be in the heart itself. Why to ramble into the deserts of intellectualism ? when he says, " I am close by."

When intellect solves one problem, it is confronted with another more complicated. It crosses one hill only to face a veritable Mount Everest. It avoids the Scylla only to fall into the Charybdis, or as Iqbal would put it:—

مے تراشد فکر ما ہر دم خداوندے دگر
رست از یک بند تا اُفتاد در بندے دگر

" Our intellect is ever creating new objects of worship,
It frees itself from one bond only to fall into another."

The intense desire to conquer the Everest has been many a time followed by disasters, but they have not made the climbers pause. Each failure redoubles the efforts, aud experience gained each time is handed over to intellect to devise new means of protection.

The day is not far when Everest will bow its haughty and defiant head to the conquering nature of man. Intellect may be well and good, where life is purely a bed of roses, but when the element of risk or venture enters, it is love that proves equal to the task.

Iqbal has compared love and intellect more exhaustively in his Mysteries of Selflessness. He relates the tragedy of Karbala, and holds Imam Hussain to be the prototype of a true lover. Yazid, the ruler in power, was acting against the Quranic laws, and was thus undermining the very foundation of Islam. The Imam, who loved the word of God, had only seventy-two companions. But he without giving a moment's thought to the foregone conclusion that he and his party would be annihilated by Yazid's legions at once raised the banner of righteousness, thus virtually courted death, and was slain on the battlefield. Though he perished in the struggle, he destroyed once for all the forces of autocracy in Islam. Iqbal introduces the tragedy by contrasting the two world forces in the following strain :—

هر که پیمان با هوالموجود بست
گردنش از بند هر معبود رست
مومن از عشق است و عشق از مومن است
عشق را ناممکن ما ممکن است
عقل سفاک است و او سفاک تر
پاک تر - چالاک تر - بیباک تر
عقل در پیچاک اسباب و علل
عشق چوگان باز میدان عمل

عشق صید از زور بازو افگند
عقل مکار است و دامے می نهد
عقل را سرمایه از بیم و شک است
عشق را عزم و یقین لاینفک است
آن کند تعمیر تا ویران کند
این کند ویران که آبادان کند
عقل چون باد است ارزان در جهان
عشق کمیاب و بهائے او گران
عقل محکم از اساس چون و چند
عشق عریان از لباس چون و چند
عقل مے گوید که خود را پیش کن
عشق گوید امتحان خویش کن
عقل گوید شاد شو آباد شو
عشق گوید بنده شو آزاد شو
عشق را آرام جان حریت است
ناقه اش را ساربان حریت است

"Whosoever dedicates himself to the Existent One,
Frees himself from the bondage of every other object of worship.
The faithful and love are interdependent,
Love renders possible that which we deem impossible.
Intellect is harsh, but love is more tyrannical,
More sacred, more clever, and more fearless.
Intellect is entangled in the labyrinth of causality,
But love displays its feats in the field of action.
Love fells the prey with sheer force of arms,
While intellect is cunning and lays snares.
The capital of intellect consists of doubt and fear,
But determination and faith are the essence of love.
The former builds with a view to demolish,
The latter destroys in order to construct.
Intellect is cheap and common as air,

But love is rare and invaluable.
Intellect's prop is the why and the how,
But love is free from such questioning.
Intellect says 'present thyself,'
Love says 'try thyself,'
Intellect says 'eat, drink, and be merry,'
Love says 'be enslaved and thou art free.'
Liberty is the delight of love,
And the driver of its camel."

This beautiful piece of poetry is an abstract of Iqbal's ideas on the subject. To use an orientalism, it is a cup in which a river of meanings has been compressed. The poem might lead one to think that Dr. Iqbal is an out-and-out anti-intellect poet. It is not so. He, no doubt, gives the first place to love, yet he does not fail to render intellect its due. His idea seems to be that intellect is the first stage, when doubt, fear, and scepticism grow up like mush-room; but later on when the stage of love comes, faith checks the growth of the garden of humanity to weeds. Doubt and fear evaporate, and conviction and faith set in. Iqbal says :—

در بود و نبود من اندیشہ گمان ہاے داشت
از عشق ہویدا شد این نکتہ کہ ہستم من

" Intellect had doubts regarding my existence and non-existence,
Love unfolded the secret that I do exist."

The truth is that Iqbal regards love as a necessary virtue, and intellect as a necessary evil. The subject has been fully discussed in " The Conquest of Nature and the Original Sin of Man."

All these ideas taken together show that according to the poet if a man goes to any extreme, he

should err on the side of love. Love teaches optimism, and vitalises the individual; whilst intellect makes him pessimistic and half-hearted. Intellect may only be regarded as a necessary adjunct to love. What Tagore has said of song and words applies equally well to love and intellect :—"Song is glorious in its own right, why should it accept the slavery of words. Song begins where words end. The inexplicable is the domain of music. It can say what words cannot, so that the less the words of the song disturb the song the better." In the same way the music of love begins where the words of intellect end.

WED REASON TO LOVE

Let the West be roused from the condition in which it has been "lulled by the song of Circe and her wine." In fact intellect "by her magic arts changes every human being into the brute, the beast, or the fowl," and when once men turn into brutes, "the trifle of man's wit that remains in them adds tenfold to their brutality." Let them apply the snow-white flower of love, and take to heart Quicksilver's words :—"Take this flower, King Ulysses, guard it as you do your eyesight, for I can assure you it is exceedingly rare and precious—keep it in your hand, and smell it frequently after you enter the palace, and while you are talking with the enchantress. Especially when she offers you food or draught of wine out of her goblet, be careful to fill your nostrils with the flower's fragrance. Follow these directions and you may defy her magic arts to change

you into a fox." And let the votaries of Renunciation and Nirvana take to heart what Tagore says in the Gitanjili—"Leave this chanting and singing and telling of beads, whom doest thou worship in this lonely dark corner of a temple with doors all shut? Open thine eyes, and see thy God is not before these! He is there where the tiller is tilling the hard ground, and where the path-maker is breaking stones. He is with them in sun and shower and his garment is covered with dust. Put off thy holy mantle, and even like him come down on the dusty soil!"

Iqbal has in the Javidnama put the idea of wedding reason to love into the mouth of Said Halim Pasha, who says :—

غربیان را زیرکی ساز حیات   شرقیان را عشق راز کائنات
زیرکی از عشق گردد حق شناس   کار عشق از زیرکی محکم اساس
خیزو نقش عالم دیگر بنه   عشق را با زیرکی آمیزده

"Intellect is the instrument of life in the West,
Whilst love is the secret of existence in the East.
Love acquaints intellect with Truth,
And intellect, in turn, makes the foundation of love strong.
Arise, lay the foundation of a new world,
And wed reason to love."

When reason and love are thus yoked together, man would make wonderful achievements. Iqbal has himself seen a picture of the time to come, but speaks out only in "hints and suggestions". He says :—

آنکھ جو کچھ دیکھتی ھے لب پہ آسکتا نہیں
محو حیرت ہوں کہ دنیا کیا سے کیا ہو جائیگی !

"What the eye perceives cannot faithfully be interpreted by the lips,
I wonder what mighty changes will take place in the world."

CHAPTER VII

IQBAL AND MYSTICISM

وادیٔ عشق بسے دُور و دراز است ولے
طے شود جادۂ صد سالہ بآہے گاہے !

" The valley of love is far and wide,
But the distance capable of being covered in a century is sometimes traversed within the span of a single sigh."

THE MYSTIC SENSE

It is not our business to prove the existence of the mystic sense in man over and above ordinary powers as it more properly belongs to the province of psychic phenomena. Yet it will not be out of place to give a few quotations to elucidate the existence of this sense. Iqbal says in his " Six Lectures on the Reconstruction of Religious thought in Islam,"——" Nor is there any reason to suppose that thought and intuition are essentially opposed to each other. They spring from the same root, and complement each other............The one fixes its gaze on the eternal, the other on the temporal aspect of Reality. The one is the present enjoyment of the whole of reality, the other aims at traversing the whole by slowly specifying and closing up the various regions of the whole for exclusive observation. Both are in need of each other for mutual rejuvenation. Both seek visions of the same reality which reveals itself to them in accordance with their function in life. In fact, intuition, as Bergson rightly says, is only a higher kind of intellect." The inner sense grasps reality in its wholeness, and not piecemeal, which is the function of the outer

senses. Whilst the former is only a process of analysis, the latter is one of synthesis. The outer senses resolve every object into the colour, the sound, the taste, the touch, and the smell, but the inner sense marks unities and realities inspite of these different standpoints. Iqbal has beautifully drawn a distinction between intellect pure and simple, and the higher faculty in the following verse:—

کارِ حکمت/ دیدن و فرسودن/ است
کارِ عرفان/ دیدن و افزودن/ است

"The function of science is observation and elimination,
But the function of real vision is to see and add to experience."

Iqbal longs to have the vision and says:—

یارب درون سینہ دل باخبر بدہ   در بادہ نشہ را نگرم آن نظر بدہ

"Endow my bosom with an all-knowing heart, O God!
And bestow a vision that makes me mark the ecstasy of intoxication in the liquor."

Whilst the other senses have their seat in the mind, this inner sense resides in the heart. One of the proofs of this insight is given by Iqbal in the following passage——"The revealed and mystic literature of mankind bears ample testimony to the fact that religious experience has been too enduring and dominant in the history of mankind to be rejected as mere illusion. There seems to be no reason, then, to accept the normal level of human experience as fact and reject its other levels as mystical and emotional." Berkley refuted the theory of matter as the unknown cause of our sensations, and held colours, sounds, and other sensation as only

so many subjective states forming no part of matter. Similarly theory of relativity has damaged the traditional notion of substance. The mystic experience, therefore, like every other experience is immediate, and sense perceptions are no better in the physical sense than mystic perceptions.

WHAT IS MYSTICISM

Mysticism is a mood, a temper, in which the poet sees an object in spiritual colours through the prism of love, or conceives an idea in the light of the Divine. A mystic poet treads the path of love, reaches the realm of Divine light, and comes back to inform his comrades of his spiritual experiences in a manner that throws one into ecstasy. He works miracles, makes the unseen amenable to vision, exalts the seen to the position of the unseen, makes incompatibles co-exist, and turns extravagances into realities. The mystic's function is—

> " To see a world in a grain of sand
> And a Heaven in wild flower,
> Hold Infinity in the palm of your hand,
> And eternity in an hour."

Just as pain or pleasure can better be felt than described, similarly mystic experiences can better be felt than truly transplanted in original to our mind. The mystic has thus to use similes, metaphors, symbolisms, and allegories to give vent to his conceptions. It is in the figurative sense that we see the Divine Light, and hear the Celestial Melody. Iqbal also

thinks that "the secret-knowers only talk in terms of hints and suggestions."

History of Mysticism in the East

The Arab and the Indian mystics were curiously enough affected by the same feeling of terror—the Arabs feared the Lord, ready to smite at the commission of any sin, and the Indians stood in awe of nature—*e. g.*, the storm, the wind, water, fire, snake etc. The Arab practised asceticism to train themselves for a perfectly virtuous life; and the Sadhus did penance in order to appease the wrath of gods that symbolised the terrors by curbing their appetite element. Credit is due to the Persians, who while accepting Islam, caused Arabian asceticism to pass into dreamy pantheism—which characterises later Sufism.

It was Mansur Hellaj, who affected the change by asserting "I am the Truth." This poetic belief took its cue from the Vedantic theory that everything was a chip of the Eternal Block. According to the Persians the universe was an emanation of God, human soul a spark of the Divine Essence gone astray in this transitory world, but destined to return finally to God, after having been purified of its earthly stains. Purging oneself of all traces of fleshiness and purification by abstinence were henceforward the accepted creed of Persian Sufis.

Iqbal Compared With the Mystics of the Old School

With some as with Farid-ud-Din Attar and others

Sufism was pantheism. But with poets like Omar Khayyam and Hafiz the passage from pantheism to epicureanism was not a long one. The Sufis thought that they must have an ephemeral beloved to reach the Real. The Persian poetry thus began to produce wine-songs and love-ditties that lent a colour of passion and sensualism to it. On the other hand some Sufis have produced melodies soft and sentimental, divorced from the concrete. Thus either the brute or the angel was excited in man, but the Divine and the Human were allowed to remain dormant. Their poetry thus sounded notes of despair, despondency and death. But as we have seen, Iqbal sounds notes of optimism, and is very sanguine about the future of human race. We also know that Iqbal has tried to bring out the man in man—and to supplement it by the Divine.

Whilst the old set of mystics courted annihilation Iqbal exhorts us to live. Iqbal preaches the cult of *Khudi* and self, and deprecates *Bekhudi* or selflessness. To him tension is good, but relaxation of personality is bad. Whilst the other Sufis seek self-effacement by merging in God, Iqbal likes to merge God in the self. Iqbal does not allow his man to lose human qualities. He would even go so far as to conceive God after his own features. Iqbal, in fact, takes pride in human attributes, and finds even God lacking in them. He says, for example :—

بجہان درد مندان تو بگو چہ کار داری ؟
تب و تاب ما شناسی ؟ دل بیقرار داری ؟

چہ خبر ترا ز اشکے کہ فروچکد ز چشمے ؟
تو بہ برگ گل ز شبنم در شاھوار داری ؟
چہ بگوئمت زجانے کہ نفس نفس شمارد؟
دم مستعار داری ؟ غم روزگار داری ؟

" Say, what hast thou to do with the world of the afflicted ?
Knowest thou our sheen and glimmer ? or doest thou possess a distressed heart ?
Thou knowest not the tear that trickles down the eye ;
Thou doest not possess the dew-drop on the petal of the flower.
What should I say to Thee regarding the soul that counts time by breath ?
Hast Thou any lent life ? or the anxieties of the world ? "

The pseudo-mystics love the ephemeral, but Iqbal's beloved is either man or God. His love centres round the self and godhood directly without the intervention of any ephemeral beloved of the make-shift kind. His beloved resides in the heart, and not in the sense-perceptions. The mystics love for the sake of love, but Iqbal does so with a view to acquire sway over the elements.

Whilst the pseudo-mystics dread evil, avoid the world, and regard the present life of man as a fall, Iqbal welcomes evil as a short-cut to the goal of humanity. While they regard it as an incoherence, Iqbal has resolved evil into a perfect rhythm of life. To Iqbal the terms good and evil have been coined to denote the two aspects of the same essence only for the sake of convenience. He does not recognise the duality except as a contrivance to facilitate comprehension. To him evil, or the Satan, is the

principle of life, motion, and vitality, and is a necessity.

We have so far discussed the existence of the of the mystic sense in man as a fact; we have described and illustrated mysticism; treated of the form in which it finds expression; traced the various developments in the mystic thought of the orient; and have suggested the various points of contrast between the mysticism of the old school, and that of Iqbal. We now come to discuss the various characteristic features of mysticism as conceived by Iqbal; and to present a few aspects of his mystic experiences in the end.

What Iqbal Thinks of the Mystic

Iqbal exhorts us "to sojourn a while on the Hira of the heart" in order that we might see the spiritual significance of things. The mystic as Iqbal would put it is both "a lover, as well as a courier of love," and "a bird of Placelessness bringing a message from the Friend." He brings into prominence the missionary aspect of mysticism by saying :—

زگردون فتد هرچه بر لالۂ من   فرو ریزم اورا به برگِ گیاھے

> "I pass on to the growing grass below
> Whatever falls upon my tulip from above."

The poet expresses a wish to become a mystic himself in the following strain :—

عقدۂ اضداد کی کاوش نہ تڑپائے مجھے
حسنِ عشق انگیز ھرشے میں نظر آئے مجھے

> " The problem of inconsistencies may not trouble my heart!
> And I may see the love-engendering beauty in every object!"

He rejects the ordinary observation as "somebody has created the human eye for some set purpose." He exhorts us thus :—

ظاہر کی آنکھ سے نہ تماشا کرے کوئی
ہو دیکھنا تو دیدۂ دل وا کرے کوئی

"Do not observe with the eye of superficiality,
Open thine heart's eye to get true perception of things."

Iqbal again asks us "to mark the foot-prints of the beloved" in every nook and corner of the world.

Iqbal wishes that—

گُل کی کلی چٹک کر پیغام دے کسی کا
ساغر ذرا سا گویا مجھکو جہاں نما ہو!

"The chalice of the opening bud may contain a message from someone,
And this tiny cup may hold up worlds to my gaze."

Another feature that Iqbal seems to bring out is that the mystics always find out opposites in opposites. They would, for example, regard silence as speech.

A few examples from Iqbal's verses will bring out the point :—

مہینے وصل کے گھڑیوں کی صورت اُڑتے جاتے ہیں
مگر گھڑیاں جدائی کی گذرتی ہیں مہینوں میں

"Months fleet away as moments in the company of the Beloved,
But a few minutes of separation take months to pass away."

مجھے روکے گا تو اے ناخدا کیا غرق ہونے سے
کہ جنکو ڈوبنا ہو ڈوب جاتے ہیں سفینوں میں

"How can thou O Boatsman! prevent me from drowning?
For those fated to drown get drowned even in boats."

پیالہ گیر کہ مے را حلال مے گویند
حدیث اگرچہ غریب است راویان ثقہ اند

" Take the cup as wine is said to be lawful,
Though the saying appears to be unworthy of credence yet those who quote it are reliable."

مطرب مے خانہ دوش نکتۂ دلکش سرود
بادہ چشیدن خطاست بادہ کشیدن رواست

" The Musician of the tavern yesterday touched the tune,
That the tasting of wine is forbidden, but its gulping off is allowed."

The mystics have a wonderful way of attaching to and detaching themselves from this world. Iqbal says :—

چو ذوق نغمہ ام در جلوت آرد
قیامت انگنم در محفل خویش
چو مے خواهم دمے خلوت بگیرم
جہان راگم کنم اندر دل خویش

" When the love of music brings me out
I produce a storm in society.
When I like to be alone for a moment
I hide the world in any heart."

Iqbal sees the secrets of life in the petal of the flower, and says :—

علم کے حیرت کدے میں ھے کہاں اِسکی نمود
گل کی پتی میں نظر آتا ھے رازِ ہست و بود

" The secret of life is not found in the dark maze of knowledge,
It is rather visible in the petal of the flower."

He sees the secrets of life in the drop of water,

and says:—

زندگی قطرے کی سکھلاتی ھے اسرار حیات
یہ کبھی شبنم کبھی گوہر کبھی آنسو ہوا

"A drop of water teaches the secrets of life,
Sometimes it assumes the form of the dew, sometimes of
the pearl and sometimes of the tear."

The poet in a truly mystic fashion evolves cosmos out of chaos, and marks the Divine Unity pervading the universe, says he :—

حسن ازل کی پیدا ہر چیز میں جھلک ھے
انساں میں وہ سخن ھے غنچے میں وہ چٹک ھے
یہ چاند آسماں کا شاعر کا دل ھے گویا
واں چاندنی ھے جو کچھ یاں درد کی کسک ھے
انداز گفتگو نے دھوکے دئے ہیں ورنہ
نغمہ ھے بوئے بلبل بو پھول کی چہک ھے
کثرت میں ہو گیا ھے وحدت کا راز مخفی
جگنو میں جو چمک ھے وہ پھول میں مہک ھے

"Eternal beauty is reflected in every object,
In man 'tis poetry, in land 'tis the opening sound;
The Moon represents the poet's heart,
Whose pangs correspond to the rays of the Moon.
The modes of speech have created deceptions, else
Song is nightingale's fragrance, and fragrance is flower's
music.
The Secret of Unity lies hidden in multifariousness,
And the light of the firefly represents the fragrance of
flower."

وہ عرفیانہ نغمے جنکا محرک بیرونی مشاہدہ ہے۔

The Mystic Utterances of the Poet as Excited by the External World

It would be better now to give a few examples of the poet's mystic utterances, having been excited by the observation of the external world. The rivulet

in the Himalayas strikes his heart, and he cries out:—

چھیڑتی جا اِس عراق دلنشیں کے ساز کو
اے مسافر! دل سمجھتا ھے تیری آواز کو

" Do touch the chords of this lovely vein, and flow on,
O traveller! the heart understandeth thy music."

He addresses the blooming flower with all the petals in the following strain:—

سَو زبانوں پر بھی خاموشی تجھے منظور ھے
راز وہ کیا ھے ترے سینے میں جو مستور ھے ؟

" Despite thy hundred tongues thou art silent,
What secret lies hidden in thy heart?"

He sees the candle and the moth, falls into ecstasy, and says:—

گرنا تیرے حضور میں اسکی نماز ھے
ننھے سے دل میں لذتِ سوز و گداز ھے
کچھ اِس میں جوشِ عاشقِ حُسنِ قدیم ھے
چھوٹا سا طُور تو یہ ذرا سا کَلیم ھے

" O candle! homage to thee constitutes the prayer of the moth,
The tiny heart possesses fire (of love)
It has fervour and loves eternal beauty,
Thou art the little Sinai and moth the tiny Moses."

The child sees the candle, and begins to move. The poet at once marks spiritual significance in his innocent movements, and says:—

اِس نظارے سے ترا ننّھا سا دل حیران ھے
یہ کسی دیکھی ہوئی شے کی مگر پہچان ھے

" Thy little heart wonders at its sight,
Perhaps thou art recollecting someting already seen."

Iqbal notices that even nature bows to God, says he :—

شہید ناز او بزم وجود است   نیاز اندر نہاد ہست و بود است
نمے بینی کہ از مہر فلک تاب   بسیمائے سحر داغ سجود است

" The whole world of existence loves His charms,
Adoration is ingrained in its very nature;
Dost thou not see that the forehead of the morn
Bears the Sun, the mark of prostration on its forehead."

Iqbal reaches the height of mysticism in telling us that we are with God as well as separate from Him. He says :—

میانۂ من و او ربط دیدہ و نظر است
کہ بانہایت دوری ہمیشہ با اویم

" The connection between Him and me resembles that of the eye and the power of vision,
And despite the great gulf I am ever with Him."

The man whose heart does not burn cannot see the Divine in true colours. Love is, indeed, exalted by tears. This idea has been expressed by the poet thus :—

پئے نظارۂ روئے تو مے کنم پاکش
نگاہ شوق بہ جوئے سرشک مے شویم

" I bathe any loving eye in the gush of tears,
So that it may become clean enough to have a true vision of Thy face."

Iqbal is enamoured of the firefly, and whenever he sees it, he falls into rapturous ecstasy. His nine-stanza Persian poem "The Night-illuming moth" is a wonderfully typical poem conceived by the poet in a mystic mood.

Mystic Utterances Due to Intuition

The above were some of the mystic expressions that were excited by a look at the world of objects. We now come to those mystic utterances of the poet in which we find intuition from within. The whole of his "Mae Baqi," "Lala-i-Tur," and the "Zabur" are full of such expressions.

Our poet has a glowing passion for union with the Divine, and is quite sanguine about it. He says :—

چشم آفریده ایم چو نرگس درین چمن
روبند برکشا کہ سراپا نظاره ایم

"We have in this garden developed the eye of the narcissus,
Remove Thy veil, me long to see Thee."

نہ تو اندر حرم گنجی نہ در بتخانہ می آئی
ولیکن سوئے مشتاقاں چہ مشتاقانہ مے آئی !
قدم بیباک ترنہ در حریم جان مشتاقاں
تو صاحب خانۂ آخر چرا دزدانہ مے آئی ؟
بغارت مے بری سرمایۂ تسبیح خوانان را
بشبخون دل زناریان ترکانہ مے آئی
گہے صد لشکر انگیزی کہ خون دوستاں ریزی
گہے در انجمن با شیشہ و پیمانہ مے آئی

"Neither the Ka'aba nor the temple is spacious enough to contain Thee,
But how eagerly Thou approacheth Thy lovers!
Enter into the sanctuary of heart more boldy and openly,
Thou art the master here, why dost Thou come in so stealthily?

Thou attacketh Thy faithful worshippers in broad day-
light, and carrieth away their wealth,
And Thou rusheth on like a sallying force to make a night
attack on the heart of unbelievers, who wear the
sacred thread.
Sometimes Thou rallieth Thy legions to shed the blood of
Thy companions,
And at another time Thou graceth their company with the
flask and the cup."

از مشت غبار من صد ناله برانگیزی
نزدیک تر از جانی با خوی کم آمیزی
در موج صبا پنهان دزدیده بباغ آئی
در بوی گل آمیزی با غنچه درآویزی

" Thou raiseth a hundred lamentations from my handful
of dust,
Thou liveth the closer to my life-vein with Thy habit of
associating but rarely.
Hidden in the wave of the breeze Thou cometh stealthily
into the garden,
Thou mixeth with the fragrance of the flower, and grappleth
with the bud."

(دبے ہوئے جذبات) SUPPRESSED EMOTIONS (شگفتہ جذبات)

We find that Iqbal the mystic sometimes gives vent to suppressed emotions. The following are a few illustrations :—

چه حرم چه دیر هر جا سخنی ز آشنائی
مگر این که کس ز راز من و تو خبر ندارد

" It may be the Haram or the Dair, the talk of love is
everywhere,
Perchance, no one knows our secret O God!"

بسکه غیرت می برم از دیدهٔ بینای خویش
از نگه بافم به رخسار تو روبندی دگر

" I am so jealous of mine own eyes that
I weave out of them another veil to hide thy cheeks."

مرا ز دیدهٔ بینا شکایت دگر است
که چون بجلوه درآئی حجاب من نظراست

" I have a different complaint against my vision
That when Thou appeareth my own sight becomes a veil."

سینه کشاده جبرئیل از بر عاشقان گذشت
تا شررے باو فتد ز آتش آرزوے تو

" With open breast Gabrael passed through the bosom of lovers
In order to get some spark of love that longs to envelop Thee."

من اے دریاے بے پایان به موج تو در افتادم
نه گوهر آرزو دارم نه مے جویم کرانے را

" O Boundless Ocean! I have fallen into Thy waves,
But I have no desire for the pearl, nor do I seek the shore".

PRONOUNCED EMOTIONS

The following are a few examples of Iqbal's expression of pronounced emotions:—

دل و دیدهٔ که دارم همه لذت نظارا
چه گنه اگر تراشم صنمے زسنگ خارا
تو بجلوه در نقابی که نگاه برنتابی
مه من اگر ننالم تو بگو دگر چه چارا

" The heart and the eye wish to have a taste of Thy vision,
What sin then do I commit if I carve an idol out of stone?
Thou showeth Thyself behind the veil, perhaps, Thou canst not bear the stare,
My Moon! If I cry not, what else can I do?"

او بیک دانهٔ گندم بزمینم انداخت
تو بیک جرعهٔ آب آنسوے افلاک انداز

" For a single grain of wheat he threw me down to the earth;
Thou shouldst hurl me up to the region beyond Heavens with a single draught of the liquor."

Iqbal is often engulfed in the bellowing waves

of raptures and ecstasy. The following are a few examples:—

عشق است و ہزار افسون حسن است و ہزار آئین
نے من بہ شمار آیم نے تو بہ شمار آئی

"Love has a thousand charms, whilst beauty has a thousand proportions,
Neither can I be enumerated, nor can Thou be counted."

ز نگاہے سرمہ سائے بدل و جگر رسیدی
چہ نگاہے سرمہ سائے! دو نشانہ زد بہ تیرے

"With an eye adorned with antimony thou pierced through the heart and the bosom,
What a charming antimony-eye it was! that struck two targets with one arrow."

Even in his ecstatic moods Iqbal is wonderfully self-possessed. He himself says:—

با چنیں زور جنوں پاس گریباں داشتم
در جنوں از خود نرفتن کار ہر دیوانہ نیست

"With all the fit and frenzy of madness I kept regard for the mantle,
Every madman in a fit cannot retain self-possession."

CHAPTER VIII

IQBAL DESCRIPTIVE

جہان رنگ و بو پیدا تو مے گوئی کہ راز است این
یکے خود را بتارش زن کہ تو مضراب و ساز است این

"The world of colour and fragrance exists, and yet thou affirmeth that it is a mystery,
Strike thyself once on its strings, as thou art the tuning-fork and the world is the musical instrument."

We are here concerned not with the internal but with the external world, and the department of introspection, therefore, does not properly belong to this chapter. For this reason we have dealt with the portrayal of feelings and emotions in other chapters in connection with different topics.

Man and the External World

The first thing that impresses the developing consciousness of man is nature and the external world. It is only when we have far advanced in consciousness that introspection begins. The phenomena are no doubt chiefly the same, yet their observations subjectively differ. Poets have studied nature, and each has given a different account of it. Iqbal also does the same, and puts forward the following excuse:—

مرا معنئی تازۂ مدّعا ست   اگر گفتہ را باز گویم رواست

"I intend to present new interpretation,
It is lawful, therefore, for me to say what has already been said."

Iqbal regards nature as the key to the Divine Light, and loves it to the extreme. He says:—

بیا با شاهد فطرت نظر باز   چرا در گوشهٔ خلوت گزینی
ترا حق داد چشمِ پاک بینے   کہ از نورش نگاہے آفرینی

"Come, and exchange glances with the sweetheart of nature,
Why dost thou seek the corner of privacy?
God has gifted thee with the eyes of purity,
So that thou mayst create a vision from its light."

Iqbal has also expressed the idea that "man is the text of love, and nature is its explanation." As a poet pure and simple he would like to observe the flower "with the eyes of the nightingale," but when the philosopher takes the place of the poet, he wants to be cruel "with a view to the shaping and perfecting of beauty." He would now allow the destruction of a hundred rose gardens for the sake of a single flower. To him the true lover has the privilege to become cruel. He says in the Zabur:—

بیا بر لالہ پا کوبیم و بے باکانہ مے نوشیم
کہ عاشق را بحل کردند خون پارسائی ہا

"Come, let us trample the tulip underfoot, and take wine freely,
'Tis lawful for lovers to shed the blood of puritanism."

The Poet and Nature

Iqbal is sensitive to all the shifting aspects of nature—the spring, the autumn, the dawn, the sunset, the wind, and the clouds. He not only deals with these aspects of nature, but he also pays homage to the objects of nature, *e.g.*, the firefly, the nightingale, the stars, the Milky way, the Moon, the Sun, the tulip, the rose, the flower, and the thorn. He not only does this, but also depicts the natural

scenes, sometimes real and sometimes imaginative—for example, he presents a view of the Ravi, the Sahara, the solitude, and the valley ot Kashmir. He sometimes combines portrayal of the scene with the deliniation of feelings as he has done in his Urdu poem "An Evening."

Gorgeous Descriptions of Nature

Over and above all this he has given us many gorgeous descriptions of nature. Three examples will here suffice—one is contained in his Urdu poem "A Prayer," the other in his poem "The Dawn," and the third in his poem "Love and Death."

لذت سرود کی ہو چڑیوں کے چہچہوں میں
چشمے کی شورشوں میں باجا سا بج رہا ہو
گل کی کلی چٹک کر پیغام دے کسی کا
ساغر ذرا سا گویا مجھ کو جہاں نما ہو
صف باندھے دونو جانب بوٹے ہرے ہرے ہوں
ندی کا صاف پانی تصویر لے رہا ہو
ہو دلفریب ایسا کہسار کا نظارہ
پانی بھی موج بن کر اُٹھ اُٹھ کے دیکھتا ہو
آغوش میں زمیں کی سویا ہوا ہو سبزہ
پھر پھر کے جھاڑیوں میں پانی چمک رہا ہو
مہندی لگائے سورج جب شام کی دولھن کو
سرخی لئے سنہری ہر پھول کی قبا ہو

"Let me have the joys of singing
In the songs that birdlets sing;
Let me have, for all my music,
But the babbling of a spring.

Let the floweret's opening chalice
Give me tidings of my Friend,
Like the tiny cup of Jamshid
Showing forth Earth's farthest end.
Let the green and verdant bushes
Range in ranks on either side
While their likenesses are taken
By the river's crystal tide.
Let the mountain's glorious landscape
Be so full of charm and grace,
That the streams, in waves uprising,
Shall aspire to view its face.
In the lap of Earth aslumber
Let the verdant grasses lie ;
Let the wending, winding waters
'Neath the bushes sparkle by !
When the westering sun with henna
Shall adorn the bride of night,
Let the floweret's ruddy tunics
Gleam again with golden light."

شعلۂ خورشید گویا حاصل اُس کھیتی کا ھے
بوئے تھے دہقان گردون نے جو تاروں کے شرار
ھے رواں نجم سحر جیسے عبادت خانے سے
سب سے پیچھے جائے کوئی عابد شب زندہ دار
کیا سماں ھے جسطرح آہستہ آہستہ کوئی
کھینچتا ہو میان کی ظلمت سے تیغ آب دار

مطلع خورشید میں مضمر ھے یوں مضمون صبح
جیسے خلوت گاہ مینا مین شراب خوشگوار

ھے تہ داماں باد اختلاط انگیز صبح......
شورش ناقوس آواز اذاں سے ھمکنار
جاگے کوئل کی اذاں سے طائران نغمہ سنج
ھے ترنم ریز قانون سحر کا تار تار......

" The flaming sun is, so to speak, the harvest of the field
In which the celestial cultivator had sown the sparks of stars.
The morning star moves as if from the sacred place of worship
Some night-long worshipper is going away last of all.
What a sight! as if some one is slowly and gradually
Drawing forth the shining sword out of the dark scabbard.
The opening verse of the sun contains the theme of the morn
Just as the solitude of the flas contains the delicious wine.
Under the mantle of the uniting breeze of the morn
The sound of the conch-shell is embracing the call to prayer.
The singing birds have been awakened by the musical call of the Cuckoo,
And every string of the lute of morn is producing music."

سہانی نمود جہاں کی گھڑی تھی
تبسم فشاں زندگی کی کلی تھی
کہیں مہر کو تاج زر مل رہا تھا
عطا چاند کو چاندنی ہو رہی تھی
سیہ پیرہن شام کو دے رہے تھے
ستاروں کو تعلیم تابندگی تھی
کہیں شاخ ہستی کو لگتے تھے پتے
کہیں زندگی کی کلی پھوٹتی تھی
فرشتے سکھاتے تھے شبنم کو رونا
ہنسی گل کو پہلے پہل آ رہی تھی

" Pleasant was the time when the universe came into existence,
The bud of life was smiling;
The sun was getting the golden crown,
And the moon the moon-light;
The garb of blackness was being given to the dusk,
And the stars were being taught the lesson of brightness.
Leaves were appearing on the branch of existence,
And the flower of life was budding;
The angels were teaching methods of weeping to the dew,
And the flower was for the first time bursting into laughter."

Let us now discuss certain features of the descriptive Iqbal with reference to nature.

IQBAL'S TRUE REPRSENTATION OF PHENOMENA

The first feature that we meet with in descriptive Iqbal is his true representation in poetry of a fact. He styles the Himalayas as the guardian and as the wall of India. In the " Hill Cloud " he gives us a true description of the origin, atmosphere and activities of the cloud, and its pleasant effect on the world. The cloud is the bestower of flowers, passes over deserts and gardens, jungles and cities, it drops pearls, takes away anxiety from the peasant's mind, it is born in the sea, brought up in the Sun, and is the harbinger of Divine Grace.

According to him the morning Sun sweeps away sleep from the eyes, the stars are a guide to the caravans, and are the mirrors of fate. In his poem " A Prayer " we find a lovely and true description of nature, and the expression " the stream in waves uprising aspires to view the scene " is so true, so natural, so expressive, and so beautiful that we cannot but admire the poetic genius that has given us such charming expressions. An element of the scene itself is here made to appreciate the scenery, and the fact adds a hundred fold to the charm of the scenery depicted in the poem.

IQBAL CREATES THE VERY ATMOSPHERE DEPICTED

The second feature that we find is that Iqbal sometimes makes us feel as if we are actually in the very midst of the scene that he depicts, and we begin

to imagine as if the natural phenomena are taking place within the very ambit of our observation. The pieces produce an effect quite in keeping with the spirit of description. In his poem "An Evening" Iqbal has depicted the calm itself. He says that all nature is "silent, calm, and senseless" as if in a deep "reverie," the moon-light, the branches of the trees, the birds, the trees on mountains, and the stars all being silent and calm. The poet emphasises the calm by saying that the magic of silence has even turned the motion of the river into complete rest. When going through the poem we feel as if the depicted calm envelops us, we are actually dozing, and being lulled into sleep.

Take his poem "the Spring Season." The effect of the spring is to bestow life and vitality on everything. As we go through it we feel the blood coursing in our veins, and our being pulsating with life.

The Use of Similes and Metaphors

Another feature of Iqbal's descriptive poetry is the frequent use of wonderful similes and metaphors. The poet has a natural gift of finding similarities between things. He sees green trees on both sides of the river, and notices their reflection in water; and says that the scene is being photographed on the sheet of water. He sees a branch bent so down as to touch the very surface of water, marks the reflection, and says that some beauty is facing the mirror. He says about the crescent :—

ٹوٹ کر خورشید کی کشتی ھوئي غرقاب نیل
ایک ٹکڑا تیرتا پھرتا ھے روئے آب نیل
طشت گردوں میں ٹپکتا ھے شفق کا خون ناب
نشتر قدرت نے کیا کھولی ھے فصد آفتاب ؟
چرخ نے بالی چرالی ھے عروس شام کی
نیل کے پاني میں یا مچھلي ھے سیم خام کی ؟

"Having broken, the boat of the sun has sunk into the blue waters of the Nile,
But one piece of it still floats on its surface;
The red blood of the twilight is trickling down into the plate of the sky,
Has the lancet of nature opened the blood vein of the sun?
Or has the sky stolen away the ear-ring of the bride of evening?
Or is it some silver fish swimming in the waters of the Nile?"

The Urdu word "Nil" used here by the poet means both the river Nile as well as the blue colour.

In his poem "The Man and the Universe" the poet regards flowers and trees as fairies, patches of cloud in the twilight as golden fringe, the twilight itself as wine in the canter of dusk, and compares the morn to a song. At another place Iqbal says:—

ھے رگ گل صبح کے اشکوں سے موتي کي لڑی
کوئی سورج کی کرن شبنم میں ھے اُلجھی ھوئی
سینۂ دریا شعاعوں کے لئے گہوارہ ھے
کس قدر پیارا لب جو مہر کا نظارہ ھے !
پتیاں پھولوں کی گرتی ہیں خزاں میں اس طرح
دست طفل خفتہ سے رنگیں کھلونے جسطرح

"The tears of the morn are pearls strewn in the vein of the flower,
Perhaps some solar ray is entangled in the meshes of the dew,

The bosom of the river is the cradle for the rays,
How lovely is the sight of the sun at the bank of the river!
The petals of flowers fall in autumn in the same manner
As the coloured toys fall from the hand of a sleeping child."

The poet compares the Sun to an early-rising votary, the dawn to the drawing of the sword, the river in a valley to the Milkyway, the aeroplane to the Gabrael created by human intellect, and the firefly to the star whose light goes out in a single glow.

Every kind of description has the personal touches of the poet. Iqbal is a Muslim, and in the following lines he has described scenes in terms of metaphors and similes, that are truly Muslim in form and spirit :—

وہ نمود اختر سیماب پا ہنگام صبح
یانمایاں بام گردوں سے جبین جبرئیل !

" Is it the morning star that has appeared on the horizon of the morn?
Or has the forehead of Gabrael appeared from the roof of Heaven."

اور وہ پانی کے چشمے پر مقام کارواں
اہل ایماں جسطرح جنت میں گرد سلسبیل

" The caravan resting at a fountain of water
Resembles the assemblage of the Faithful round Salsabil."

گل و گلزار ترے خلد کی تصویریں ہیں
یہ سبھی سورۂ والشمس کی تفسیریں ہیں

" Thy flower-laden gardens are the very picture of Paradise,
They are all explanations of the chapter of the Quran titled "The Sun."

The Mystic Sense

The fourth feature that we find is the mystic sense and the spiritual meanings that pervade it

through and through. Iqbal himself wishes that nature may excite the mystic in him. He wants the opening chalice of the floweret to convey to him a message from the Friend. The subject has already been discussed in "Iqbal and mysticism," but we cannot here refrain from giving a beautiful illustration from the Piam of the way in which Iqbal turns every object of nature into a prism that reflects the spiritual light on the disc of our mind. In his Persian poem "The Firefly" Iqbal says:—

یک ذرۂ بے مایہ متاع نفس اندوخت
شوق این قدرش سوخت کہ پروانگی آموخت
پہنائے شب افروخت

واماندہ شعاعے کہ گرہ خورد و شرر شد
از سوز حیات است کہ کارش ہمہ زر شد
دارائے نظر شد!

پروانۂ بے تاب کہ ہر سو تگ وپو کرد
بر شمع چنان سوخت کہ خود را ہمہ او کرد
ترک من و تو کرد

یا اخترے ماہ مبینے بکمینے......
نزدیک تر آمد بتماشائے زمینے
از چرخ برینے

یا ماہ تنک ضو کہ بیک جلوہ تمام است
ماھے کہ برو منت خورشید حرام است
آزاد مقام است!

اے کرمک شب تاب سراپائے تو نور است
پرواز تو یک سلسلۂ غیب و حضور است
آئین ظہور است

در تیرهٔ شبان مشعل مرغان شب استی
آن سوز چه سوز است که در تاب و تب استی
گرم طلب استی
مائیم که مانند تو از خاک دمیدیم
دیدیم تپیدیم ندیدیم تپیدیم
جائے نرسیدیم
گویم سخن پخته و پرورده و نم دار
از منزل گم گشته مگو پائے بره دار
این جلوه نگه دار

" An ordinary atom has hoarded up the wealth of life;
Love has burnt it so much that it has learnt to be a moth,
And has illumined the vast expanse of the night.
An exhausted ray of light has wound itself into a spark,
And through the fire of love has put on the golden colour
And has acquired the power of sight.
The restless moth that flew in every direction
Burnt so much on the candle flame that it became the burning candle itself.
And gave up all distinctions of the I and the Thou.
Either some tiny star or some shining moon, that originally lay in ambush,
To have a view of the Earth, has come nearer down
From the high firmament.
Or 'tis the moon of little light that goes out in one glow,
And is not indebted for light to the sun,
And is independent of place and orbit.
O night-illuming moth! thou art light outright,
Thy flight is a regular chain of the visible and the invisible,
And sets forth the law of revelation.
Thou art the torch for the birds of the night.
What a marvellous flame keeps thee shining,
And busy in search!
We have grown out of dust like thee,
We failed to see the vision and were restless, we saw it and yet were restless;
But all the same we have reached nowhere.

After full deliberation I tell thee something substantial and mature,
Do not talk of the lost destination, but tread the path,
And keep the spiritual light in view."

To Iqbal Nature is an Annotated Edition of Realities

The fifth feature that forces itself upon our gaze is that Iqbal always appeals to nature to illustrate his meanings. He knows the real worth of illustrations, and thinks that an ounce of them is better than a pound of argument.

Iqbal while showing that life is in proportion to the strength of the self gives many beautiful illustrations, some of which are given below:—

شمع هم خود را بخود زنجیر کرد
خویش را از ذره ها تعمیر کرد
خود گدازی پیشہ کرد از خود رمید
هم چو اشک آخر ز چشم خود چکید
گر بفطرت پختہ تر بودے نگین
از جراحت ها بیاسودے نگین
مے شود سرمایہ دار نام غیر
دوش او مجروح بار نام غیر
چون زمین بر هستی خود محکم است
ماه پا بند طواف پیہم است
هستیء مہر از زمین محکم تر است
پس زمین مسحور چشم خاور است

" The candle also concentrated,
And built itself out of atoms;

Then adopted the way of melting, and fled away from the self,
Till at last like tears it trickled down from its own eye.
If the bezel had been more self-secure by nature,
It would not have suffered wounds;
But since it derives its value from the superscription,
Its shoulder is galled by the burden of another's name.
Because the Earth is firmly based on self-existence,
The captive moon goes round it perpetually.
The being of the Sun is stronger than that of the Earth,
Therefore is the Earth bewitched by the Sun's eye."

Iqbal while showing that the self is weakened by *asking* says :—

ماه راروزی رسد از خوان مهر   داغ بردل دارد از احسان مهر

" The moon gets sustenance from the table of the sun,
And bears the brand of his bounty on his heart."

The poet in his *Ramuz-i-bekhudi* says that it is injurious to the individual to sever his connections with society, and gives the two following illustrations :—

لفظ چون از بیت خود بیرون نشست
گوهر مضمون بجیب خود شکست
برگ سبزے کز نهال خویش ریخت
از بهاران تار امیدش گسیخت

" If a word is taken out of the verse,
It destroys the meaning and the thought.
The green leaf that falls from the tree
Despairs of the spring."

The poet regards law as indispensable for a community, and says :—

ملتے را رفت چون آئین زدست
مثل خاک اجزائے او از هم شکست
برگ گل شد چون زآئین بسته شد
گل زآئین بسته شد گلدسته شد

نغمہ از ضبط صدا پیدا ستے
ضبط چون رفت از صدا غوغا ستے

" When the community gives up the law,
Like dust its particles scatter.
The petals when bound together in an order become flower,
And the flowers when bound together in an order form a boquet.
Melody is harmonious and ordered sound,
When it gives up the law of harmony, it becomes a noise."

Iqbal beautifully illustrates the point that the centre is a necessity for a community in the following strain :—

حلقہ را مرکز چو جان در پیکر است
خط او در نقطۂ او مضمر است

" The centre is the very soul of a circle,
The circumference lies hidden in the centre."

The poet explains that restrictions are beneficial, and illustrates the point thus :—

ھے اسیری اعتبار افزا جو ھو فطرت بلند
قطرۂ نیسان ھے زندان صدف سے ارجمند
مشک از فر چیز کیا ھے اک لہو کی بوند ھے
مشک بن جاتی ھے ھوکر نافۂ آھو مین بند

" Captivity allied with high thought exalts position.
The rain drop becomes a pearl by confinement in the shell.
The musk is nothing but a drop of blood,
That becomes fragrance by confinement within the navel."

Iqbal thinks that Islam is bound to live for ever, and that if it receives a set-back at one place, it is bound to rise at another, and illustrates his meaning by referring to the Sun that sets at one hemisphere, but simultaneously rises at the other.

Iqbal sometimes illustrates his description of nature by a reference to nature itself. For example, he says :—

هوائے فرودین در گلستان مے خانہ مے سازد
سبو از غنچہ می ریزد ز گل پیمانہ مے سازد

" The wind during the spring builds a wine-house in the garden,
Causes wine to trickle down from the bud, and turns the flower into a cup. "

Love is universal, and Iqbal gives us a very beautiful illustration to prove the fact. He says :—

حقیقت گل کو تو جو سمجھے تو یہ بھی پیماں ھے رنگ و بوُ کا

" Perfect comprehension of the real nature of flower shows that it is the union of the colour and the fragrance. "

In short, we may say that Iqbal regards nature as an annotated edition of realities.

Poet's Inferences From Nature

The sixth beauty that we find is Iqbal's habit of drawing inferences from the facts of nature. He sees the twinkling star, thinks that it shivers through fear, perhaps of the fate that is in store for beauty, and concludes that the essence of beauty lies in decline. Again in the same poem Iqbal says that the rise of the one means the decline of the other, and infers it from the natural phenomenon that the rise of the Sun tolls the death-knell of the stars, and the end of the bud precedes the birth of the flower. Let us in this connection consider his stanza poem "The Spring Season." We find that Iqbal goes on making different deductions from the facts of nature in each stanza. In the

first he infers that nature is beautiful and worth-observing, in the second he exhorts us to be up and doing, in the third he asks us to acquire vitality, in the fourth he advises us to come out into the field of the world, in the fifth he concludes that everything in the world has the warmth of love, and in the sixth he hints at the secrets of existence.

IQBAL PREACHES LIFE AND ACTION THROUGH NATURE

The seventh feature that stands out prominent is that Iqbal preaches life and action through the tongue of nature. The tulip, the nightingale, the spring, the autumn, the sun, the moon, the firefly, etc., etc., everything is with Iqbal the bearer of life's message. The point is so very obvious that we give below only two examples by way of illustration of the point :—

چہ لذت یا رب اندر هست و بود است
دل هر ذرہ در جوش نمود است
شگافد شاخ را چون غنچۂ گل
تبسم ریز از ذوق وجود است

" What sweetness is there in life O God !
The heart of every atom burns for growth and development ;
When the budding flower tears asunder the bough
It smiles with the love of existence."

دانئہ سبحہ بہ زنار کشیدن آموز
گر نگاہ تو دو بین است ندیدن آموز
پا زخلوت کدۂ غنچہ برون زن چو شمیم
با نسیم سحر آمیز و وزیدن آموز

آفریدند اگر شبنم بے مایہ ترا
خیز و بر داغ دل لالہ چکیدن آموز
اگرت خار گل تازہ رسے ساختہ اند
پاس ناموس چمن دارو خلیدن آموز
باغبان گر ز خیابان تو بر کند ترا
صفت سبزہ دگر باردمیدن آموز
تا تو سوزندہ تر و تلخ تر آئی بیرون
عزلت خمکدۂ گیر و رسیدن آموز

"Learn how to string the beads of the Faithful's rosary into the sacred thread of the Unfaithful,
And if thy vision reflects duality, then learn not to see at all.
Like fragrance come out of the secret chamber of the bud,
Mix with the morning wind and learn to blow.
If thou hast been created as the morning dew of no consequence,
Then arise, and learn how to drop on the heart of the tulip.
If thou hast been created a thorn that accompanies the blooming flower,
Then have due regard for the honour of the garden, and learn how to prick.
If the gardener has plucked thee from thy garden,
Learn to grow anew like the grass.
That thou mayst come out flaming and spirited all the more
Thou shouldst adopt the seclusion of the wine-house, and learn how to reach."

Imaginative Descriptions

We now come to those descriptions by the poet that are imaginative, and find that the poet is here unrivalled. In his Urdu poem on love Iqbal has depicted an imaginary scene of the universe, before "*the recipe of love*" had become known to the "*cunning alchemist*," and has enumerated the beautiful ingredients that are used in the preparation of this

"*Elixir of life*," and has portrayed the change that takes place in the universe after the elixir is sprinkled. Here the poet's imagination has truly brought out the various features of love. It shines with the shade of sadness, it is purity, fervour, restlessness, humility, needlessness, life, motion, and immortality. The poet takes its brightness from the stars, the shade from the dark spot on the Moon, purity from the houries, restlessness from lightning, fervour and warmth from the breath of Christ, needlessness from Divinity, and humility from angels, and mixes them together into the classic life-preserving *Elixir of life.* The compound which we call love is then sprinkled over the creation, and the change wrought is marvellous. A world at first "*steeped in opium*" now awakens, silence gives place to din, motion and activity supplant rest and lethargy, and the objects now begin to feel attracted towards one another.

In his Persian poem "The Fragrance of Flower" Iqbal has wonderfully conceived of its reality, and has given us imaginative analysis of its origin. He resolves the flower into a hourie that wearied of Paradise and longed to taste of the life below. She turned into a wave of frangrance, and grew out of the branch; she opened her eyes, and became a bud; she laughed a little, and became a flower. This flower then relaxed in cohesion, and became a heap of scattered petals fallen on the ground. The hourie was thus set free from the shackles of mortal life, and left a sigh behind, which is now termed fragrance.

Another ennobling and beautiful illustration is afforded by the first portion of Iqbal's "Conquest of Nature" titled "The Advent of Adam." The description here is also stirring and glowing. Iqbal depicts the advent of Adam thus :—

نعرہ زد عشق کہ خونیں جگرے پیدا شد
حسن لرزید کہ صاحب نظرے پیدا شد
فطرت آشفت کہ از خاک جہان مجبور
خود گرے خود شکنے خود نگرے پیدا شد
خبرے رفت زگردوں بہ شبستان ازل
حذر اے پردگیاں پردہ درے پیدا شد
آرزو بیخبر از خویش بآغوش حیات
چشم وا کرد و جہان دگرے پیدا شد
زندگی گفت کہ در خاک تپیدم ہمہ عمر
تا ازیں گنبد دیرینہ درے پیدا شد

"Love cried that the torn-hearted has been created,
Beauty trembled as the possessor of vision came into being ;
Nature disintegrated, as from the world under compulsion
Arose the self-builder, the self-breaker, and the self-observer.
The tale was carried from the Heavens to dark eternity,
And the hidden ones were warned that the tearer of the veil had come into existence.
Desire unconscious of itself—in the lap of life
Opened its eyes—and created a new world.
Life said that it had waited and writhed in dust a whole age,
And only now hath an entrance to this old dome appeared."

Iqbal's narrative descriptions need not detain us long as they are very few, and are no more than mere narratives of some personalities, incidents, or history. But we find in them the Islamic tinge. His verses on *Fatima* and *Bilal*, his version of the siege of

Adrianople, his presentation of a bird's-eye-view of the Muslim cities are some of his narrative poems.

Iqbal's Description of the Works of Art

(The Kutab Minar and the Taj).

We now pass on to Iqbal's description of the works of human art, and find two fine examples in the last chapter of the Zabur. Iqbal has in that chapter dealt with the Kutub Minar of Delhi, and the Taj Mahal of Agra in such a way that the object dealt with does not restrain our attention. It is rather led by the poet to the subject that caused the construction of the object. In connection with the Kutub Minar Iqbal says :—

خیز و کار ایبک و سوری نگر
وانما چشمے اگر داری جگر
خویش را از خود برون آوردہ اند
این چنین خود را تماشا کردہ اند
سنگہا با سنگہا پیوستہ اند
روزگارے را بآنے بستہ اند
نقش سوئے نقشگر می آورد
از ضمیر او خبر می آورد

" Arise, and have a view of Aibak's and Suri's achievements,
Open thine eye if thou hast the courage.
They have brought forth their inner self,
And have thus managed to see themselves.
Stones are set with stones,
And an age has been compressed in a moment.
The product leads to the artist,
And utters his conscience."

The Minar here does not monopolise our attention as we see it in the company of our poet, who has idealised not the Minar but the life and history of the Emperor who constructed it. Let us analyse the Minar, and see what it consists of. It is stones put together in an order by the genius of the artist. The stones originally and in their individual capacity were as humble as anything. But they were later on raised to the envious position of the famous Kutub Minar of Delhi. The Muslim architecture then for the first time established itself in India at the capital city. Does not this analysis represent the life history of the Emperor Kutb-ud-Din Aibak himself? Was he not like the stones an humble slave in the beginning? Did he not through genius raise himself up at last to the position of an emperor, and set himself up at Delhi? Was he not the first Muslim Emperor in India in the true sense? Thus when we see the Minar through Iqbal's eyes, we feel as if, while constructing it, the Emperor was writing down his autobiography.

Let us now take the other example. Iqbal says :—

یک نظر آن گوهرے نا بے نگر
تاج را در زیر مهتابے نگر
مرمرش زآب روان گردنده تر
یک دم آنجا از ابد پائنده تر
عشق مردان سر خود را گفته است
سنگ را با نوک مژگان سفته است

عشق مردان نقد خوبان را عیار

حسن را هم پردہ در هم پردہ دار

" Look a while on that pure pearl,
See the Taj in the moon-lit night.
Its marble possesses a flow greater than that of the running water,
A moment spent there is more lasting than eternity.
Man's love has here told its secret,
And has pierced the stone with eye-lashes.
Man's love is a standard to judge beauty,
It both hides and reveals it."

The analysis of the Taj also reveals that it consists of certain pieces of marble put together in perfect rhythmic harmony—and in it is buried the Queen, the light of Shahjahan's eyes. His Majesty constructed it as a mark of his intense love for the Queen. The Taj as here depicted by Iqbal exactly corresponds to the circumstances surrounding the Emperor. The feeling of love entertained by Shahjahan was pure and spotless. The purity of the marble stands witness to it. The Emperor had felt terrible grief on the sad demise of the Queen, and shed majestic tears on that sad occasion. The grandeur of the Taj represents the majesty of the royal grief. Does not the tempest of white colour, raging in the marble of the Taj, and excelling the running water in its flow, truly represent the deluge of royal tears? The poet has thus idealised not the tempest of the colour, but the gush of the royal tears. The beauty of the Taj points to the beauty of the trust that lies buried in its charge. It is thus both hiding the Queen as well as revealing

her at one and the same time. True love has the power "to pierce stones with eye-lashes." Though nature had ordained the burial of the royal corpse, yet the Emperor's love raised this monument, and his eyes always pierced through the marble to have a glimpse of the Queen. To counteract the course of nature the Emperor made the Taj symbolise the Queen, and thus managed to live in her very company.

CHAPTER IX.

IQBAL ON THE SELF

خود را کنم سجودے دیر و حرم نماندہ
این در عرب نماندہ آں در عجم نماندہ

"I bow to my own self ; no more are the Temple of Unbelief and the Ka'aba of Faith,
While the latter is no more in Arabia, the former is nowhere in Ajam."

So far we have dealt with Iqbal as a poet. We now come to that part of his thought which turns him into the messenger. Iqbal realises that the Western school of thought lays too much emphasis on the external world at the cost of introspection. He, therefore, protests against this attitude, and says :—

دام زگیسو آں بدوش زحمت گلستاں بری
صید چرانمے کنی طائر بام خویش را

"With the net of hair tresses on thy shoulders thou taketh the trouble of going to the garden,
Why dost thou not capture the bird that nests on thy own roof ?"

Iqbal at the same time marks the weak points of the Eastern school of thought especially the sentimental side of it. He, therefore, tries to confer "the qualities of the falcon on the pigeons." The poet has in fact marked a tendency in the East to shake off the slavish mentality. He gives vent to his optimism in this respect in the following strain :—

من بسیمائے غلامان فر سلطان دیده ام
شعلۂ محمود از خاک ایاز آید برون

" I see the majesty of royalty writ large on the forehead of slaves,
And I mark the flame of Mahmud rearing its head out of the dust of Ayaz."

Iqbal has, therefore, asked everybody to rivet his eyes on the self, and says :—

از من برون نیست منزلگہ من
من بے نصیبم راہے نیابم

" My goal does not lie outside myself,
'Tis unfortunate, that I do not find the right path."

The living children of Iqbal's art are his life-songs, and he has bequeathed the best of himself to them. Iqbal may sing of God, man, or nature ; his theme is always life ; and if the grip of his theme relaxes for a moment the theme stirs again, and the full current of speech is resumed. The theme is the evergreen creeper that surrounds and overwhelms all other trees in the poetic garden of our poet.

خودی بے خودی

His Philosophy of the Self and Selflessness

What Gitanjili did for Tagore, " *Asrar-i-Khudi*," or the *Secrets of the Self* has done for Iqbal. It has brought him to the notice of the West, and has won for him an enviable position in the estimation of the Western people. It deals with the life of the individual, and sets forth the principles that govern its maintenance and development. It shows the right path to the benighted world by pointing

out the real goal of humanity, *viz.*, the vicegerency of God upon Earth. Iqbal taps the real source of life, the self, which is " the spark beneath our dust."

As a philosopher he has not only exhorted the world to maintain the self and the individual life, but has at the same time propounded his philosophy of Selflessness in his " *Ramuz-i-Bekhudi*," or *The Mysteries of Selflessness*. In it he has dealt with the relation that exists between individual and society, and has presented to the world Islamic Theocracy as the ideal form of society, that actually exists, and conforms to the standard of Iqbal's ideal.

According to him individual life is to be maintained at all cost—" even wastefulness and cruelty " is justified, but when the common good of society demands a sacrifice, the individual should then have no regard for his personality. Though apparently addressed to Muslims, the Masnavis are meant for the whole world, and Iqbal presents the Faithful and his commuity as the ideals to be achieved. Here we find the subject dealt with in a systematised form, although in the Bang, the Piam, the Zabur and the Javidnama the poet has dealt with the subject here, there, and everywhere in a detached form. Each little stream of his poetry falls into the mighty ocean of the self.

The Problem of Life Arises Automatically

The principle of life reigns supreme in the universe, and the main task before us, therefore, is

to enter into its secrets in order to know the best way of leading it. Physical life is common to all organisms. The *differentia* of man consists of his qualities of head and heart. The art of human life is thus the art of living in such a way as to develop all human faculties to their fullest extent. Man again is social animal. He can neither be a Robinson Crusoe nor Hayy-Ibn-Yakhdan. His development demands social surroundings. But contact with other individuals creates an occasion for the clashing of interests. Ethical problems thus arise, and attract human attention. Some rules must be framed in order to keep every human being within desirable limits. Nor are the various social structures isolated and solitary. Peoples come into contact with one another, and give rise to international problems. The necessity of determining the relation between man and man, between society and the individual, and between various social structures strikes every human mind. Life thus is a complicated affair, and the art of life more so.

To remove the possibility of clashes, and to draw the line somewhere, has been the chief occupation of minds, ethical, political, and religious. Dr. Iqbal has also been impressed by the immensity of the problem. In the *Asrar* he has defined what an individual life is, what is its motive power, in what way it should be developed, what is its goal, and how that goal is to be reached. Then in the *Ramuz* he has explained the relation that exists between the individual and the society, and has pointed

to the limit, where individuality may be sacrificed in the interest of communal good. He has further explained the features of a healthy society, and treated of international relations with Islamic Brotherhood as the ideal. He would deprecate "*land hunger*," preach high regard for promises and justice, and strike at the very root cf modern nationalism. He lays down certain rules of universal application to guide societies, and opines that Islamic Fraternity is the embodiment of those rules. Viewed thus, Iqbal's Masnavis are an attempt to explain life and the art of life.

THE METAPHYSICAL ARGUMENT

The universe, according to Iqbal, consists of two finite things, conscious self and extended matter, both of which depend on the third element God the Infinite Being. In his scheme of things there is no universal life. It is being realised. All life is individual, God also is an individual. He regards the existence of nature relative to the self, if there is no self there can be no not-self. The not-self has thus the signet of relativity impressed upon it, and only exists because the self affirms itself. He says :—

هستی و نیستی از دیدن و نادیدن من
چه زمان و چه مکان شوخی افکار من است

"Existence and non-existence are due to my observation or non-observation of facts,
Time and space are equally the result of my bold thought."

The self and its life constitute such a promi-

nent reality that there is no necessity of formal proof. Even the doubt implies and must assume the doubter. But if any philosophical proof was at all needed for this purpose, Iqbal has in his Javid-nama furnished us with it. The poet puts the question and gets the answer in the following strain :—

گفتمش موجود و نا موجود چیست ؟
معنئ محمود و نا محمود چیست ؟
گفت " موجود آنکه مے خواهد نمود
آشکارائی تقاضائے وجود
زندگی خود را بخویش آراستن
بر وجود خود شهادت خواستن
انجمن روز الست آراستند
بر وجود خود شهادت خواستند!
زندهٔ یا مردهٔ یا جان بلب
از سه شاهد کن شهادت را طلب
شاهد اوّل شعور خویشتن
خویش را دیدن بنور خویشتن
شاهد ثانی شعور دیگرے
خویش را دیدن بنور دیگرے
شاهد ثالث شعور ذات حق
خویش را دیدن بنور ذات حق!

" I asked about the nature of the existent and the non-existent,
And I inquired from him the meanings of the commendable and the non-commendable ;
He replied 'that, which likes to unfold itself, exists,
Existence demands that the self should be unfolded.
Life consists in decorating the self with personality,
And in demanding proof of its own existence.

Congregation was convoked on the day of "*am I not?*"
In order to get proof of the existence of the Divine.
Be thou living, dead, or in the agony of death,
Call upon the following three to furnish proof:
In the first place evidence is supplied by our consciousness of the self,
And consists in viewing the self in the light of the self.
Secondly proof is furnished by our consciousness of the not-self,
And consists in conceiving the self in the light of the not-self.
Thirdly the proof of existence is afforded by our consciousness of God,
And consists in looking at the self in the light of the Divine.' "

This is his metaphysical argument in a nutshell.

THE PSYCHOLOGICAL ARGUMENT

Let us discuss his psychological argument. According to him consciousness is the effect of the awakening of the self, and is maintained by constant changes in the mental vista. He says:—

دمادم نقش ہاے تازہ ریزد
بیک صورت قرار زندگی نیست
اگر امروز تو تصویر دوش است
بخاک تو شرار زندگی نیست

" Every moment new impressions are created,
Life does not stick to one condition,
If thy to-day is like thy yesterday,
Thou hast no spark of life in thee."

His psychological analysis assumes two separate centres, the soul and the mind. The five senses, intellect, imagination, and feelings of pleasure and pain form part of the mind. Love represents the soul force that keeps the *appetite centre* in order. But as "it is the nature of the self to manifest

itself" desire and purpose come into existence, and save "the little dust from becoming a tomb." Desire is a message from love to beauty—the purpose, the ideal. Desire is the one charm for conquest, with which life is occupied. Love thus is the all-assimilative power of action that tries to absorb beauty, and to realise the ideal. The mental power, the appetite centre, often sounds discordant notes; it is love that creates harmony. Desire thus is "a noose for hunting ideals and a binder of the book of deeds," and is impelled by love, that directs energy and activity towards destination and saves the self from going astray.

THE ETHICAL ARGUMENT

Iqbal's ethical argument shows that according to him self is the atom of life in the universe, and its existence is due to the formation of desires. The self is not to be annihilated, but to be strenghthened at all cost. "It lives by bathing itself in blood." Iqbal says :—

بہر یک گل خون صد گلشن کند از پئے یک نغمہ صد شیون کند

"For the sake of a single rose it destroys a hundred rose gardens,
And makes a hundred lamentations in quest of a single melody."

And what is the excuse for this wastefulness and cruelty ?—the shaping and perfecting of spiritual beauty. Says he :—

حسن شیرین عذر درد کوہکن نافۂ عذر صد آہوے ختن
سوز پیہم قسمت پروانہ ہا شمع عذر محنت پروانہ ہا

خامهٔ او نقش صد امروز بست   تا بیارد صبح فردائے بدست
شعلہ ہاے او صد ابراھیم سوخت   تا چراغ یک محمد برفروخت

"The loveliness of *Shirin* justifies the anguish of *Farhad*,
The fragrant navel justifies a hundred musk deer,
'Tis the fate of moths to consume in flame;
The suffering of moths is justified by the candle.
The pencil of the self limned a hundred to-days,
In order to achieve the dawn of a single morrow.
Its flames burned a hundred Abrahams,
That the lamp of one Mohammad might be lighted."

As "it is the nature af the self to manifest itself" desire and purpose come into being. Desire is to be nourished, and the love of purpose mobilises all the resources of the self to achieve the object of desire. The resources consist of nose, hand, brain, eye, and ear, thought, imagination, feeling, memory and understanding. These forces march into the arena of time in order to catch the ideal. The love of ideal thus keeps alive desire, and maintains the life of the self. The ideal thus is a necessity and the love of it strengthens the self.

Unrealised Ideal is the Essence of Life

According to Iqbal "desire to sing provides the nightingale with beak," and "desire to have elegant gait bestows legs on the partridge." He regards desire so very necessary that he rejects its satisfaction. He seems to think that an unrealised ideal is the essence of life. He would prefer circuitous way to the destination. He would even go so far as to say:—

من از ذوق سفر آن گونہ مستم
کہ منزل پیش من جز سنگ رہ نیست

"I am so much enamoured of journey,
That the destination itself is but an obstacle in my way."

He puts it into Satan's mouth thus :—

تو نہ شناسی ھنوز شوق بمیرد ز وصل
چیست حیات دوام؟ سوختن ناتمام

"Thou dost not know yet that love is killed by associating with the beloved,
What is eternal life? It is the never-completed burning."

Iqbal has again put forward the same idea through the mouth of Satan in the Javidnama. After meeting Mansur Hellaj, Ghalib, and Tahira Iqbal meets Satan and asks him "to give up separation" from his Master. What passes after the question is thus expressed by the poet :—

گفت " ساز زندگی سوز فراق
اے خوشا سرمستیٔ روز فراق
بر لبم از وصل مے ناید سخن
وصل اگر خواھم نہ او ماند نہ من "

"He replied 'the pang of separation constitutes the instrument of life;
I hail the relish of ecstasy brought about by separation.
I never entertain the wish that I may meet the beloved;
If I ever do so, neither will He nor will I be any more."

The poet again tells us how he maintains desire. Says he :—

چو نظر قرار گیرد بہ نگار خوبروئے
تپد آن زمان دل من پئے خوبتر نگارے

زشرر ستارہ جویم زستارہ آفتابے
سر منزلے ندارم کہ بمیرم از قرارے

" When my vision is arrested by a beloved's beauty,
My heart then burns to have a more beautiful beloved.
I seek the star from the spark, then a sun from the star,
I do not think of destination, as rest tolls my death-knell."

Iqbal again beautifully expresses the same idea thus :—

مطرب مے خانہ دوش نکتۂ دلکش سرود
بادہ چشیدن خطاست بادہ کشیدن رواست

" The musician of the tavern, yesterday, brought forth a tune,
That the tasting of wine is forbidden but its distillation is allowed."

The following verses again emphasise the same point :—

زجوئے کہکشان بگذر ز نیل آسمان بگذر
ز منزل دل بمیرد گرچہ باشد منزل ماھے

" Swim through the river of the milkyway, and traverse the blue firmament,
Destination, though it be the moon itself, tolls the death-knell of the heart."

گرچہ مے دانم خیال منزل ایجاد من است
در سفر از پا نشستن ہمت مردانہ نیست
ھر زمان یک تازہ جولان گاہ مے خواھم ازو
تا جنون فرمائے من گوید دگر ویرانہ نیست

" Though I know that the idea of destination is one of my own creation,
Yet to give it up in the onward march is the very negation of manly courage.
I go on seeking new fields from Him every moment
Till the Love-ordainer is constrained to own that He has no other space available.'

Love is a Necessity for the Self

The law of development demands that the self should also take the offensive in order to expand. This weapon is love, with which God has armed it, as distinguished from the five senses and other mental powers, that are the defence weapons. Love, which is the all-assimilative power of action, thus strengthens the self and is "the cause of the radiance of its being, and the development of its unknown possibilities." Love always has its ideal—the light-house that directs its energies to cruise aright, *e.g.*, Prophet Mohammad is an ideal for a Muslim lover to attain.

The relation existing between life, desire, love and beauty is thus expressed by the poet:—

زندگی مضمون تسخیر است و بس
آرزو افسون تسخیر است و بس
زندگی صید افگن و دام آرزو
حسن را از عشق پیغام آرزو

"Life is occupied with conquest alone,
And the one charm for conquest is desire.
Life is the hunter and desire the snare,
Desire is love's message to beauty."

Thus according to the poet Love is extremely necessary because it strengthens the self. He says:—

عاشقی محکم شو از تقلید یار
تا کمند تو شود یزدان شکار
اندکے اندر حرای دل نشین
ترک خود کن سوئے حق هجرت گزین

محکم از حق شو سوئے خود گام زن !
لات و عزاے هوس را سر شکن

“ Be a lover constant in devotion to thy beloved,
That thou mayst cast thy noose and capture God.
Sojourn for a while on the “ Hira ” of the heart
Abandon self and flee to God.
Strengthened by God, return to thyself,
And break the “ Lat ” and “ Uzza ” of sensuality. ”

In fact this human love that creates purpose and desire is the envy of angels.

The poet says :—

سینه کشاده جبرئیل از بر عاشقان گذشت
تا شررے باو فتد ز آتش آرزوے تو

“ Gabrael passed through the lap of lovers with open breast,
So that it may have a spark from the fire of yearning for thee. ”

Even Satan claims to have the pangs of love. Iqbal makes him say in the Javidnama :—

تا نصیب از درد آدم داشتم
قهر یار از بهر او نگذاشتم

“ As I also was fortunate to possess the heart-burning of man,
I did not allow the wrath of the Beloved to be monopolised by man alone.”

Sual IS BAD

The poet regards *Sual*, that is, asking or begging as highly detrimental to the existence of the self. He says “all that is achieved without personal effort comes under *Sual* or asking.” Iqbal loves the man, who suffers deprivation but does not incur obligation. He Says :—

اے خنک آں تشنه کاندر آفتاب
مے نخواهد از خضر یک جام آب

ترجبین از خجلت سائل نہ شد
شکل آدم ماند و مشت گل نہ شد

" Happy the man, who thirsting in the Sun,
Does not crave of Khizr a cup of water,
His brow is not moist with the shame of beggary,
He is a man still, not a piece of clay."

He despises *Sual* so much that he says :—

مرا از شکستن چناں عار ناید
کہ از دیگراں خواستن مومیائی

" I do not shun the hurt so much,
As to beg for the balm from others."

He makes Satan taunt God in the following strain :—

من زتنک مائگاں گدیہ نکردم سجود
قاهر بے دوزخم داور بے محشرم

" I do not beg for prostrations from low creatures,
I am the Terrible without a Hell, I am the Just without the
the Day of Judgment."

In his hatred of asking he even goes so far as to advise us to construct a life of our own. Adam rejected the set life of Paradise, and adopted one as his own. Iqbal says in his poem "The Khizr-i-Rah":—

اپنی دنیا آپ پیدا کر اگر زندوں میں ھے
سر آدم ھے ضمیر کن فکاں ھے زندگی
زندگانی کی حقیقت کوہکن کے دل سے پوچھ
جوئے شیر و تیشہ و سنگ گراں ھے زندگی

" Create thine own elements, if thou art living,
Life is the secret of Adam, and the conscience of the universe;
Ask from *Kohkan* about the essence of life,
And he will say that the stream of milk, the adze, and the solid
rocks constitute his life."

We should not like the mirror be monopolised by others' reflection. Those who ape the Westerners are veritable beggars, who ask for the "*foreign sheen.*" We should "beware of incurring obligations," and "come down from camel like Omar." People often bow to circumstances and do in Rome as the Romans do. But Iqbal calls upon us to make the world bow to us in the following strain :—

خیز و خلاق جہان تازہ شو
شعلہ در بر کن خلیل آوازہ شو
با جہان نا مساعد ساختن
ہست در میدان سپر انداختن
مردے خود دارے کہ باشد پختہ کار
با مزاج او بسازد روزگار
گر نسازد با مزاج او جہان
مے شود جنگ آزما با آسمان
بر کند بنیاد موجودات را
مے دہد ترکیب نو ذرات را
گردش ایام را برہم زند
چرخ نیلی فام را برہم زند
مے کند از قوت خود آشکار
روزگار نو کہ باشد سازگار
در جہان نتوان اگر مردانہ زیست
ہمچو مردان جان سپردن زندگی ست

" Arise and create a new world,
Wrap thyself in flames, be an Abraham !
To comply with this ill-starred world
Is to fling away thy buckler on the field of battle.

The man of strong character who is master of himself
Will find fortune complaisant.
If the world does not comply with his humour,
He will try the hazard of war with Heaven;
He will dig up the foundations of the universe
And cast its atoms into a new mould.
He will subvert the course of time
And wreck the azure firmament.
By his own strength he will produce
A new world which will do his pleasure.
If one cannot live in the world as beseems a man,
It is true life to give up one's soul."

Iqbal lays so much emphasis on the avoidance of asking that although a zealous Muslim to the core of his heart he exhorts the unbeliever to be worthy of unbelief. He makes the Sheikh address the Brahman in the following strain :—

من نگویم از بتان بیزار شو　　کافری شایستهٔ زنار شو
ای امانت دار تهذیب کهن !　　پشت پا بر مسلک آبا مزن

گر ز جمعیت حیات ملت است
کفر هم سرمایهٔ جمعیت است

تو که هم در کافری کامل نهٔ　　در خور طوف حریم دل نهٔ
مانده ایم از جادهٔ تسلیم دور　　تو ز آذر من ز ابراهیم دور

" I do not bid thee abandon thine idols,
Art thou an unbeliever? Then be worthy of the badge of unbelief.
O inheritor of ancient culture,
Turn not thy back on the path thy fathers trod!
If a people's life is derived from unity,
Unbelief, too, is a source of unity;
Thou that art not even a perfect infidel,
Art unfit to worship at the shrine of the spirit.
We both are far astray from the road of devotion,
Thou art from Azar, and I from Abraham."

A Marhata saint says:—

" *Chatak* turns from stream and lake,

Only rain his thirst can slake."

Similarly the Muslim should taste the wine of the date, and the Brahman the water of the Ganges.

We are here reminded of the scene in the Sanskrit play where Sakuntala tries to bring home to King Dushyanta the factum of their marriage, and says :—" When we were sitting one day in a jasmine bower, you tipped some water from a lotus blossom into the hollow of your hand. Just then my little fawn came towards us; and before drinking yourself, you offered the water to her. But she would not take it from the hand of a stranger. However, when I gave the water from my own hand, she drank it, and you smiled my lord and said 'every creature naturally trusts his own kind.' "

The following verses also bring out the same idea :—

در جوئے روان ما بے منت طوفانے
یک موج اگر خیزد آن موج زجیحون بہ

" If without obligation to the flood there appears in our flowing stream
A wave —— that wave is better than the River Oxus."

اے خوش آن جوئے تنک مایہ کہ از ذوق خودی
در دل خاک فرو رفت و بدریا نرسید

" Happy is the small stream that through regard for the self
Goes down into the heart of the dust, but does not lose .itself into the sea."

پشیمان شو اگر لعلے زمیراث پدر خواهی
کجا عیش برون آوردن لعلے کہ درسنگ است

" Regret, if thou chanceth to wish for inheritance from thy father,
The happiness of taking out the ruby from inside the stone is immeasurable."

Negation of the Self Should be Avoided

Iqbal tells us that the negation of the self is to be deprecated because it is a doctrine invented by the subject races to sap and weaken the character of the strong, and relates the story of the sheep and the tiger. The tigers preyed upon the sheep and the latter then preached to them the cult of self-negation, with the result that the tigers gave up flesh-eating, and took to grazing. They lost sharpness of claws and teeth, lost all spirit, or in other words " the sheen departed from their mirror." The exhortation of the sheep is a piece of sophistry and Iqbal puts it thus :—

هر کہ باشد تند و زور آور شقی است
زندگی مستحکم از نفی خودی است
روح نیکان از علف یابد غذا
تارک اللحم است مقبول خدا
ذرہ شو صحرا مشو گر عاقلی
تا ز نور آفتاب برخوری
اے کہ مے نازی بذبح گوسفند
ذبح کن خود را کہ باشی ارجمند
زندگی را مے کند ناپائدار
جبر و قہر و انتقام و اقتدار

سبزہ پامال است و روید بار بار
خواب مرگ از دیدہ شوید بار بار
غافل از خود شو اگر فرزانۂ
گر ز خود غافل نۂ دیوانۂ
چشم بند و گوش بند و لب بہ بند
تا رسد فکر تو بر چرخ بلند
این علف زار جہان ہیچ است ہیچ
تو برین موہوم اے نادان مپیچ

"Whoso is violent and strong is miserable;
Life's solidity depends on self-denial.
The spirit of the righteous is fed by the fodder:
The vegetarian is pleasing unto God.
If you are sensible, you will be mote of sand not a *Sahara*,
So that you may enjoy the sunbeams.
O thou that delightest in the slaughter of sheep,
Slay thyself, and thou wilt have honour!
Life is rendered unstable,
By violence, oppression, revenge, and exercise of power.
Though trodden underfoot the grass grows up time after time
And washes the sleep of death from its eye again and again.
Forget thyself, if thou art wise!
If thou dost not forget thyself, thou art mad.
Close thine eyes, close thine ears, close thy lips,
That thy thought may reach the lofty sky!
This pasturage of the world is naught:
O fool, do not torment thyself for a phantom."

"Personality is a state of tension, and can continue only if that state is maintained. If the state of tension is not maintained, relaxation will ensue." These are the words contained in Iqbal's letter to Dr. Nicholson. The doctrines of pseudo-mystics, the religions that preach "*Nirvana*" and annihilation, and the systems that inculcate meekness

are all to be discarded: they all presage decline, and hold death rather than life as the ideal. The souls die, and bodies become tombs—Iqbal says :—

زور تن کاهید و خوف جان فزود
خوف جان سرمایهٔ همت ربود
صد مرض پیدا شد از بے همتی
کوتهی دستی بیدلی دون همتی

"Bodily strength diminished while spiritual fear increased;
Spiritual fear robbed them of courage.
Lack of courage produced a hundred diseases,
Poverty, pusillanimity, low-mindedness."

It is for this reason that Iqbal criticises Plato "*the sheep in man's clothing*," who dissolved life into an idea, an apparition, a mirage. All of the philosophical systems mentioned above construct a life that is in fact degradation, but is wrongly considered as "*moral culture*." The Westerners hold the torch of civilization, and show a certain path to the weaker nations. It holds their gaze, and keeps them in perpetual degradation. Iqbal comes as a warning to the aggressive nations and as a *Messiah* for the weaker ones. But instead of degrading tigers into lambs, he turns lambs into lions. But Iqbal's lions are not offensive. Just as Othello does not lose our sympathy despite murderous intentions—and just as Shylock does not forfeit our admiration despite his callous nature, similarly Iqbal's ideal is a loveable lion that appeals to the heart.

On the other hand there are systems that yearn for a place where :—

" No wind of good or ill
Shall enter (there)
But peace supremely still,
Supremely fair."

Iqbal Loves Pain and Dangers

There are again modern ideas that try to minimise labour and pain. The stoics, the materialists, and the Epicurians all shun suffering, pain, danger, and storm. But Iqbal regards these ideas as leading towards relaxation. He, on the other hand, loves pain, suffering, dangers, obstacles, and enemies that " whet the sword of resolution." He dislikes Paradise because no suffering, no pang, and no labour is to be found there. He does not even like to take the road to " *Ka'aba*" as the way is free from dangers on account of its being the sanctuary of peace. He regards the enemy as the rain-cloud that gives life to crops, and opines that enemies multiply the pleasures of strife, and make a man conscious of his own strength. Iqbal loves dangers and pain. He says:—

ولیکن من نہ رانم کشتی خویش
بدریائے کہ موجش بے نہنگ است

" But I do not row my boat
Through a river the waves of which do not contain a crocodile."

Addressing the flower he says :—

تمنا آبرو کی ہو اگر گلزار ہستی میں
تو کانٹوں میں اُلجھ کر زندگی کرنے کی خو کر لے

" If thou hast an aspiration for glory in the garden of existence,
Cultivate the habit of living amongst thorns."

At another place he says :—

لاؤں وہ تنکے کہیں سے آشیانے کے لئے
بجلیاں بیتاب ہوں جن کو جلانے کے لئے

"Let me procure from somewhere those straws for my nest,
For burning which the lightnings are restlessly longing."

Dangers, he says, are the test of power, and turn potentialities into realities. He reaches the extreme when he says:—

بہ کیش زندہ دلاں زندگی جفا طلبی است
سفر بکعبہ نکردم کہ راہ بے خطر است

"According to the creed of the living, life lies in inviting dangers,
I did not undertake a journey to *Ka'aba*, the sanctuary of peace, because its path is not beset with dangers."

The East seeks rest, calm, and tranquility, but Iqbal wants restless activity, and thinks that an unrealised ideal is the essence of life, an unsuccessful attempt is worth a thousand successes, and in the atmosphere of love journey is better than destination. He regards destination as an obstacle, and circuitous way better than destination. He like the wave seems to say:—

هستم اگر میروم — گر نہ روم نیستم

"If I roll, I am
If I roll not, I am naught."

All those teachings that shun labour, danger, pain, and restlessness throw us into degradation; but many of us foolishly believe that they constitute true culture. Ghalib also says :—

ایک ھنگامے پہ موقوف ھے گھر کی رونق
نوحۂ غم ھی سہی نغمۂ شادی نہ سہی

"The glory and splendour of one's home depends upon noise and din,
If the din is not one of rejoicing it ought to be one of lamentation."

THE OUTER SELF SHOULD BE STRONG, AND THE INNER SOFT

The Western heart is hard like stone, whilst the Eastern heart is too liquid. The one never melts, the other never solidifies. But Iqbal requires that we should become the bud of love, and tremble at the very touch of breeze, but at the same time we should be hard like stone in the struggle of life. He says:—

تنے پیدا کن از مشت غبارے
تنے محکم تر از سنگین حصارے
درون او دل درد آشنائے
چو جوئے در کنار کوھسارے

"Develop a body from thy handful of dust—
A body stronger than the impregnable fort;
And place thy restless heart in it,
Like the rivulet in the midst of mountains."

SOME WEAKNESSES THAT SHOULD BE AVOIDED

Iqbal further says that man should be a lamb before God, and a lion in the field of life. According to Iqbal spite is the sole weapon of mean spirits. "End justifies the means" is a maxim that is to be deprecated. In the same way mercy out of season amounts to coolness of life's blood, and to a break in the rhythm of life. Says Iqbal:—

حربۂ دون همتان کین است و بس
زندگی را این یک آئین است و بس
زندگانی قوت پیدا ستے
اصل او از ذوق استیلا ستے
عفو بیجا سردئی خون حیات
سکتۂ در بیت موزون حیات
هرکہ در قعر مذلت ماندہ است
ناتوانی را قناعت خواندہ است

"Mean spirits have no weapon but spite,
This is their one rule of life.
But life is power made manifest,
And its mainspring is the desire for victory.
Mercy out of season is a coldness of life's blood,
A break in the rhythm of life's music.
Whoever is sunk in the depths of ignominy
Calls his weakness contentment."

Iqbal again details certain weaknesses that to the naked eye appear virtues. He says:—

ناتوانی زندگی را رهزن است
بطنش از خوف و دروغ آبستن است
از مکارم اندرون او تهی است
شیرش از بهر ذمائم فربهی است
هوشیار! اے صاحب عقل سلیم
در کمین هامے نشیند این غنیم
گر خردمندی فریب او مخور
مثل حربا هر زمان رنگش دگر
شکل او اهل نظر نشناختند
پردہ‌ها بر روئے او انداختند

گاہ اورا رحم و نرمی پردہ دار
گاہ مے پوشد ردائے انکسار
گاہ او مستور در مجبوری است
گاہ پنہان در تہ معذوری است
چہرہ در شکل تن آسانی نمود
دل زدست صاحب قوت ربود

" Weakness is the plunderer of life,
Its womb is teeming with fears and lies;
Its soul is empty of virtues,
Its milk is a fattening for vices.
O man of sound judgment, beware!
This spoiler is lurking in ambush.
Be not his dupe, if thou art wise,
Chameleon-like, he changes colour every moment.
Even by keen observers his form is not discerned,
Veils are thrown over his face;
Now he is muffled in pity and gentleness,
Now he wears the cloak of humility.
Sometimes he is disguised as a victim of oppression.
Sometimes as one whose sins are to be excused.
He appears in the shape of self-indulgence,
And robs the strong man's heart of courage."

IQBAL SETS A STANDARD OF LITERATURE

The development of the self depends to a very large extent on the kind of literature and the mass of ideas that gain currency in society. "Give me the making of a country's ballads, and I care not who has the reins of it" is a well-known saying. An English General is said to have remarked that the battle of Waterloo was won on the plains of Eton. Iqbal differentiates between what is spurious and what is genuine literature. Like Plato he lays down the test for good and bad literature. But while Plato allows all that literature which makes

us drowse, there is no place for such literature in Iqbal's scheme. According to Iqbal if it is *steeped in opium* the product is weak, but if it is vitalising, the product is strong. He exhorts us to purge literature of all spurious matter. Iqbal gives us a standard for achieving this object. He says:—

اے میان کیسہ ات نقد سخن　　بر عیار زندگی اورا بزن

"Oh, if thou hast the coin of poesy in thy purse,
Rub it on the touchstone of life."

Iqbal deprecates the kind of literature, that represents life as mirage and resolves it into an illusion. He would run down such spurious literature as was produced by Machaeville.

THE DEVELOPMENT OF THE SELF—
THE FIRST STAGE

Iqbal further tells us that the self should be educated and trained in order to become perfect. It has to go through three stages. The self cannot be left unbridled. It must first cultivate the habit of obedience. Like the camel the self should toil, and carry the burden of duty perseveringly and with patience, says he:—

در اطاعت کوش اے غفلت شعار!
مے شود از جبر پیدا اختیار

"Endeavour to obey O heedless one:
Liberty is the fruit of compulsion."

Iqbal in this connection emphasises the fact that obedience to law is a source of strength to the self. One should become the prisoner of law.

Says he:—

باد را زندان گل خوشبو کند
قید بورا نافهٔ آهو کند
می زند اختر سوئی منزل قدم
پیش آئینی سر تسلیم خم
سبزه بر دین نمو روئیده است
پائمال از ترک آن گردیده است
قطره ها دریاست از آئین وصل
ذره ها صحراست از آئین وصل
باطن هر شی ز آئینی قوی
تو چرا غافل ازین سامان روی
باز ای آزاد دستور قدیم
زینت پا کن همان زنجیر سیم
شکوه سنج سختی آئین مشو
از حدود مصطفی بیرون مرو !

"The wind when enthralled by the rose becomes fragrance;
Confinement makes the navel of the musk-deer all perfume.
The star moves towards its goal
With head bowed in surrender to law.
The grass springs up in obedience to the law of growth,
When it abandons that, it is trodden underfoot.
Drops of water become a sea by the law of union,
And grains of sand become a *Sahara*.
Since law makes everything strong within,
Why dost thou neglect this source of strength ?
O thou that art emancipated from the old custom!
Adorn thy feet once more with the same fine silver chain.
Do not complain of the hardness of law,
Do not transgress the statutes of MOHAMMAD."

Iqbal expresses the same idea of disciplinary compulsion in his Javidnama, and puts its into the mouth of Hellaj thus:—

جبر دین مرد صاحب همت است
جبر مردان از کمال قوت است!
پخته مردے پخته تر گردد ز جبر
جبر مرد خام را آغوش قبر!
جبر خالد عالمے برهم زند
جبر ما بیخ و بن ما بر کند!

" Man of true mettle has compulsion as his creed,
Vitality at its zenith gives birth to such compulsion.
The strong becomes more firm through it,
But the weak, if compelled, embraces the grave.
Khalid under compulsion turns down a whole world,
But we under the same conditions are simply undone."

The Second Stage

دوسرا مرحلہ

The second stage that the self must pass through in order to become disciplined and strong is self-control. Iqbal says:—

هر که بر خود نیست فرمانش روان
مے شود فرمان پذیر از دیگران

" He that does not command himself
Becomes a receiver of commands from others."

Then Iqbal details the various kinds of fears and attachments, that stand as obstacles in the way of self-control, *e.g.*, fear of the world, fear of life, fear of after-life, and fear of misfortunes: love for power and wealth, for country, for relatives and for wife. Belief in one God in the true sense dispels all fears, and frees a man from the bonds of relationship. Iqbal says:—

مے کند از ما سوا قطع نظر   مے نهد ساطور بر حلق پسر

" He withdraws his gaze from all except God,
And lays the knife to the throat of his son. "

In fact, true man controls himself so much that on every point, and at every moment he is engaged in war with his own elements. Iqbal makes the Indian Sage say:—

مرد مومن زندہ و با خود بجنگ
برخود افتد همچو بر آهو پلنگ

"The Faithful pulsates with life but goes on waging war on the self,
He attacks his own self in the same way as the leopard pounces upon the deer."

Such a man——

با یکی مثل هجوم لشکر است
جان بچشم او ز باد ارزان تر است

"Though single, he is like a host in onset,
Life is cheaper in his eyes than wind."

Dr. Iqbal thinks that belief in God and His commands confers self-control, and goes on to describe how the prayer of the Faithful is a kind of little pilgrimage that like a dagger kills sin and wrong in Muslim hands; how fasting represents an assault on thirst and hunger, the two citadels of sensuality; how the pilgrimage to the Holy Land teaches separation from one's home, and destroys the ultra attachment to the native land; how alms-giving causes love of riches to pass away, and makes equality familiar; and how it increases wealth but diminishes fondness for wealth. Thus according to Iqbal the main practical principles of Islam are all meant to cultivate and develop self-control, which is thus obviously a source of great strength, and makes the

Muslim easily ride and control "*the camel of his body.*"

تیسرا اور آخری مرحلہ

THF THIRD AND THE FINAL STAGE

When these two preliminary stages are over the man becomes the superman, fit to act as the vicegerent of God upon Earth, and to excercise "*his sway over the elements.*" We have separately dealt with the subject in our chapter "The Conquest of Nature and the Original Sin of Man," and need not repeat what has been said therein. Such supermen wake and sleep for God alone; bring messages and warnings, influence all around them, purge sanctuaries of idols, lead Israelites from Egypt, give a new life to dead spirits, and lead the world on towards betterment and glory. Dr. Iqbal explains himself by referring to the two names of Ali, *viz.*, "*Bu Turab*" and "*The Hand of God.*" *Bu Turab* he was called because he had subdued "the body's clay," the self. He was called the *Hand of God* because he did every thing for the sake of God. In the same way supermen have complete control over themslves, and having created the qualities of Godhood, God in a way works through them, and they are thus aptly called the Hands of God. Iqbal reaches the acme of *Khudi* when he says:—

تراشیدم صنم بر صورت خویش
بشکل خود خدا را نقش بستم
مرا از خود برون رفتن محال است
بہر رنگے کہ ہستم خود پرستم

"I modelled my beloved according to my own features,
I conceived God in the light of my own face;

I cannot go out of my self,
In whatever condition I am I worship my own self."

Such supermen are very truthful; they avoid misconceived gentleness, and misplaced mercy. They never allow such weaknesses as contentment, spite, love for ease and comfort, the so-called moral culture, so vehemently preached by the sheep to the lion, to enter into their scheme of things. They gain knowledge of life's mysteries, ignore all except God, and are thus in a sense very stern and strict. According to Iqbal the purpose of man's creation was to make him true *Vicegerent of God* upon Earth in the long run—when he conquers nature, and holds sway over all its forces.

Another fine example of the highest point of *Khudi* is furnished by the following verses of Iqbal, wherein he identifies man with Divinity. He says in a mood of ecstasy :—

درون سینۂ ما دیگرے! چہ بوالعجبی است!
کرا خبر کہ توئی یا کہ ما دوچار خودیم ؟
کشاے پردہ ز تقدیر آدم خاکی
کہ ما بہ رھگذر تو در انتظار خودیم

"How surprising it is that some one else should pervade our bosom!
Who can with certainty know whether we are enjoying Thy sight or are facing our own self?
Remove the curtain from the destiny ordained for the man of dust,
As we are waiting for our own self even in Thy path."

Iqbal has so much regard for his superman that he makes God long for his advent. He says :—

ما از خدائے گم شدہ ایم او بجستجوست
چون ما نیازمند و گرفتار آرزوست
گاھے بہ برگ لالہ نویسد پیام خویش
گاھے درون سینۂ مرغان بہ ھاؤ ھوست
در نرگس آرمید کہ بیند جمال ما
چندان کرشمہ دان کہ نگاھش بہ گفتگوست
آھے سحر گہے کہ زند در فراق ما
بیرون و اندرون زبر و زیر و چارسوست
ھنگامہ بست ازپئے دیدار خاکئے
نظارہ را بہانہ تماشائے رنگ و بوست
پنہان بذرہ ذرہ و نا آشنا ھنوز
پیدا چو ماھتاب و بآغوش کاخ و کوست
در خاکدان ماگہر زندگی گم است
این گوھرے کہ گم شدہ مائیم یا کہ اوست ؟

"God lost us in the first instance and is now searching for us,
He is like us the captive of love and desire.
He sometimes writes His message on the petals of the tulip,
And sometimes pervades the bosom of the birds with noisy din.
He rested in the narcissus to have a glimpse of our beauty,
So strong is our magic that His look at us has become eloquent.
The sigh that He heaves at dawn in the agony of separation from us
Diffuses itself in all directions.
He raised a tempest to see the man of clay,
The observation of the colour and the fragrance is only a pretext for the love of sight.
Hidden is He in every atom, and yet a stranger!
Shining like the Moon, and yet in the shade of houses and streets!
The pearl of life is wanting in our clay house,
Does He or do we constitute that lost pearl?"

CHAPTER X

IQBAL ON SOCIETY

نغمہ کجا و من کجا ساز سخن بہانہ ایست
سوئے قطار مے کشم ناقۂ بے زمام را

" I and the music are poles asunder, and the instrument of poetry is a mere pretext,
I am in reality driving the reinless camel to a line."

We now come to that part of the poet's thought which deals with society. The attention paid to the individual self by Iqbal might lead one to think that he turns men into ferocious and selfish lions. Some of the people have actually expressed the opinion that Iqbal has drawn the sword of the self out of the human scabbard in such a Kaisar-like manner, that it is impossible to sheathe it again. The second part of the Masnavi "The Mysteries of Selflessness," however, makes it clear that it is not so, it tells us where to draw the line, and when to sacrifice the individual self for the sake of society. "*Asrar*" and "*Ramuz*" are the two inseparable parts of the poet's thought; which when taken together present the subject in a complete form.

Iqbal says:—

از بہر آشیانہ خس اندوزیم نگر
باز این نگر کہ شعلۂ درگیرم آرزوست

" First look at my collection of straws to build the nest,

Then mark my desire to have those straws set on fire."

To the superficial, there might appear to be an inconsistency in Iqbal's thought, but a careful study of both the parts would show that Iqbal wants the preservation of the self as well as its maintenance to a certain limit, where if need arises, the self ought to be sacrificed in the best interests of society as a whole. After these preliminary remarks we now proceed to discuss the argument contained in the second part of the *Masnavi*.

Society is a Necessity

Man is a social animal, and is a living tomb without society. The individual interests clash, and thus arises the necessity of obedience to some laws and the need of self-control, the two essentials of an individual's training. Seen in this light society is the very essence of an individual's development, which is only possible if there is a society. There can be no place for Robinson Crusoes in the social scheme. Iqbal says:—

فرد را ربط جماعت رحمت است
جوهر او را کمال از ملت است

> "Attachment to society is a blessing for the individual,
> His worth attains its zenith through society."

He warns us against living alone, and thus turning ourselves into Devil's workshops, says he:—

حرز جان کن گفتهٔ خیرا لبشر
هست شیطان از جماعت دور تر

> "Keep the Prophet's saying as charm for life,
> That the Devil lives far away from society."

INFLUENCE OF SOCIETY

Social traditions are always leaving their mark to guide the coming generations, and the individuals are thus automatically guided towards the goal. If any individual gives up the path of his society, the result is disastrous. Iqbal says :—

فرد تنہا از مقاصد غافل است
قوتش آشفتگی را مائل است

"The solitary individual is negligent of purpose ;
His powers tend towards disruption."

The interaction of the individual and the society is thus expressed by the poet :—

فرد می گیرد ز ملّت احترام   ملّت از افراد می یابد نظام

"The individual acquires position and prestige through society,
And society gets arranged through individuals."

Iqbal marks the necessity of incentive, competition, and moral checks, and says :—

در دلش ذوق نمو از ملّت است
احتساب کار او از ملّت است

"Love of growth in the self is due to society,
And society calls it to account for its doings."

The individual grows on imbibing the thoughts and feelings of society, and at last himself becomes the society in miniature. The poet says :—

پخته تر از گرمیِ صحبت شود   تا بمعنی فرد هم ملت شود

"The warmth of association makes him mature,
And in a way the individual becomes a society himself."

How beautifully has the poet expressed the result of a man severing his connections with his society, his element; he says :—

لفظ چون از بیت خود بیرون نشست
گوھر مضمون بجیب خود شکست
برگ سبزے کز نہال خویش ریخت
از بہاران تار اُمیدش گسیخت
ھرکہ آب از زمزم ملت نہ خورد
شعلہ ھاے نغمہ درعودش فسرد

"When a word is taken out of its verse,
It causes the sense to be lost.
The green leaf that falls from the branch
Loses all hopes of enjoying the spring.
He, who does not drink from the fountain of society,
Will find that the fire of his melodies dies out in him."

The work of society is to provide brakes for the random marches of the individual. The cycle of the self goes on in the world, but at every turn and crossing the social brakes keep it within control, and save it from clashes with other individuals. These seeming limitations, in fact, contribute to his freedom. In society self-control is mutually beneficial, adding to the liberties of all. It creates mutual sympathy and love; says the poet :—

پا بہ گل مانند شمشادش کند — دست و پا بندد کہ آزادش کند
جبر قطع اختیارش مے کند — از محبت مایہ دارش مے کند

"It restrains the self,
It binds it hand and foot with a view to set it free.
Compulsion cuts at its freedom,
And makes it possess love."

THE PROPER TIME FOR THE SACRIFICE OF THE SELF

Dr. Iqbal seems to think that a man should try his best to maintain, develop, extend, and preserve the self by obedience, self-control and love,

and that he should avoid all those things that are inconsistent with the maintenance of the self, *e.g.*, fear, despair, asking etc. But the individual must draw the line somewhere, and that line is indicated by the good and maintenance of the society, to which he belongs. The Doctor has illustrated his point by referring to the well-known tragedy of Karbala. Imam Hussain refused to submit to Yazid, and thus · maintained his individuality; and when the interests of Islam demaded a sacrifice, he laid down his life to eradicate the evil that had crept into Islamic Fraternity. It is for this reason that Iqbal regards the Imam as the foundation of Faith. He says :—

بہر حق در خاک و خون غلطیدہ است
پس بناء لاالہ گردیدہ است

" He writhed in blood and dust for the sake of God,
And for this reason he is the very foundation of '*There is no God but Allah*'."

The Essentials of Ideal Society

(1) Unity of Purpose

A true society must have certain attributes, *e.g.*,

قوم را اندیشہ ہا باید یکے
در ضمیرش مدّعا باید یکے
جذبہ باید در ضمیرِ او یکے
ہم عیار خوب و زشتِ او یکے
ملت از یکرنگیِ دلہاستے
روشن از یک جلوہ این سیناستے

" Society should have one thought,
Its conscience should possess one purpose,

Its heart should have one feeling,
It should have one standard for good and evil.
Society is based on the unity of hearts,
This Sinai is lit up with one light."

THE IDEAS OF COUNTRY AND RACE SHOULD BE DISCARDED

Iqbal deprecates the idea of dividing mankind into various nations, deprecates pride of race, and denounces the founding of society on love of country. He says :—

روح از تن رفت و هفت اندام ماند
آدمیت گم شد و اقوام ماند
بر نسب نازان شدن نادانی است
حکم او اندر تن و تن فانی است
اصل ملت در وطن دیدن کہ چہ
باد و آب و گل پرستیدن کہ چہ

" The soul has left the body leaving behind corpses,
Humanity has yielded place to nations.
'Tis a folly to take pride in race,
Race pervades the body which is mortal.
Why to search for the essence of community in the land of birth?
Why to worship the elements of air, water and earth? "

THE FOUNDATION OF ISLAMIC SOCIETY IS THE UNITY OF GOD

Islamic society on the other hand is founded on the unity of God. Iqbal says :—

ملت ما را اساس دیگر است
این اساس اندر دل ما مضمر است

حاضریم و دل بغائب بستہ ایم
پس زبند این و آن وارستہ ایم

" Our community has a different foundation,
This foundation is hidden in our heart.
We are visible, but love the Invisible,
And for this reason are free from all limitations."

The Muslim society embraces all countries and races, and is thus universal and cosmopolitan in character. The Prophet by his action rejected the land of birth and race as being the foundations of society—says Iqbal :—

عقدۂ قومیت ملت کشود　　از وطن آقائے ما هجرت نمود

" He solved the problem of society
Our Lord left his land of birth."

These features of Islamic Polity have been most prominently brought out by the poet through the mouth of Bu Lahab's soul— a soul that was historically the most inveterate enemy of the Prophet and Islam.

The soul complains of the Prophet's deeds and says *inter alia* :—

دل بغائب بست و از حاضر گسست
نقش حاضر را فسون او شکست
مذهب او قاطع ملک و نسب
از قریش و منکر از فضل عرب
در نگاه او یکے بالا و پست
با غلام خویش بر یک خوان نشست

" He attached himself to the Invisible and broke from the visible,
His magic broke the image of the latter,

Religion preached by him cut at the root of country and race.
He denied the superiority of the *Quraish* and the *Arab*.
The Patricians and the Plebians were equal in his eyes,
He sat at one table with his slave."

Islamic Society is Universal and Ever-Living

While all other societies are limited by time and place, the Islamic society is universal and ever-living. In fact, Iqbal is so sanguine about the permanency of this society that even the clouds of misfortune evaporate, according to him, when they reach the Islamic garden. He refers to the Turk and says :--

شعلہ ھاے انقلاب روزگار   چون بباغ ما رسد گردد بہار

" The flames of revolution and change
On reaching our garden turn into the beauty of the spring."

Why Iqbal Regards Islamic Society as the Ideal One

Iqbal has throughout his *Masnavi* given us many tests by which a true community is to be judged. He sets a standard to which the society must conform. Iqbal's standard of society explains as to why he regards Islamic brotherhood as the ideal society for mankind. It is not merely as a religious enthusiast that Iqbal lavishes praises on the Islamic Society, but it is due more to the principles that he cherishes in this respect that he allots the first place to it.

It Ennobles and Exalts the Individual

Modern nationalism regards nation as a machine, and its individual members as mere levers and pulleys. The concrete ivdividual has been driven

out of the scheme, and has been replaced by an abstract idea of nationality based on artificialities. Nation has become an automatic machine that goes on working without the least regard for individuals *qua* individuals with the result that it is devoid of many human qualities of mercy, justice, truth, and regard for word. The modern nations have thus no moral scruples at all. They are exploiting the resources of the weaker nations for their own benefit, and their own promises are so many scraps of paper.

On the other hand Islamic Brotherhood pulsates with human feelings. Jaban, the Persian Commander, was the bitterest foe of the Muslims, who had proclaimed that he should be killed if caught. During the battle he was captured by a Muslim soldier. Jaban pretended to be some one else, and succeeded in getting a promise from his captor that he would not be molested. When the Muslims came to know of his identity they demanded his execution. But Bu Obaidah, the Muslim Commander, did not agree to this demand for the reasons thus put in his mouth by our poet :—

نعرۂ حیدر نوائے بوذر است
گرچہ از حلقِ بلال و قنبر است
هر یکے از ما امین ملت است
صلح وکینش صلح وکین ملت است
ملت ار گردد اساس جان فرد
عہد ملت مے شود پیمان فرد

گرچہ جابان دشمن مابودہ است
مسلمے اورا امان بخشودہ است
خون او اے معشر خیرالانام!
بردم تیغ مسلمانان حرام

"The cry of Haider is the voice of Bu Zar,
Though it comes out of the mouth of Bilal and Qanbar.
Every one of us is a trustee of the brotherhood,
Peace and war of one is peace and war of the Fraternity;
When brotherhood is the foundation of individual life,
The individual's word becomes a national promise.
Though Jaban has been our enemy,
A Muslim has guaranteed safety to him.
His blood, therefore, O choicest of the peoples!
Is unlawful for the Muslim sword to shed."

This one incident shows how ennobling, how exalting is the effect of Islamic Society on the individual. The incident is an illustration of how Islam effects the real elevation of individual so as to bring him on a par with the Fraternity itself.

Its Laws Allow No Distinctions

Iqbal emphasises the necessity of one law for the community. In modern societies we find different laws for different people. The king has little or no legal restrictions put upon him. He can do no wrong. But in Islam from the king down to the beggar every one has the same rights and the same liabilities. If King Murad cuts the hand of the architect because the construction of a mosque by the architect did not come up to the liking of the King, the Quranic law through the Qazi comes forward to redress the wrong. Iqbal puts the might of Islamic Law into the mouth of the Qazi thus :—

گفت قاضی فی القصاص آمد حیات
زندگی گیرد ازین قانون ثبات
عبد مسلم کمتر از احرار نیست
خون شہ رنگین تر از معمار نیست

"The judge said that blood for blood is the law of life,
Life gains stability by this law.
A Muslim slave is not inferior to a free man,
The Royal blood is not more gory than that of the mason."

The decree was pronounced. The King took out his hand for being cut by way of punishment, when the mason on his own accord forgave him for the sake of God and the Prophet. This is equality par excellence—a real boon, that has been conferred by Islam on the world. It is unparralleled and grand.

Islam Aims at the Equalisation of Wealth and is on the Side of Labour

Unlike modern polities Islam is against the hoarding of wealth, and is opposed to capitalism and its representatives, the Shylocks. The way in which according to the Quranic Laws inheritance is divided, the institution of *Zakat* (compulsory payment of the poor tax out of savings) and injunctions against charging interest all point towards it. Iqbal makes Jamal-ud-Din *Afghani* give a message for the Russians. The message points out :—

چیست قرآن؟ خواجہ را پیغام مرگ
دستگیرِ بندهٔ بے ساز و برگ!
ہیچ خیر از مردکِ زرکش مجو
لن تنالوا البر حتی تنفقوا

از ربا آخر چہ مے زاید ؟ فتن !
کس ندانـد لذتِ قـرضِ حسن !
از ربا جان تیرہ دل چون خشت وسنگ
آدمی درّندہ بے دندان و چنگ
رزقِ خود را از زمین بُردن رواست
این متاع بندہ و مِلکِ خداست

" What is Quran ?—a message of death for the capitalist.
It befriends the labourer of no means.
Seek not any good from the hoarder of wealth,
' *You cannot attain to virtue unless you spend out of that, which you hold dearest.*'
The institution of *interest* creates nothing but trouble,
No body knows how sweet is the advance of a debt of honour !
Interest blackens the soul, and renders it dark as brick and stone.
It turns man into a carnivorous animal without teeth and claws.
'Tis lawful to get sustenance from the Earth,
Though the Earth forms part of man's capital, yet its ownership vests in God. "

THE NEED OF LAW FOR SOCIETY

So great is the need of law for society that it cannot do without it for a single moment. Iqbal says :—

ملتے را رفت چون آئین زدست
مثلِ خاک اجزاے او ازهم شکست
برگِ گل شد چون ز آئین بستہ شد
گل زآئین بستہ شد گلدستہ شد
نغمہ از ضبطِ صدا پیداستے
ضبط چون رفت از صدا غوغاستے

در گلوی ما نفس موج هواست
چون هوا پابند نی گردد نواست

"When society gives up the law
Like dust its particles separate from one another.
The petals when tied in order form the flower,
And flowers when bound together form the boquet.
Melody is produced by the control of voice,
When the control goes, it becomes a noise.
Breath is a mere wave of air in our windpipe,
But when it becomes amenable to flute it turns into a song."

For Islamic Society Quran is the code of laws. Its principles apply equally to the king and the beggar, to the rich and the poor, to the free and the slave. The general principles propounded therein are meant for all times and places equally well.

IDEAL SOCIETY SHOULD HAVE A CENTRE

Another important requisite for a true society is that it should have a centre. The poet says :—

حلقه را مرکز چون جان در پیکر است
خط او در نقطهٔ او مضمر است
قوم را ربط و نظام از مرکزی
روزگارش را دوام از مرکزی
تو ز پیوند حریمی زندهٔ
تا طواف او کنی پایندهٔ

"The centre is to circle what life is to body,
Its circumference is contained in its centre,
Society attains cohesion and order through the centre,
It gets permanency through it.
Thou art alive because of the Holy Places,
Thou art firm so long as thou hovereth round the *Haram*."

Very aptly does Iqbal illustrate his point by referring to the condition of the Jews, who have no centre. He says:—

عبرتے اے مسلم روشن ضمیر
از مآل اُمت موسیٰ بگیر
داد چون آن قوم مرکز را ز دست
رشتۂ جمعیت ملت شکست

"O Muslim! get lesson
From the fate of the Jews;
When that community gave up the centre,
The tie that kept it together broke."

It is for this reason that Iqbal regards Mecca as the centre of Islam, and this is why he conceives his ideal society revolving round this centre.

TRADITIONS SHOULD BE PRESERVED

Iqbal in the end tells us that for communities on the wane it is better to follow the traditions of old than to adopt innovations. He says:—

مضمحل گردد چون تقویم حیات
ملت از تقلید مے گیرد ثبات
راہِ آبا رَو کہ این جمعیت است
معنیٔ تقلید ضبطِ ملت است
در خزان اے بے نصیب از برگ و بار
از شجر مگسل بامیدِ بہار
اجتہاد اندر زمانِ انحطاط
قوم را برہم ہمے پیچد بساط
ز اجتہادِ عالمانِ کم نظر
اقتدا بر رفتگان محفوظ تر

"When the stability of life is shaken,
The community becomes firm by following traditions.
Tread the path of thy ancestors: it leads to unity,
And results in perfect order.
O thou, deprived of leaf and fruit in autumn!
Do not sever connections with the tree in anticipation of the spring.

Innovation is decline,
It turns down the community.
To follow the past is safer during the period of decadence
Than innovations of short-sighted learned men."

The inner self of the community becomes mature and firm by following the Divine Code. The Holy Prophet is the model for Muslims to follow—his sayings and doings are their guide. It is love that makes us follow the Prophet and when we act upon the Divine Code, it creates belief and confidence. A Muslim should try to follow the Prophet and acquire all his manners, as it embellishes the inner beauty of the community.

Whilst other nations have nothing but love of ease and gain as their goal, the goal of Islamic Fraternity is the preaching of the Unity of God in the true sense of the word.

The collective life develops and extends by the gradual conquest of nature, by subduing the elements, and by making the forces of nature subservient to us. Just as memory keeps the individual self alive, similarly traditions keep the community alive. Preserve the traditions, and the acme of collective life is reached. As a consequence of the influence exercised by traditions a feeling of the self is created in the community.

(صنفِ نازک اور اقبال)

IQBAL AND WOMAN

HIS REVERENCE FOR HER

In his scheme of society Iqbal does not forget the better-half of man. He has all praise for woman. She is the cause of the nations' preservation; and she must be respected. I cannot do better than quote some verses here to show the deep reverence that the poet has for woman. He says:—

نغمہ خیز از زخمۂ زن سازِ مرد
از نیازِ او دوبالا نازِ مرد
پوششِ عریانیِ مردان زن است
حسنِ دلجو عشق را پیراہن است
عشقِ حق پروردۂ آغوشِ او
این نوا از زخمۂ خاموشِ او
آنکہ نازد بر وجودش کائنات
ذکر او فرمود با طیب و صلوٰۃ
مسلمے کورا پرستارے شمرد
بہرۂ از حکمتِ قرآن نبرد
نیک اگر بینی امومت رحمت است
زآنکہ او را با نبوت نسبت است
شفقتِ او شفقتِ پیغمبر است
سیرتِ اقوام را صورتگر است
گفت آن مقصودِ حرفِ کن فکان
زیرِ پائے اُمہات آمد جنان
ملت از تکریمِ ارحام است و بس
ورنہ کارِ زندگی خام است و بس

از امومت گرم رفتار حیات
از امومت کشف اسرار حیات
از امومت پیچ و تاب جوئے ما
موج و گرداب و حباب جوئے ما

" The flute of man produces music by the touch of womanhood,
Her submission makes him doubly strong.
Woman is the dress that covers the naked man,
Charming beauty is the garb for love.
Love of God is nurtured in her lap,
This melody is due to her striking the strings.
He, in whom the universe takes pride,
Used to talk of woman very reverently.
A Muslim, who regards her a slave,
Has not benefitted by the spirit of the Quran.
If thou seest a-right motherhood is a blessing,
As it is related in a way to prophethood.
The feelings of affection entertained by her are similar to those of the Prophet,
She builds the character of nations.
The '*end of all universe*,' the Prophet said,
'Paradise lies beneath the mothers' feet',
Existence of society depends upon the regard paid to the wombs,
Life else is immature and worthless.
Mothers add to the velocity of life,
It is due to them that the secrets of life unfold.
Through the fair sex we acquire zeal and activity,
Women produce waves, bubbles, and winding sheets of water in our stream."

The Modern Woman of Extreme Views

To Iqbal the woman in the West is fast losing the qualities and charms that are so properly meant to be the monopoly of the fair sex. The feminine in her is being dislodged by the masculine. Although woman has a distinct part to play in the drama of human life, the so-called advancement in ideas has

in the West resulted in taking away the halo of glory, sanctity, piety, and importance from her; and from being a custodian of love she has come to be the brigand. *The sufferigist movement*, the feminine wish to take part in games so far reserved for men, the relaxation of rules that bound her to an oath of fidelity, the gaudy dresses, the creams, and the powders, fashion, and the vogue have all tolled the death-knell of home-life, so very essential for the preservation and ordered progress of Society. The Western woman has begun to feel disgusted with her function of maternity, and to regard the husband as merely a vogue to be adopted or discarded at her sweet will. While the interests of society demand that the institution of *home* should be as secure as anything, developments in the West have shaken its very foundation. This laxity of inter-sexual relations has futher brought about a state of affairs that compels the woman in the West to come out openly into the field of struggle for earning her living, and she has thus been mercilessly exposed to the rough and tumble of the world. She is so busy in her vocations, toilet, amusements, and such other things that hardly any time is left to her for giving any appreciable training with the touch of her own person to her children if she happens to have any. Instead of being brought up under the care of the mother children are being brought up under the care of institutions. And it is chiefly here that the shoe pinches. The proper function of mothers is to bestow their own tinge upon children, so that the coming generations may become

imbued with the national traditions and spirit, the maintenance of which alone can save a nation from falling into disintegration. But intead of this personal tinge of the living mother we have the unnatural and cold colour of the *routine* lent to them. This dulls the heart of the coming generations, and thus amounts to degradation. Instead of the sweet home, to use an Akbarism, the people have begun "to pass their lives in hotels, and to die in hospitals." The freedom with which the opposite sexes mix with each other has assumed horrible proportions—and to use the expression coined by Mahatma Gandhi, "*the minus four*" has resulted in horrible nudeness. The sexes mix freely without any let, hinderance or reservation, and indulge in merriment, eating and drinking in a truly Epicurean spirit. The sense of harmony and proportion is gone, and the mirror of the soul is becoming more and more blurred day by day. Woman who ought to have been an object of reverence has been reduced to the position of a spark that causes the gun-powder of human passions to explode. This gangrene is gradually eating up the flesh from the body of Europe, and is bound to sap its strength and vitality in the long run.

Iqbal during his sojourn on the Mars meets the virgin, the false Prophetess, "who with a bright face has no scintillation of life in her, whose eye is not moist, whose word has no touch, who is a stranger to the ecstasy of desire, whose breasts are not developed, who is ignorant of love and its laws,

and who talks of the bodily secrets openly and without reserve." The Sage of the Mars informs the poet that *Farzmarz*, the prototype of Satan on the Mars, stole her away from Europe, and brought her to the Mars. This Prophetess represents the modern woman of Europe with all her objectionable doings, ideas, and tendencies. The preaching by this false Prophetess is then reproduced as follows :—

اے زنان! اے مادران! اے خواهران!
زیستن تا کے مثال دلبران
دلبری اندر جهان مظلومی است
دلبری محکومی و محرومی است
در دو گیسو شانہ گردانیم ما
مرد را نخچیر خود دانیم ما
مرد صیادی بہ نخچیری کند
گرد تو گردد کہ زنجیری کند
خود گدازیهاے او مکر و فریب
درد و داغ و آرزو مکر و فریب
گرچہ آن کافر حرم سازد ترا
مبتلاے درد و غم سازد ترا
همبر او بودن آزار حیات
وصل او زهر و فراق او نبات
مار پیچان! از خم و پیچش گریز
زهرهایش را بخون خود مریز
از امومت زرد روئے مادران
اے خنک آزادیٔ بے شوهران

آمد آن وقتے کہ از اعجاز فن
مے توان دیدن جنین اندر بدن
گر نباشد بر مراد ما جنین
بے محابا کشتن او عین دین
در پس این عصر اعصار دگر
آشکارا گردد اسرار دگر
پرورش گیرد جنین نوع دگر
بے شب ارحام دریابد سحر
خود بخود بیرون فتد اسرار زیست
نغمہ بے مضراب بخشد تار زیست
خیز و با فطرت بیا اندر ستیز
تا ز پیکار تو حر گردد کنیز
رستن از ربطِ دو تن توحیدِ زن
حافظِ خود باش و بر مردان متن

"O wives, mothers, and sisters!
How long will you tolerate to be the beloved ones of man?
The fact of being loved amounts to victimisation in this world,
It means deprivation and thraldom.
We comb the two locks of hair,
And begin to think that man has fallen a prey to our charms.
Man hunts with the weapon of such surrender,
And hovers round you to enslave you.
His melting softness is sheer hypocrisy,
His professions—pangs, love, and agony—are all bogus.
Although this *Kafir* professes to turn you into his Ka'aba,
He involves you in trouble and pain.
His companionship tells on your life,
While contact with him is poison, aloofness from him is nectar.
He is a curling snake, avoid his curls,
And do not allow his fangs to drop poison into your blood.

Maternity makes the mothers pale,
I hail freedom from husbands.
The time is come when the magic of art
Has rendered the sight of the child in the womb possible.
If the child does not come up to our wishes
Killing it forthwith should be our creed.
Times will follow the present age
When new secrets will be divulged:
The foetus shall be nourished in a different way,
And shall see the dawn without the assistance of the night of womb.
The secret of life shall of its own accord stand divulged,
And the instrument of life shall produce tunes without assistance from the tuning-fork.
Arise, and battle with the laws of nature,
So that the struggle sets the slavish girls free.
Freedom from wedlock constitutes *unity* for women,
Guard yourselves, and do not take pride in men."

It will be said that in the above lines the poet has cast aside the cannons of chivalry, and has ruthlessly taken the privileged sex to task. But the bitter truth was to be told without any reservation in strong terms, and the poet has not failed to do so. The poet has not criticised the Western womanhood, but only that extreme form of it, which is now gaining ground in Europe and America.

The True Function of Woman

Iqbal longs to see that women discharge their true function in society, and do not make any inroads on the domain of the male. To him mothers are the very soul and foundation of character-training, and therefore are responsible for the advancement or fall of society according as they discharge their duty properly or fail to do so. He says:—

بر دمد این لاله زار ممکنات
از خیابان ریاضِ اُمہات
قوم را سرمایہ اے صاحبَ نظر
نیست از نقد و قماش و سیم و زر
مال او فرزند ہاے تندرست
تردماغ و سخت کوش وچاق وچُست
حافظِ رمزِ اخوت مادران
قوتِ قرآن و ملتِ مادران

"The tulip-bed of potentialities grows
In the garden of maternal paradise.
O possessor of vision! the wealth of a community
Does not consist of money, cash, gold, or silver;
Its capital is made up of healthy sons,
Hardy, smart, and mature.
Mothers are the custodians of the secret of Fraternity,
They are the very prop of the Quran and the community."

IQBAL AND THE NECESSITY OF THE VEIL

The frequent social intercourse between the two sexes in the West is against the spirit of Islam, and is evidently fraught with grave dangers. Segragation of the two sexes, or at least proper restrictions on their social movements are necessary in the interest of society. For this reason women should "seek privacy." The *Veil* with Iqbal symbolises the institution of rarely associating with the opposite sex. It is not the cloth that represents the *veil* but the wholesome habit of not appearing in public without necessity. The Quran does not take exception to the free movement of woman. It rather scrupulously safeguards her interests, and authorises her to transact business, to hold and manage

property herself, and to do all such things without let or hinderance as are necessary for her to do as a wife and as a mother. The only restriction put is that she should not unfold "*the decorations.*" It is the powder, the cream, the lip-stick, the antimony, the ornaments, the gaudy dresses, whose show should be scrupulously avoided. In the same way she should also take care that those parts of the body are scrupulously covered that excite passion. To Iqbal the proper function of woman is procreation and training of children. She is thus one of the creators—and according to Iqbal :—

حفظ هر نقش آفرین از خلوت است
خاتم او را نگین از خلوت است

" The safety of every creator lies in privacy,
Which privacy is the stone set in its ring."

I cannot here refrain from quoting the following verses from the Javidnama :—

ذوق تخلیق آتشے اندر بدن
از فروغ او فروغ انجمن
هر زمان بر نقش خود بندد نظر
تا نگیرد لوح او نقش دگر
مصطفی اندر حرا خلوت گزید
مدتے جز خویشتن کس را ندید
نقش مارا در دل او ریختند
ملتے از خلوتش انگیختند

از کم آمیزی تخیل زندہ تر
زندہ تر جویندہ تر یابندہ تر

" Love of procreation is a fire in the body,
Its achievements are conducive to the advancement of society.
All the time it rivets its eyes on its own product,
And does not allow its tablet to have any other impression.
Prophet Mohammad adopted the privacy of Hira,
And for long did not see anything else but his own self :
He thus conceived us,
And gave birth to a nation in this confinement."

IQBAL'S IDEAL WOMAN

For his ideal society Iqbal wants to have super-women, or to be more correct the perfect women. To him the ideal for women to achieve is Fatima, the daughter of the Prophet, the wife of Ali, and the mother of Imams Hasan and Hussain. He says :—

مزرع تسلیم را حاصل بتول
مادران را اسوۂ کامل بتول
بہر محتاجے دلش آنگونہ سوخت
با یہودے چادر خود را فروخت
نوری و هم آتشی فرمانبرش
گم رضایش در رضائے شوهرش
آن ادب پروردۂ صبر و رضا
آسیا گردان و لب قرآن سرا
گریہ هائے او ز بالین بے نیاز
گوهر افشاندے بدامان نماز

" Batul (Fatima) is the harvest of the field of submission,
She is the perfect ideal for mothers to follow.
Her heart melted so much in sympathy for a needy person
That she raised money by selling her sheet to a Jew.

The Essences of Light and Fire do her behests,
Her will is merged into the will of her husband.
She, who was brought up in the manners of forebearance and submission,
With Quranic text on her lips ground corn.
Her tears were independent of the pillow,
She dropped these pearls on the mantle of *Prayer.*"

He, therefore, particularly addresses the Muslim woman in the following strain:—

مے تراشد مهر تو اطوار ما
فکر ما گفتار ما کردار ما
اے امین نعمت آئین حق
در نفسهاے تو سوز دین حق
دور حاضر تر فروش و پر فن است
کاروانش نقد دین را رهزن است
صید او آزاد خواند خویش را
کشتهٔ او زنده داند خویش را
آب بند نخل جمعیت توئی
حافظ سرمایهٔ ملت توئی
فطرت تو جذبه ها دارد بلند
چشم هوش از اسوهٔ زهرا مبند
تا حسینے شاخ تو بار آورد
موسم پیشین بگلزار آورد

"Thy care builds our character,
It shapes our thoughts, utterances and deeds.
O custodian of the blessings of Divine Law!
Thy breath has the warmth of Divine Religion.
The present age is artful, and has brisk business,
But its caravan robs the Faith of its wealth.
Its victim wrongly regards himself free,
Its prey has the wrong notion that he has life

Thou formeth the water-bed for the plant of unity,
Thou art the custodian of the wealth of community.
Thou possesseth strong and lofty sentiments,
Do not shut thy sensible eyes on Zohra, the ideal;
That some Hussain might spring out of thy bough,
And bring back the past season to the garden."

In conclusion, we quote Dr. Nicholson, who says:—"A free and independent Muslim Fraternity, having the Ka'aba as its centre, and knit together by the love of Allah and devotion to the Prophet, such is Iqbal's ideal."

الغرض اقبال نے ایک ایسی ملت کا نقشہ پیش کیا ہے۔
جس کے مرد آزاد اور جری ہیں اور
جس کی عورتیں خلوت پسند اور عفیف ہیں

ڈاکٹر نکلسن اپنے دیباچے میں فرماتے ہیں:-

" اقبال کا منتہائے نظر وہ اخوت بھری ملت ہے۔
جو آزاد اور مختار ہے - کعبہ جس کا مرکز ہے۔
اور افراد جس کے عقیدت خدا اور رسول کے رشتے میں
باہم منسلک ہوں " -
(knit together)

CHAPTER XI

THE CONQUEST OF NATURE, AND THE ORIGINAL SIN OF MAN

او بیک دانهٔ گندم بزمینم انداخت
تو بیک جرعهٔ آب آنسوئے افلاک انداز

> " He hurled me down to the Earth for a single grain of wheat,
> Thou fling me up to the region beyond Heavens with a single draught of the liquor."

Dr. Iqbal may be styled as the Heavenly Muse whom Milton asks to sing—

> " Of man's first disobedience, and the fruit
> Of that forbidden tree, whose mortal taste
> Brought death into the world and all our woes,
> With loss of Eden, till one greater man
> Restore us and regain the blissful seat."

In the Message of the East Iqbal has written a poem titled "The Conquest of Nature," in which he has dealt with the original sin of of man in the light of the goal that humanity must aim at.

MAN'S FALL IS A SHORT-CUT TO GLORY

Whilst the so-called pseudo-mystics say that man should sever his connections with the world of matter, Iqbal says that we should not show such cowardice; but that we should boldly attack and subdue it. Men of real worth, indeed, love to remain entangled in the world, and hate salvation, or as the Mahratta saint would put it:—

> "So dear the path of *Bhakti* (love), they despise
> The great release."

As the goal of life contemplates the fullest possible development of all the latent human faculties, such result is only possible if we remain in the world and master it. The *Sufis* stand in awe of evil and regard the world of sensuality and perception as evil, which enticed away Adam from paradise and was the cause of our separation and trouble. They fear it and are thus, according to Iqbal, imperfect in their religion, as fear of anything but God amounts to unbelief. Iqbal on the other hand tries to show in this poem that evil is a necessity, that the world of matter is indispensable, that the deception practised on man was beneficial to man, and that the so-called fall was the first rung in the ladder of man's glory. Iqbal would say:—

تو سمجھتا نہیں اے زاهد ناداں اس کو
رشک صد سجدہ هے اک لغزش مستانۂ دل

" Thou dost not understand it O foolish moralist!
That a single sinful act committed by the heart in a fit of frenzy
is the envy of a thousand prostrations."

The poet has dealt with the subject in a manner so original, so beautiful that the piece is bound to rank amongst the wonders of the world's literature. It explains the real relation that exists between the world of sensuousness and perception with the world of spirituality. In it Iqbal has brought together the power of artistic presentation, the grace of style, the eye for beauty, the ear for harmony and the power of originality, indeed worthy of a master singer. The piece even if read over and over again will never lose

its charm. Here familiarity even to the point of vulgarity can never breed contempt. Iqbal has through his rare power of condensation compressed the whole drama of man in this poem—his creation, his fall, and his redemption.

Iqbal has divided this poem into five portions titled—"The Advent of Adam," "The Refusal of Satan," "The Seduction of Adam," "What Adam says on coming out of Paradise," and "Adam before the Divine Tribunal on the Day of Judgment." Satan in the poem, according to Iqbal, represents the world of sensuosity, perception and intellect; whilst Adam stands for the world of spirit, love, and inspiration; and like Jalalud Din Rumi seems to hold that "Intellect is due to Satan, but love is due to Adam."

Adam's Advent

The account of Adam's advent is artistic, beautiful, invigorating, vitalising, and ennobling. It exalts him in our estimation, and we begin to realise our true position in the system of the universe. Till Adam's creation love had no champion, beauty had no worshipper, mysteries were mysteries, desire and emotion had no place in the scheme of things, and all life was dormant. It was reserved for man to break the ice and to lead the universe on the path of life and action. By force of love and desire he tried to know the nature of things, and by introspection began to make his soul perfect. He engaged himself in unravelling the eternal mysteries, in developing the self, and

in creating the not-self. His advent thus was indeed awe-inspiring and majestic. Everything trembled at it, and he was universally dubbed as the Lion, the Terror of the universe.

THE REFUSAL OF SATAN TO BOW

Satan on Adam's advent refused to bow, as the latter in paradise had no desire, no activity, and hence no life. He had then only been endowed with superficial knowledge of names. His self was then weak, and he could not therefore make Satan, the world of perception, bow to himself. There he had no love; Iqbal says in his poem "The paradise":—

ندیده درد زندان یوسف او
زلیخایش دل نالان ندارد
خلیل او حریف آتشے نیست
کلیمش یک شرر در جان ندارد

"Its Joseph has not seen the pangs of the prison,
Its Zulaikha does not possess a burning heart;
Its Abraham cannot stand fire,
Its Moses has no flame in himself."

There were no pangs of separation, and no obstacles that "whet the sword of resolution." Iqbal says:—

دل عاشقان بمیرد به بهشت جاودانے
نه نوائے درد مندے نه غمے نه غمگسارے

"The heart of a lover dies in the eternal paradise,
Because there is no heart-burning, no sorrow, and no sympathiser in it."

Iqbal would perfer this earth to paradise, says he :—

مرا این خاکدان من ز فردوس برین خوشتر
مقام ذوق و شوق است این حریم سوز و ساز است این

" I prefer this earth to the celestial paradise,
As it is the place of love and enthusiasm, and is the repository of burning pangs. "

In paradise there was nothing to oppose, no obstacles that are so very necessary for the completest development of the self. About foes and obstacles Iqbal says :—

کشت انسان را عدو باشد سحاب
ممکناتش را برانگیزد زخواب

" To the seed of man the enemy is like rain-cloud,
He awakens its potentialities. "

Iqbal again tells us that paradise is to be discarded because :—

به صرصر در نیفتد زورق او
خطر از لطمۂ طوفان ندارد

" Its boat does not grapple with the high wind,
And has no danger from the tossing of the storm. "

Iqbal as a lover of dangers and ventures goes even so far that he refuses to take road to Ka'aba as it is the sanctuary of peace, and all violence is forbidden therein. He says :—

به کیش زنده دلان زندگی جفا طلبی است
سفر بکعبه نکردم که راه بے خطر است

" According to the creed of the living, life is the courting of dangers and troubles,
I did not undertake a journey to Ka'aba, as the way to it is not beset with dangers."

In "The refusal of Satan" the Archangel is made to say that he is the principle of life and motion in the universe. In fact nature and its laws, *e.g.*, gravitation, causality, and chemical actions are the real cause of life in the universe. Molecules and atoms combine, natural laws create and destroy; and the processes of synthesis and analysis are going on on such a large scale that even the Heavens pale into insignificance before their grandeur. The piece shows that God creates, but nature matures; God gives existence, but nature gives motion and restlessness.

Satan's Speech

In The Seduction of Adam Satan exhorts man to discard paradise, and to come out into the atmosphere of life and action. He is made to preach with such force and vehemence, that we feel inclined to be carried away by the exhortation, and to become drawn like the sword from the scabbard. The message of life thus given is, indeed, worthy of the Archangel in whose mouth it is put, and like our grand parents compels us to reject paradise in order to have perfection of soul in the world of matter. We feel inclined like our original parents, who could not but be carried away by the current of the Arch Fiend's speech to the effect that:—

> " To reign is worth ambition though in Hell,
> Better to reign in Hell than serve in Heaven."

Adam rejected Paradise and its set life, and carved out one for himself. He was thus in-

veigled out of paradise. This seeming degradation was, in fact, a stepping-stone to the highest elevation of man. He was, as Iqbal puts it into Satan's mouth, born in the Divine lap, but was destined to become mature in the world of perception. Man, according to Iqbal, carved out a world for himself, and did not confine himself to the four walls of paradise. Says he :—

عاشق آن است کہ تعمیر کند عالم خویش
در نسازد بہ جہانے کہ کرانے دارد

"Lover is he who builds his own world,
And does not make himself at home with the world of limitations."

In his Javidnama Iqbal has made Hellaj give vent to the same idea in the following strain :—

مرد آزادے کہ داند خوب و زشت
مے نگنجد روح او اندر بہشت
جنت ملا مے و حور و غلام
جنت آزادگان سیر دوام!
جنت ملا خور و خواب و سرود
جنت عاشق تماشائے وجود

"The free soul, that knows the reality of virtue and vice,
Can never rest in paradise—a place that cannot contain him.
While wines, houries, and celestial attendants constitute the paradise of the priest,
That of the free lies in unending journey.
The Paradise of the moralist consists of slumber, music, and the eatables,
But that of the lover lies in the observation of existence."

THE CHANGE IN MAN'S ENVIRONMENTS

When Adam comes out of Paradise his eyes

open. He feels a change in his environments, a whole world of beaut forcesy itself upon his gaze, new desires are created, and he allies love on his side to achieve the ideals thus formed, the chief being the completest conquest of nature, the world of perception and matter. Milton would have put the situation thus:—

> " Our greatness will appear,
> Then most conspicuous, when great things of small,
> Useful of hurtful, prosperous of adverse,
> We can create, and in what place so ever,
> Thrive under evil, and work ease out of pain
> Through labour and endurance."

Man, indeed, as Iqbal puts it "turns stone into a mirror and poison into nectar." The point becomes clear when we turn to the Zabur-i-'Ajam. Iqbal says at one place:—

برخیز که آدم را هنگام نمود آمد
این مشت غبارے را انجم به سجود آمد
آن راز که پوشیده در سینهٔ هستی بود
از شوخئ آب و گل در گفت و شنود آمد

> " Arise! the time is come for man to show himself,
> The stars bow to this handful of dust now,
> The secret that lay hidden in the heart of existence,
> Has now become an open talk on account of the boldness shown by this mixture of water and earth."

The boldness of man in discarding paradise and in disobeying God has brought about this result. Man

now feels unity in a host of objects, he can now distinguish between right and wrong, good and bad, he feels the charm of love, the pangs of separation, and calm gives place to restless activity. The truth dawns upon his mind that an unrealised ideal is the essence of life.

The closing lines of El Dorado very well bring out the same idea:—"O toiling hands of mortals! O unwearied feet, travelling ye know not whither! soon soon it seems to you, you must come forth on some conspicuous hilltop; and but a little way further, against the setting Sun, descry the spires of El Dorado. Little do ye know your own blessedness, for to travel hopefully is a better thing than to arrive, and the true success is to labour."

Iqbal again in the Zabur-i-'Ajam expresses the same idea very beautifully, he says:—

تپیدن و نہ رسیدن چہ عالمے دارد
خوشا کسے کہ بدنبال محمل است ہنوز

"Yearning, but never achieving has a charm of its own,
Most fortunate is he, who is still after the moving camel."

The Excuse for the Original Sin

In fact good and evil are relative terms; Moses has a Pharaoh, Hussain a Yazid, and Abraham a Nimrod; and the forces of evil are in reality the occasion for good. Iqbal says that "the existence of Bu Lahab is the pretext for the advent of Mohammad."

It was necessary for Adam in the interest of

his full development to allow himelf to be deceived by matter, so that he might in the end turn the tables upon the deceiver and exact homage from this refractory world by conquering it; and this is the excuse that man in his defence would, according to Iqbal, put forward before the Divine Tribunal on the day of judgment. It was necessary for man to disobey, as the function of man is quite different from that of the angel. Iqbal says :—

مقام بندگی دیگر مقام عاشقی دیگر
ز نوری سجده مے خواهی ز خاکی بیش از آن خواهی

"The status of worship is different from love,
Prostrations are expected from angels, but something more than that from man."

The very fact that Adam in paradise could be led astray by the force of evil shows that his self was weak. He had no self-control in as much as he could not resist the temptation of taking the forbidden fruit, thus becoming "a receiver of commands from others," and was not perfect in obedience. Satan did not bow to him because he had then "no sway over the elements." He was thus lacking in all the essentials of character-training. But in the world of matter he now develops his self and becomes "the Vicegerent of God on earth" in the true sense. He reigns supreme in nature, and proves that :—

مدعاے علم الاسما ستے   سر سبحان الذی اسرا ستے

"He is the final cause of 'God taught Adam the names of all things,'
He is the inmost sense of 'Glory to him that transported his servant by night.'"

Iqbal brings out all these points in his "Cry of Satan" in the Javidnama. The Archangel is made to say :—

اے خداوند صواب و ناصواب
من شدم از صحبت آدم خراب
ہیچ کہ از حکم من سر بر نتافت
چشم از خود بست و خود را در نیافت
صید خود صیاد را گوید بگیر
الامان از بندۂ فرمان پذیر
فطرت او خام و عزم او ضعیف
تاب یک ضربم نیارد این حریف
لعبت آب و گل از من باز گیر
مے نیاید کودکی از مرد پیر!
بندۂ باید کہ پیچد گردنم
لرزہ اندازد نگاهش در تنم

" O ordainer of the lawful and the sinful!
I have been spoiled by my association with mankind.
Man has never refused to do my behests,
He shut his eyes on the self, and has not so far found it again.
The game itself invites the huter to bag it,
Save me from this receiver of commands!
His nature is immature, and his resolve weak,
Such a rival cannot stand a single blow of mine.
Take back from me this doll of water and clay!
As a grown-up being cannot indulge in childish play.
I long for the advent of a man, who twists my neck,
And whose look makes my body shudder."

Such a superman to Iqbal becomes the very mouthpiece of God, and God does his wish.

He ays :—

عزم او خلاق تقدیر حق است   روز هیجا تیر او تیر حق است

" His determination creates the will of God,
And in battle his arrow is the arrow of God."

Iqbal's superman is the greater man of Milton, who would "redeem us and regain the blissful seat," Iqbal says:—

ذات او توجیه ذات عالم است
از جلال او نجات عالم است

" His person is an atonement for all the world,
By his grandeur the world is saved."

VICEGERENCY OF GOD AS THE GOAL

Iqbal thus says that the Vicegerency of God on earth is the goal that humanity must aim at. Just as the virtue of a knife lies in sharpness and its function in cutting, in the same way man's virtue lies in love and his function in the completest conquest of nature—which alone, when achieved, can entitle him to the position of the Vicegerent of God upon earth.

This view is diametrically opposed to the current ideas about the *summum bonum* of life. Grecian philosophers for the most part held that happiness was the goal of life. But this idea was long ago exploded by the Greeks themselves. The Republic of Plato, for example, pulverizes this proposition by a resort to the Socratic method of searching and exhaustive cross-examination. Our poet also rejects happiness as the goal of life. He rather regards life as " the never-completed burning." He would prefer "a Flame" and "a Pang" in the heart to

the idea of comfort, ease, and contentment. Whilst the theory of happiness avoids pain and labour, Iqbal likes to writhe in pain and to undertake Herculian labour. The Vicegerent represents life—that, in the form of Adam, discarded happiness as represented by Paradise—and adopted the earth as its abode to taste of labour and pain in order to develop itself. Happiness is rather a hinderance in the way. It tolls the death-knell of zeal and enthusiasm, and turns it into "the bull of the oil-press," to use an orientalism, that goes round and round, but only performs the set routine. Happiness creates contentment and impedes progress towards the attainment of the fullest development of the self.

The ideal put forward by Epicurus need not detain us long, as the maxim "eat, drink, and be merry," is wholly shocking to the inner sense of mankind. Law and not license appeals to human nature, and free indulgence for the satisfaction of "the appetite element" is against the human sense of proportion and propriety.

Let us now pass on to the stoics, who hold a state of complete indifference to be the *summum bonum* of life. They think that feeling is the cause of complications and that if one banishes this element from his mentality, he becomes free from the bondage of these occasional fits and attains salvation. They ignore the fact that man is an emotionally rational animal, and when nature has endowed him with feel-

ings, why should he banish them from his scheme of things ? He should, on the other hand, control and direct them. Life does not demand the curbing of forces, rather their development. Our poet also rejects this ideal, and regards love as the chief factor in the development of the self. To him feeling is a necessity—nay—he even prefers feeling to intellect, and longs to take leaps into the mysterious dark. Man should not be a motionless statue, but a living organism.

In contradistinction to the superman of some European thinkers, Iqbal's vicegerent does not flout religion—which is the sacred way of leading life, and is endowed with the very attributes of God. Whilst those thinkers would try to confer supernatural powers on their ideals, and thus turn him into the unreal, Iqbal does not divest his vicegerent of human qualities. Iqbal's ideal instead of merging in God would rather merge God in itself. He says :—

در دشت جنون من جبریل زبون صیدے
یزدان بکمند آور اے ھمت مردانہ

" In the desert of my love Gabrael is an humble prey,
O manly grit! try to bag God."

Dr. Iqbal says in his letter to Dr. Nicholson— " The Prophet said ' *Ta—Khallaqu-bi-Akhlaq Allah*' create in yourselves the attributes of God. Man becomes unique by becoming more and more like the most unique individual God. The process of creation is still going on, and man too takes his share in it, inasmuch as he helps to bring order

into at least a portion of the chaos. The Quran indicates the possibility of other creators than God." Iqbal's ideal man is he who creates the attributes of God in himself. Sarmad regards Satan as the ideal worshipper, because he did not condescend to bow to any one else but God. The very Satan must now bow to Iqbal's superman, the embodiment of the attributes of God, without prejudice to his sacred scruples about bowing to none but God-hood. What seemed so difficult to achieve at first now becomes a settled fact. It is for this reason that Iqbal says :—

مزی اندر جہان کور ذوقے کہ یزدان دارد و شیطان ندارد

" Do not live in the world that has a God but no Satan,
As it is insipid and devoid of all interest."

We can thus safely assert that unlike others Iqbal has exalted our fall, and has explained the real cause of evil. He has tested it on the norm of life, and found it to be a necessity. The self destroys, attacks, slays, and overcomes matter, and our excuse is the development of the inner self, or as Iqbal would put it :—

حسن شیرین عذر درد کوهکن
نافۂ عذر صد آهوے ختن
شعلہ هاے او صد ابراهیم سوخت
تاچراغ یک محمد بر فروخت

" The lovliness of Shirin justifies the anguish of Farhad,
The fragrant navel justifies a hundred musk-deer.
Its flames burned a hundred Abrahams,
That the lamp of one Mohammad might be lighted."

In short, in the seduction of Adam one paradise was lost and a thousand paradises regained.

Iqbal has divided training of the self into three stages, obedience, self-control, and Divine vicegerency. The superman is the intended vicegerent of God upon earth. Iqbal longs to see the advent of this superman, says he :—

اے سوار اشہب دوراں بیا
اے فروغ دیدۂ امکاں بیا
رونق ہنگامۂ ایجاد شو
در سواد دیدہ ھا آباد شو
شورش اقوام را خاموش کن
نغمۂ خود را بہشت گوش کن
خیز و قانون اخوت ساز دہ
جام صہبائے محبت باز دہ
باز در عالم بیار ایام صلح
جنگجویان را بدہ پیغام صلح
نوع اِنسان مزرع و تو حاصلی
کاروان زندگی را منزلی

"Appear, O rider of destiny !
Appear O light of the dark realm of change !
Illumine the scene of existence,
Dwell in the blackness of our eyes !
Silence the noise of the Nations,
Imparadise our ears with thy music !
Arise and tune the harp of brotherhood,
Give us back the cup of wine of love !
Bring once more days of peace to the world,
Give a message of peace to them that seek battle !
Mankind are the cornfield and thou the harvest,
Thou art the goal of life's Caravan."

CHAPTER XII

THE DEVELOPMENT OF IQBAL'S THOUGHT

سکوت شام سے تا نغمۂ سحر گاھي
ھزار مرحلہ ھاے فغان نیم شبي

" From the silence of the evening to the music of the morn
There are thousands of intervening stages consisting of the midnight lamentations."

We have dealt with the poetry and the message of Iqbal, and and we now come to explain that the poet's achievements are not the result of a single stretch of poetic conception, nor have the thought and inspiration of the poet been one and the same from the very beginning. There are different and marked stages in the evolution of the poet's thought, and our task here is to set out the different characteristic features of each of such periods, to illustrate them, and to account for them with reference to the effect that changing circumstances have from time to time produced on the poet's mind.

Generally speaking, we have no external indications of any marked stages in the poetry of the orientals. The collections or the *Divans* are always arranged in an alphabetical order with reference to the last letter of the verse-endings. The verses of such poets, no doubt, suggest sometimes that the thought contained in them is mature or otherwise, and this internal evidence often helps us to know as to whether the particular verses belong to the initial or to the later period of the poet's attempts. But in Iqbal we have, apart from the internal clues,

the advantage that he has arranged his Urdu verses in "The Bang-i-Dira" in order of time. The book is divided into three portions indicating three periods. The first portion contains poems conceived during the period ranging from the beginning of his poetic attempts to the year 1905, when he left for Europe. The poems written from 1905 to 1908 form the matter of the second portion and relate to the period during which the poet was in Europe as a student. The third portion contains all those poems that were written after the return of the poet to India and relate to the period ranging from 1908 to the present day. Apart from this we definitely know that "The Asrar-i-Khudi" was first published in 1915, and "The Ramuz," "The Piam," "The Zabur" and "The Javidnama" then followed in succession. The Persian poetry of Iqbal thus belongs wholly to the third period of Iqbal's Urdu poetry. We shall presently see that Iqbal's poetic thought can be very conveniently divided into three stages—(1) The first or the traditionally Oriental stage, when the poet as a whole was nothing more than any other Oriental poet. (2) The second stage that brought about a re-action in the poet's mind against the notions of the Orient, and also showed to him the hollowness of the Occident, opened up new vistas to his view, and made him gird up his loins to do constructive work. (3) The third or the constructive stage, when the poet becomes the bearer of a definite message of life, action and the self.

THE FIRST STAGE

It is a well-known fact that the Muslims of Kashmir are particularly attached to the *Sufis*, and Iqbal coming as he does from the same stock is no exception. Heredity created in him an inclination to adopt and admire the sufistic interpretation of things. The Sufistic School endorses the doctrine of "Howalkul," or "He is all," believes the universe to be a manifestation of the Eternal Being, and thinks that man can only meet the Real through the Ephemeral. According to the *Sufis* "*Haqiqat*" can only be realised if we attach ourselves to the love of "*Majaz*," and Love for the Divine cannot be developed unless we have some tangible object of love to adore. The human chips must lose their identity in order to merge into the Divine block. We also know that much of the Persian and Urdu poetry of note has also its origin in sufistic surroundings, and therefore whenever any person feels interested in Oriental poetry he has to go through it with all its sufistic and other attendent features. The Sufistic view has in many cases in the Orient been carried too far, and has resulted in creating wine-songs and love-ditties that have thrown into the back ground the high ideals, and have lent a colour of sensualism and passion to Oriental poetry. On the other hand many pioneers of Sufism have produced melodies that are very soft and emotional—divorced, of course, from the concrete. The result has been with a very few exceptions to excite either the brute or the angel in man, whilst the Divine

has been allowed to remain dormant. For these reasons we have in the Orient shattered hopes, broken hearts, despair, death, despondency, and pessimism. Our poet in his early days must have been influenced a good deal by the poetry of Hafiz, Omar Khayyam and others. The natural gift of poetry in Iqbal under such circumstances was bound to bear the impress of tradition though to a certain extent diluted with modern thought. This is why we find that in the initial stage our poet is mainly oriental in his thought, with occasional reliefs afforded by the touches of modern influences. The main features of Oriental poetry are prominently present during this stage, and Iqbal of this period cannot be styled as a poet in any way better than others in the Orient.

Let us now have a bird's-eye-view of the prominent features of Iqbal's poetry during this period in order to support the assertion that Iqbal of this period follows the traditions of the Orient.

SUPERFICIAL OBSERVATION

The first thing that we notice in this connection is that his observation of things is superficial. He himself admits in "The Blooming Flower" that "this look is nothing but the eye that sees the form." The descriptions of nature and natural phenomena contained in the Urdu poems "The New Moon," "A Prayer," "Man and the Universe," "The Firefly," and "The Himalayas" show that the observation is mainly superficial. The following ex-

amples will illustrate the point :—

هوا کے زور سے اُبھرا. بڑھا. اُڑا بادل
اُٹھی وہ اور گھٹا لو برس پڑا بادل

"The vapours rise, advance, and fly on account of wind,
More dark clouds appear, and lo! it rains."

ھاے کیا فرط طرب میں جھومتا جاتا ھے ابر
فیل بے زنجیر کی صورت اُڑا جاتا ھے ابر

"Oh! in what ecstasy is the cloud passing!
It flies on like the unfettered elephant."

THE WORLDLY LOVE (عشق مجازی)

The second feature of this period is the worldly nature of love depicted by the poet in his *Ghazals.* Like the Orientals our poet indulges here in love-songs that do not appeal to the heart, but only to the "appetite element," and create no response in us. Iqbal's only love poet during this period seems to be Dagh, who is so well-known for his love-ditties and wine-songs. Iqbal regards him as the ideal poet, and mourns his death in the following strain :—

ھُو بہُو کھینچے گا لیکن عشق کی تصویر کون ؟
اُٹھ گیا ناوک فگن مارے گا دلپر تیر کون ؟

"But who will now depict love in true colours?
The archer has passed away: Who will now pierce the heart with arrows?"

Iqbal's *Ghazals* of this period are, therefore, so many love-ditties only. We quote the following by way of illustration :—

نہ آتے ھمیں اس میں تکرار کیا تھی
مگر وعدہ کرتے ھوئے عار کیا تھی

تمہارے پیامی نے سب راز کھولا
خطا اس میں بندے کی سرکار کیا تھی
بھری بزم میں اپنے عاشق کو تاڑا
تری آنکھ مستی میں ہشیار کیا تھی!
تامل تو تھا انکو آنے میں قاصد
مگر یہ بتا طرز انکار کیا تھی
کھنچے خود بخود جانب طور موسی
کشش تیری اے شوق دیدار کیا تھی!
کہیں ذکر رہتا ہے اقبال تیرا
فسوں تھا کوئی تیری گفتار کیا تھی

"We would have had no quarrel if the beloved had not come at all,
But what was the hesitation in making a promise to pay a visit?
Thy messenger divulged the whole secret,
How can I be blamed in this connection?
Thou didst eye thy lover in the crowded gathering,
How alert was thy intoxicated eye!
I admit O messenger! that the beloved was reluctant to come,
But tell me all about the manner of his refusal.
Moses himself was attracted towards the Sinai,
What an attraction O love of seeing! didst thou possess!
Thou art O Iqbal! being talked about somewhere,
Thy speech was nothing but magic."

UNSOLVED MYSTERIES AND THE HABIT OF PUTTING QUESTIONS

The third feature that we find in this period is that the universe is a riddle for the poet, and he is unable to solve the various mysteries. He, therefore, indulges in questioning any and every object that he meets with in his poetic flights. This has again led the poet to indulge in notes of pessimism. He wants to know the secrets, but he finds

that he cannot probe into them. He, therefore, eyes the universe with a vacant gaze, and begins to question. For example, he does not know the secret that the flower despite its "hundred tongues" is so scrupulously keeping concealed in its bosom; to him death is a pricking thorn; and despite the fact that a whole universe has been brought under sway by human intellect life is still an unravelled mystery. Iqbal appears here in the garb of an infant and says:—

آنکھ وقفِ دید تھی لب مائلِ گفتار تھا
دل نہ تھا میرا سراپا ذوقِ استفسار تھا

"The vision was monopolised by observation, and the lip was inclined to utter,
My heart was nothing but an embodiment of the love of questioning."

Love of questioning has so much hold on the poet in this period that he questions the Himalayas, the flower, the sun, the morn, and even the dead as he has done in his poem "Questions to those who sleep in dust" to know the nature of life, of death, of hell, and of heaven.

PESSIMISM AND DESPONDENCY

The fourth feature is the feeling of pessimism and despondency that pervades the poems of this period. The notes sounded are of decay and death as a whole. In "The Complaint of the Bird" the poet sounds notes of despair, and expects death any moment. Further on the poet seems tired of the world in "A prayer," and wants to get rid of it by seeking a far off corner where nature presents

the scenery depicted by the poem. He shuns labour and struggle, and wants peace and calm. The attitude here adopted by the poet is truly depicted by his own verse in the Zabur :—

بچشم مردہ دلاں کائنات زندانے است
دو جام بادہ کشیدند و از جہاں رستند

"To those, whose heart is dead, the universe is a prison,
They take one or two cups of wine, and think that they have got rid of it."

Iqbal's withered flower drowns our spirit, and shatters our hopes for the better. Addressing the universe he says that man is unlucky and far away from light. In his "Farewell O assembly of the Universe!" the poet despairs of getting "Joseph in the market," and thinking that he is unfit for this world wishes to leave it altogether. He is during this period afraid of criticism, and wants to hide somewhere. The following quotations from his *Ghazals* are sheer notes of despondency that take away the life out of us :—

آیا ھے تو جہاں میں مثال شرار دیکھ
دم دے نہ جائے ھستی نا پائدار دیکھ

"Thy advent into the world resembles that of the spark,
Take care that thy ephemeral life does not expire."

وائے ناکامی فلک نے تاک کر توڑا اُسے
میں نے جس ڈالی کو تاڑا آشیانے کے لئے

"What a misfortune! Fate deliberately chose to break
The branch that I selected for building my nest on."

میرے مٹنے کا تماشا دیکھنے کی چیز تھی
کیا بتاؤں اُن کا میرا سامنا کیونکر ھؤا

My effacement was a sight worth seeing,
What should I say of the manner in which he and I faced each other."

نہیں بیگانگی اچھی رفیق راہ منزل سے
ٹھہر جا اے شرر ہم بھی تو آخر مٹنے والے ہیں

" Estrangement from a fellow lover is not fair,
O spark! stay a while, we are also about to go out."

منصور کو ہوا لب گویا پیام موت
اب کیا کسی کے عشق کا دعوے کرے کوئی

" The lips that uttered love brought death to Mansur:
How can then any one claim to be in love with Somebody?"

کوئی دم کا مہماں ہوں اے اہل محفل
چراغ سحر ہوں بجھا چاہتا ہوں

" I am a guest here for a few minutes only,
And I resemble the morning lamp that is about to extinguish any moment."

ABSENCE OF THEME (مقصد و موضوع کا فقدان)

The fifth feature of this period's poetry is that there is total absence of any set purpose or theme in it. In fact, no unity of any purpose is there, and the various poetic inspirations appear to have been conceived at random. The poet here is true to the cherished traditions of the Orient that do not tolerate any restrictions of system or theme, but cling tenaciously to the old set line. Our poet began his career as a poet in the atmosphere of the old poetic symposiums, where every one tried to win popular fame by bowing to the public taste that had taken hold for centuries, and liked nothing but wine-songs and love-ditties. It was long after that Iqbal through patient and gradual efforts wrought

a change in the public taste, and accustomed it to like real songs and true poetry.

Conception of Freedom as License

In the same way we find that though Iqbal wants to have freedom, yet the conception of it is so vague in this period that one cannot make out the head or tail of it. For example, he wants freedom from society, from anxiety, from struggle, and from the noise and bustle of the world; and wishes to be free from the shackles of the community and the law. His poems "A prayer," and "The Morning Sun" are two illustrations in point. The poets in the Orient are generally fond of that abstract kind of extreme freedom that tolerates no restrictions of any kind. Iqbal also does the same, and has no clear-cut conception of it. His freedom on the other hand is the typical oriental freedom that verges on veritable license. We have already seen that later on with the advancement of thought Iqbal has modified his ideas about freedom to a considerable extent, and holds that real freedom lies in restrictions, and that obedience to laws is necessary to avoid clashes, and to maintain freedom of all individuals.

Flashes of Lightning in the Dark Clouds

We have shown above that Iqbal during the first period appears to be an oriental poet out-and-out true to the past traditions of the East. We now come to discuss certain redeeming features that are present during the first stage along with the message of decay and death. Contact with modern ideas

was also bound to affect the poet's mind, and accordingly the poet has also sounded certain ennobling notes that raise us to a high plane of self-consciousness and self-confidence. We also find the germs of life and self present, that later on developed into the main theme of the poet. The seed was there, though it was later on that the creeper grew and overwhelmed all the trees of the garden.

We find in the first place glorification of man. If one goes through his "The Candle," he cannot but feel exalted in the end. Iqbal says :—

اے شمع ! انتہائے فریب خیال دیکھ
مسجود ساکنان فلک کا مآل دیکھ

مضموں فراق کا ھوں ثریا نشاں ھوں میں
آھنگ طبع ناظم کون و مکاں ھوں میں

باندھا مجھے جو اس نے تو چاھی مری نمود
تحریر کر دیا سر دیوان ہست و بود
گوھر کو مشت خاک میں رھنا پسند ھے
بندش اگرچہ سست ھے مضموں بلند ھے

" Mark O candle ! the extreme deception practised by thought,
And see the end of those who were designed to be the objects of worship......for those who live in Heaven.
I am the subject-matter of separation, and as high as the Heaven :
I am the voice of the Poet of the universe.
He had my exaltation in view, when he incorporated me in his verses.
He wrote me, therefore, as the opening verse of his *Divan* of existence.
The pearl likes to reside in the handful of dust,
Though the poetic casement is loose the subject-matter contained in it ishigh."

Iqbal makes the universe address man in the following strain :—

ھے ترے نور سے وابستہ مری بود و نبود
باغباں ھے تری ہستی پئے گلزار وجود
انجمن حسن کی ھے تو تری تصویر ھوں میں
عشق کا تو ھے صحیفہ تری تفسیر ھوں میں
میرے بگڑے ھوئے کاموں کو بنایا تو نے
بار جو مجھ سے نہ اُٹھا وہ اُٹھایا تو نے

" My existence and non-existence depends upon thy light,
Thou art the gardener in charge of the orchard of existence.
Thou constituteth the crowded beauty, and I am thy likeness merely,
Thou art the text of love and I am thy explanation.
Thou hast set right my affairs that had gone wrong,
And hath borne the burden that I could not bear."

The same idea is again thus expressed by the poet :—

بزم ھستی ! اپنی آرائش پہ تو نازاں نہ ھو
تو تو اک تصویر ھے محفل کی اور محفل ھوں میں

" O institution of existence! do not be proud of thy decorations,
Thou art only a portrait, whilst I constitute the institution itself."

No doubt the poet has in this period resolved life into "forgetfulness, dream, silence" etc., yet he has the inconsistency to say that life is real, and to treat of many phases of it. For example, he would insist upon csnsciousness instead of forgetfulness. He makes the candle say :—

یہ آگہی مری مجھے رکھتی ھے بیقرار
خوابیدہ اِس شرر میں ھیں آتشکدے ھزار

یہ امتیاز رفعت و پستی اسی سے ھے
گل میں مہک شراب میں مستی اسی سے ھے
بستان و بلبل و گل و بو ھے یہ آگہی
اصل کشا کش من و تو ھے یہ آگہی ص ۲۵

"This consciousness keeps me restless,
And a thousand temples of fire lie hidden in this spark.
The distinction of rise and fall
The fragrance of flower, and the intoxicating properties of wine are all due to it.
This consciousness is at once the garden, the nightingale, the flower, and the fragrance,
And is the real cause of the struggle that is going on between the Thou and the I."

Iqbal's philosophy of the self holds that the ideal should always be unrealised. Even in this period Iqbal says:—

کسقدر لذت کشود عقدۂ مشکل میں ھے
لطف صد حاصل ھماری سعی بے حاصل میں ھے (بانگ درا ص ۵۰)

"How sweet is the solution of a difficulty !
Our fruitless effort affords a hundred pleasures."

Iqbal's philosophy aims at immortalising the self through love. The idea even in this initial period haunts the poet's mind, and he has written a whole poem titled "Love and death" to show that the smile of love tolls the death-knell of death itself. Iqbal has in his treatment of the self laid great stress upon love and desire, and has shown positive hatred for "*Sual*" or *asking*. In this period also he entertains the same ideas. For example he says:—

محبت کے شرر سے دل سراپا نور ھوتا ھے
ذرا سے بیج سے پیدا ریاض طور ھوتا ھے

دوا ھر دکھہ کی ھے مجروحِ تیغِ آرزو رھنا
علاجِ زخم ھے آزادِ احسانِ رفو رھنا
یہ استغنا ھے پانی میں نگوں رکھتا ھوں ساغر کو
تجھے بھی چاہیے مثل حبابِ آبِ جو رھنا

"The spark of love makes the heart an embodiment of light.
The garden of Sinai grows out of this tiny seed.
To remain wounded by the sword of desire cures all ailments,
The one cure for wounds is to be independent of stitching.
So much independent of needs I am that I keep my cup inverted in water,
Thou shouldst also live like the bubble in the river."

THE DISTINGUISHING FEATURES

The two distinguishing features of the Iqbal of this period are his poems meant for children, and his songs of patriotism. Iqbal has written poems for children, each of which has got a moral of its own. "The mountain and the squirrel" shows that nothing is useless in nature. "The cow and the goat" draws our attention to the vicious nature of ungratefulness, "Sympathy" presents the moral that those who serve others are the best of men, and "The dream of the mother" brings out the evils of mourning. The Eosop's Fables in verse were attempted by the poet in the infancy of his poetic career alone.

When we turn to his patriotic poems, we find that India is to Iqbal what Caledonia was to Scott, and that his patriotism knows no bounds. We have already discussed the subject and need not repeat it here. The poet's gaze is yet limited to the four walls of India, but as soon as the poet goes to Europe he discontinues writing any more of such songs—nay he

then begins to regard the institution of country as an idol that requires an iconoclast—say one like Mahmud of Ghazni to break it.

THE SECOND STAGE

THE INFLUENCE OF WESTERN CONDITIONS

In 1905 the poet went to Europe for further studies. This departure marks the advent of a new era in the development of the poet's thought. He had imbibed the oriental ideas already that hate action and struggle, and love calm and comfort. The atmosphere in Europe showed to him that life was not merely a shake, but consisted of motion and flow, that it was real, and that it was a regular struggle, and life-long labour. The battle of life in Europe completely changed his outlook, and raised a tempest in his mind, with the result that he now began to hate calm and rest, and to love labour and struggle. The reaction was so great that the poet in a verse of his once addressed Sir Abdul Qadir, the once well-known Editor of the Makhzan, and expressed a wish to give up poetry because "the nations that were doing something had no taste for it."

In Europe the poet marked that the chief ideals of humanity *viz.*, Liberty, Fraternity, and Equaltiy had acquired different meanings when applied to the subject races, and that the demon of autocracy was reigning supreme in the garb of democracy. Iqbal traced all this to the division of humanity into countries and races. He also marked that the materialistic interpretations and inclinations had divorced Europe

from the spiritual element altogether. He, therefore began to lay stress upon "*the perfection of the soul,*" and to seek " *the home-made.*"

THE OBSERVATION IS NO LONGER SUPERFICIAL

The old order changed, and Iqbal now thought fit to combine "the eyes of science" with "the eyes of the nightingale." The change wrought in him now made him go deeper into the reality of things, and he was no longer satisfied with the superficial observation. Take for example his descriptive poetry of this period. It is no longer superficial. It is rather adorned with the subjective touch, art and imagination in such a manner that it throws the heart into ecstasy. Iqbal's poem on love is an illustration in point. The analysis of this Elixir of life into its component parts is charming, and truly brings out the various aspects of love. "The nature of beauty" is another wonderful poem of the same category. The morning star that in the first period sought to become a tear, now likes to drop along with the dew as it now finds the atmosphere of the garden most conducive to life and its preservation. He sees a cat in the lap of some one, whose name the poet deliberately suppresses, describes the scene in a fascinating manner in all its details without any exaggeration, and concludes :—

خاص انسان سے کچھ حسن کا احساس نہیں
صورت دل ہے یہ ہر چیز کے باطن میں مکیں
دل ہر ذرہ میں پوشیدہ کسک ہے اس کی
نور یہ وہ ہے کہ ہر شے میں جھلک ہے اسکی

" Appreciation of beauty is not the monopoly of man,
Like the heart it resides in every object:

In the heart of every atom its pangs are do lurk,
It is the light that reflects itself in every object."

The observation of the bud excites inner feelings in the poet's mind, and he thinks that the atmosphere of the morn creates love in the bud, and then enables it to receive the Divine Light. He sees motion and beauty in the universe, and makes the moon say that motion is the law of existence, that rest is improper, and that beauty is the end. He now regards the Sun as the bearer of the message "*Arise.*" He passes an evening on the banks of a river, and marks the objective as well as the subjective "*drowsing*" in the atmosphere.

IQBAL NOW BEGINS TO ADOPT LIFE AS HIS THEME

Iqbal has now begun to adopt life as his theme, not yet as a system of philosophy, but as a principle pervading the universe. For example he sprinkles love "*the Elixir of Life*" on objects with the result that movement becomes visible, and the atoms awaken from slumber. While presenting the reality of beauty he marks that the charm lies not in monotony but in change. While addressing the students of the M. A. O. College Aligarh he says:—

آتی تھی کوہ سے صدا راز حیات ہے سکوں
کہتا تھا مور ناتواں لطف خرام اور ہے

" The mountain was heard saying that life lay in rest and calm,
But the tiny ant said that movement has a charm of its own."

Though the stars appear tired of their unending jounrney, the poet through the moon tells them that life lies in motion, and that rest stands for death. His observation now sees nothing but the

love for search and life in every object. His poem "The Fruitless Effort" is an illustration in point. The morn now seeks the Sun, the twilight searches for the evening star, the day yearns for the night, the morning star longs to have permanent brilliancy, the fixed Pole-star wishes to move, the pools seek for the river, the rivers for the sea, and the sea waves in turn for the moon. Iqbal has, no doubt, begun to mark life in everything, but he has not yet thought of bringing such experiences within the panel of a regular system.

IQBAL CHALKS OUT HIS FUTURE PROGRAMME

The main feature of this period is the decision of Iqbal to adopt in future a certain set line. During this period Iqbal chalks out a programme for himself. For example he shows his determination to give up the practice of founding the Divine on worldly love. He says :—

تجھ کو خبر نہیں ھے کیا ؟ بزم کہن بدل گئی
اب نہ خدا کے واسطے اُن کو مئے مجاز دے

"Dost thou not know that the old order hath changed ?
For God's sake do not now give them the wine of the Ephemeral."

Iqbal sees the defects of Western civilisation, changes his attitude, and says :—

پیر مغاں فرنگ کی مے کا نشاط ھے اثر
اِس میں وہ کیف غم نہیں مجھکو تو خانہ ساز دے

"O venerable keeper of the tavern ! the taking of European wine results in nothing but pleasure,
It does not possess the sweetness of pain, give we my home-made liquor."

He addresses the Westerners thus, and fixes his standpoint :—

دیار مغرب کے رهنے والو! خدا کی بستی دوکاں نہیں هے
کهرا جسے تم سمجھ رهے هو وہ اب زرکم عیار هوگا
تمہاری تہذیب اپنے خنجر سے آپ هی خودکشی کریگی
جو شاخ نازک پہ آشیانہ بنے گا ناپائدار هوگا ص ۱۲۱

" O dwellers of Western lands ! God's world is not a shop,
That which you considered good coin shall prove to be of low value.
Your civilisation will commit suicide with its own dagger,
A nest built on a slender bough cannot last."

We have seen that the poet now decides to have the " home-made," and determines to fall back upon Islam and its polity. He says :—

رخت جاں بتکدۂ چیں سے اُٹھا لیں اپنا
سب کو محو رخ سعدیٰ و سلیماں کردیں ص ۱۳۲

" Let us remove our things from the house of idols in China,
And make everybody love the faces of Saada and Slaima."

He addresses Sheikh (now Sir) Abdul Qadir cf Lahore in the following strain :—

اُٹھ کہ ظلمت هوئی پیدا اُفق خاور پر
بزم میں شعلہ نوائی سے اُجالا کردیں
اِس چمن کو سبق آئین نمو کا دیکر
قطرۂ شبنم بے مایہ کو دریا کردیں
شمع کی طرح جئیں بزم گہ عالم میں
خود جلیں دیدۂ اغیار کو بینا کردیں ص ۱۳۲

" Arise ! as darkness has appeared on the horizon of the East,
Let us dispel it by singing flaming songs to the assembly.
Let us teach the law of growth to this garden,
And turn the worthless dew-drop into the river.

Let us live in the world like candle,
That burns itself but affords light for others."

He becomes very optimistic about the future of the subject-races especially the Muslims, and says :—

گذر گیا اب وہ دور ساقی کہ چھپ کے پیتے تھے پینے والے
بنے گا سارا جہاں میخانہ ہر کوئی بادہ خوار ہوگا
کبھی جو آوارۂ جنوں تھے وہ بستیوں میں پھر آ بسیں گے
برہنہ پائی وہی رہے گی مگر نیا خار زار ہوگا
سنا دیا گوش منتظر کو حجاز کی خامشی نے آخر
جو عہد صحرائیوں سے باندھا گیا تھا پھر استوار ہوگا
نکل کے صحرا سے جسنے روما کی سلطنت کو اُلٹ دیا تھا
سنا ہے یہ قدسیوں سے میںنے وہ شیر پھر ہوشیار ہوگا

" The time is now gone O Saki ! when drinkers used to take wine in hiding,
The whole world shall become a tavern, and all shall drink.
Those who once wandered in madness shall return to dwell in cities.
Their feet shall be naked as before but the thorny meadows shall be new.
The silence of the Hedjaz has proclaimed to the expectant ears at last,
That the compact once made with the people of the desert shall again stand renewed.
The lion which came out of the desert and upset the Reman Empire
I hear from angels that he shall awaken once more."

In the same way Iqbal during this intermediate stage decides to write poetry not from the point of view of this or that, but from the point of view of the Fraternity. He expresses his determination thus :—

میں ظلمت شب میں لیکے نکلوں گا اپنے درماندہ کارواں کو
شرر فشاں ہوگی آہ میری نفس میرا شعلہ بار ہوگا

" I will lead my wearied caravan during the dark night,
My breath and sigh shall shower flames and sparks."

Iqbal at the same time decides during this period to sing of life and its reality in the following strain :—

ذرہ ذرہ ہو مرا پھر طرب اندوز حیات
ہو عیاں جوہر اندیشہ میں پھر سوز حیات
جان مضطر کی حقیقت کو نمایاں کردوں
دل کے پوشیدہ خیالوں کو بھی عریاں کردوں

" May every atom of mine enjoy the sweetness of life!
And may the flame of life reappear in the essence of my thought
I may disclose the nature of the restless self!
And unfold the secret thoughts of the heart!"

The poems conceived and written during this short period are small in number. This is only a period of reaction against the first, and an introduction to the third and the main period of Iqbal's poetry.

THE THIRD PERIOD

The treatment of the third period, which is the main and the most important, need not detain us long, as we have already dealt with it and its various aspects exhaustively in the preceding chapters. The poet now turns into the messenger, the pessimist changes into the optimist, and faith takes the place of scepticism. Death now yields place to life, defects of the East and the West are pointed out without any reservation and after the diagnosis the Doctor prescribes the treatment. The whole of Iqbal's Persian poetry and a greater part of his Urdu collection belong to this period. Iqbal now gives us the philosophy of the self and selflessness, the martial music of life, the ennobling melodies of self-assertion, the vitalising

songs of self-affirmation, the beauties of Islamic Polity, the potentialities latent in humanity, stirring invocations to God, and a sublime sketch of the *summum bonum* of life.

The style now is pure and perfect, chaste and polished, there is workmanship, spiritual and intellectual force, emotion, imagination, mental grasp, inspiration, melody, brilliancy, ecstasy, rhythmical flow, dignity, sweetness, magic, and charm. We find in him now "artistic imagination and spiritual rapture coupled with vital and dynamic love for action." He is always ready to realise the associations suggested by objects. He perceives, imagines, conveys, exhorts, ennobles, and exalts. He marks and makes others mark; he revels and invites others to share the joy, he weeps and asks others to shed tears, he longs to live and exhorts others to do the same. Realities are reflected into many glowing colours through the prism of his genius. He hints and suggests, embellishes and adorns, expresses as well as mystifies. Iqbal of this period, in short, is found surrounded by the halo of resplendent glory.

Whilst in the first period Iqbal longed to have the superficial eyes of the nightingale, in the second he wished for the scientific eye, which can only probe things to the extent of " the colour and the fragrance." But in the third stage the poet cultivates a vision that goes to the innermost realities of things, and is only arrested by their very core. The first stage merely represents sentimentality, the second only predicates, but the third holds up to

gaze. At first he wanted to have subjective and objective interpretations of things, but now he longs for the absolute. Iqbal says :—

این جہان کوہ و دشت و بحر و بر
ما ، نظر ، خواہیم و او گوید ، خبر ،

" This world of mountains, woods, oceans and lands,
Only predicates things of itself, while what we want is vision."

It is not the relative viewpoints of the subjective or the objective—but the absolute standpoint that the poet now wants.

In the same way where before Iqbal remained contented with attributes alone, he now longs to have the *corpus* itself. Where before he exhorted us to create the attributes of God in ourselves, he now says :—

مرد مومن درنسازد با صفات
مصطفي راضي نشد إلا بذات
چیست معراج ؟ آرزوے شاہدے
امتحانے روبروے شاہدے

" The Faithful does not rest contented with attributes,
The Prophet did not rest in peace until he had seen the *corpus*,
Miraj is nothing but an outcome of the desire to see the Beloved,
It is the trial of one's mettle in the very presence of the Beloved."

What Iqbal of this period wishes the world to be is best illustrated by the following poem contained in the *Zabur*, in which he addresses the reader thus:—

تو شمشیری ز کام خود برون آ
برون آ از نیام خود برون آ
نقاب از ممکنات خویش برگیر
مه و خورشید و انجم را به برگیر
شب خود روشن از نور یقین کن
ید بیضا برون از آستین کن
کسے کو دیدہ را بر دل کشود است
شرارے کشت و پروینے درود است
شرارے جستۂ گیر از درونم
کہ من مانند رومی گرم خونم
وگرنہ آتش از تہذیب نو گیر
برون خود بیفروز اندرون میر!

"Thou art a sword, come out of the scabbard,
Come out of the scabbard, come out of the scabbard.
Remove the veil from thy potentialities,
And get hold of the Moon, the Sun, and the stars.
Illumine thy night with the light of faith,
And take out of thy sleeve "*the Dazzling Hand.*"
He who has opened his eye on the heart
Has sowed a spark and reaped the harvest of the Milkyway.
Get a broken spark from my inner self,
As I possess boiling blood like Rumi:
Or get fired with modern civilisation,
Illumine thy outside, but die within."

Such then is Iqbal, the mouthpiece of Muslim Fraternity, about whom Rumi is made to say in the Javidnama:—

حرف با اهل زمین رندانه گفت
حور و جنت را بت و بتخانه گفت!
شعله ها در موج دودش دیده ام
کبریا اندر سجودش دیده ام!

هر زمان از شوق می نالد چو نال
می کشد او را فراق وهم وصال!

" He has addresseed the world after the fashion of the sinful,
He has styled the hourie as the idol, and Paradise as the temple of idols.
I have marked flames in the waves of his smoke ;
I have seen God in his prostrations.
Love makes him cry every moment like the flute,
Separation from as well as association with the Beloved both take away his breath."